

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY
25 CENTS

NORMA SHEARER

THE STORY BEHIND THE
STANWYCK-FAY BREAK-UP
A Great Human Document
By Adela Rogers St. Johns

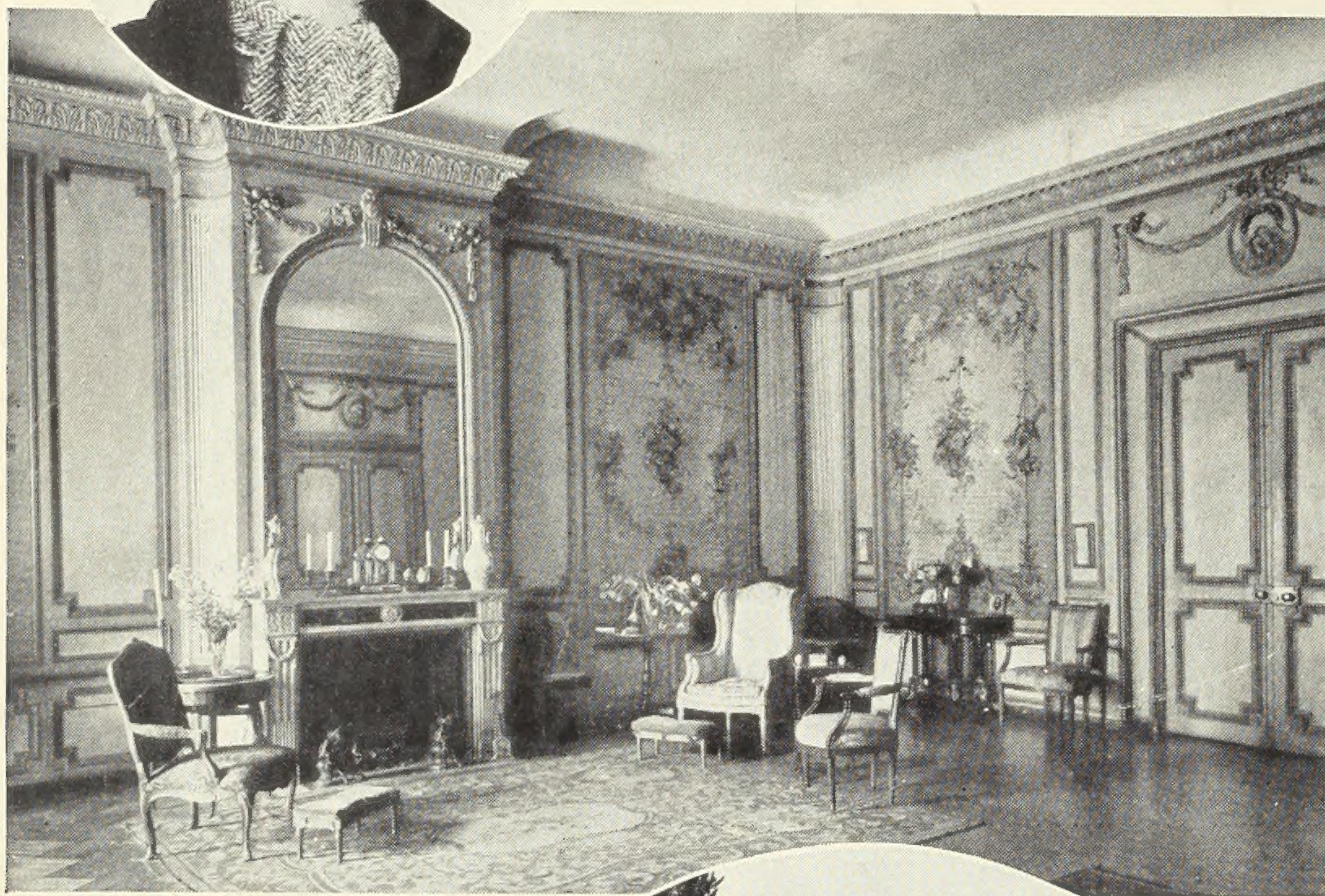
PERFECT CAMERA FACE
BY DOROTHY S.
A Revealing N
A Star You'll

PP 11/6 2
MRS J. DRAGE
998 N. RAYMON
PASADENA CAL

Mrs. SAMUEL L. BARLOW of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF Charm AND Distinction

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.



Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.

Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. The foundations of the rambling buildings at Eze are partly Roman, and the structures themselves are largely of the 10th Century. There has been little change here since mediaeval times. Like her other homes, this too, houses a rare collection of antiques and objets d'art, and is the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.



Marble bust of Joel Barlow, Ambassador to France in 1812, by Houdon, the famous sculptor.



Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

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If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

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Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

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**Remember
the day!**

BEGINNING with the FEBRUARY issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, the TENTH OF THE MONTH will be the red letter day in the life of every person in America interested in motion pictures.

For the TENTH OF THE MONTH is the day PHOTOPLAY goes on sale.

In every way the new PHOTOPLAY strives to be head and shoulders above all other magazines in its field. But primarily—it strives to bring to intelligent movie fans THE BIGGEST NEWS STORIES from Hollywood — and to bring them FIRST!

With this new publication date PHOTOPLAY will offer news and pictures which other film magazines cannot present.

Buy the new PHOTOPLAY on the TENTH OF EVERY MONTH and see for yourself. Watch for the cover of Ginger Rogers on the February issue, on sale January 10th. Remember the day!

THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good ...
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back
We admit.

But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho ... Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



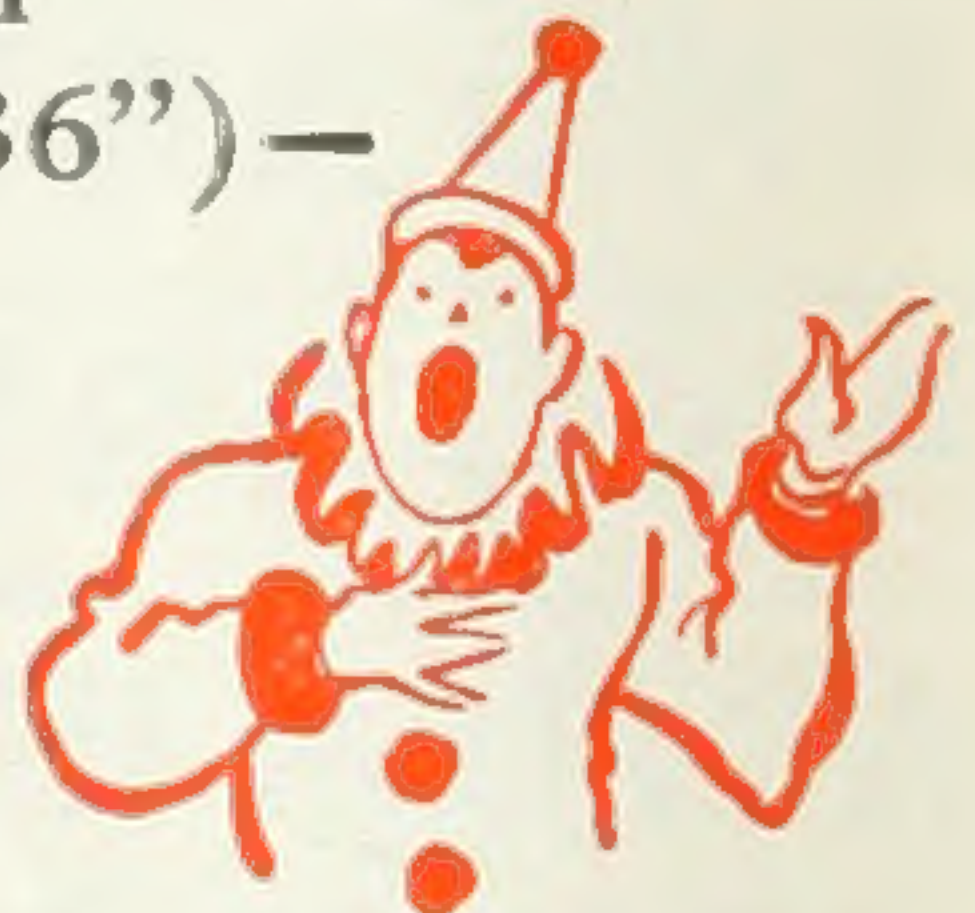
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put \$1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Norma Shearer, Natural Color Portrait by George Hurrell

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE

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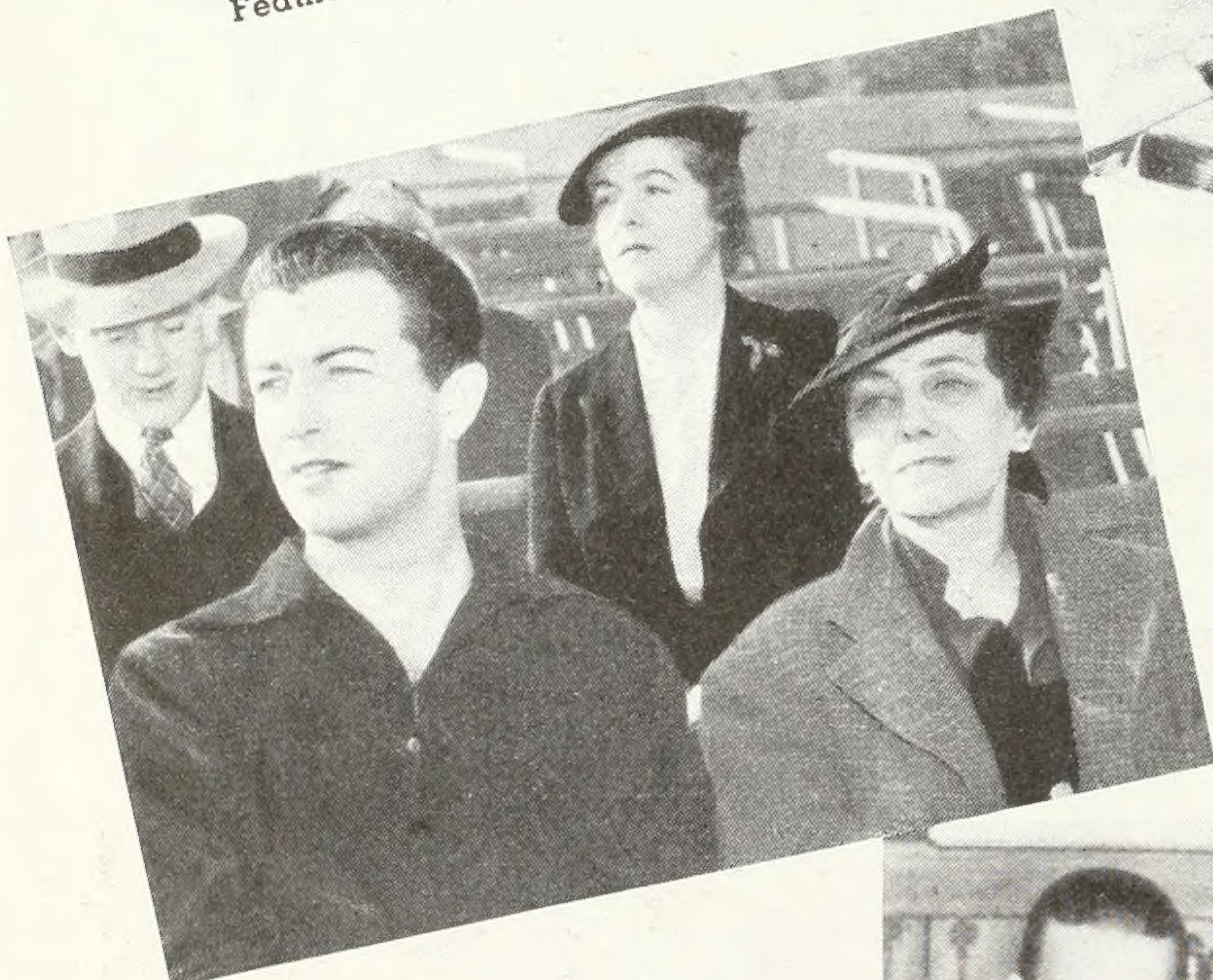
Frank Fay, Winnie Shaw, Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin think children should be seen and heard too, when they are as cunning and entertaining as little Carol Lee who turned Frank Fay's Vod-vil night at the Trocadero into a riot



Pals off-screen as well as on-screen: Wendy Barrie and Louis Heyward (of "A Feather in Her Hat" fame) enjoy Polo



Gracious little Arlene Judge takes a bow after a preview of "Ship Cafe" and finds out that a popular actress must be hand in glove with her public



From Robert Taylor's stern visage one might suspect that he bet on the wrong team when he took his Mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh, to the Polo matches at the Riviera field

Randolph Hearst, Carl Brisson and Matty Kemp are the three lucky lads who escorted Mary Carlisle to Hollywood's preview of "Ship Cafe"





Above, a jolly old informal evening at writer-supervisor Carey Wilson's home. Back, the host, Arlene Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), Mrs. Wilson (Carmelita Geraghty), Front, Paulette Goddard (Where's Chaplin?), Wesley, Jean Fenwick



Above, George Raft and Virginia Pine and little Joan Pine arrive back in Hollywood after a brief trip East. And it looks as though Joan fared very well



Above, Eddie G. Robinson arrives home from New York and is met by his family. Eddie brought his son a gun. The Little Caesar in him!



Left, Polly Ann Young, youngest sister of Sally Blane and Loretta Young (Sally eldest), with Carter Hermann, Polly's soon-to-be-hubby

Right, an impressive trio. Center, Irving Thalberg, M-G-M head, and wife Norma Shearer, with Howard Dietz, M-G-M executive, writer of "At Home Abroad," Broadway hit



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW



M-G-M's "Last of the Pagans" is an authentic idyll of that idyllic land, the South Seas. Featured are Lotus Long and Mala

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland (Aug.)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern (Aug.)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocily*. (Dec.)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown,

from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Roach-MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Come
Adventuring
with

CAPTAIN BLOOD

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed

THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH



who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Rosalind Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Boos & Bouquets

Photoplay Magazine believes good opinions are valuable. See below for announcement of prize letters



Adorableness personified. Little Shirley Temple tries out her brand new skis on a vacation trip into the California mountains

PHOTOPLAY Magazine awards a total of \$35 for the best eight letters of the month. The \$35 is distributed in this manner: \$15 first prize, \$10 second prize, \$5 third prize, and five \$1 prizes. There are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players, pro and con. PHOTOPLAY Magazine reserves the right to use letters submitted in whole or in part.

FIRST PRIZE—\$15

WHEREIN THE FAULT?

THE fault, dear producers and writers and directors, lies not in your stars but in yourselves that moving pictures are mediocre.

Far from needing genuine talent, even great talent, among

those whom you call stars, you have found in them such an abundance of it you are grown arrogant, wasteful, spendthrift. The time has come when, if you are to successfully compete with your old and new rivals, you must conserve talented star material.

In the past you have starved fine talent with poor story material, poor construction, poor direction, poor and cheapening publicity. You are obsessed with the theory that the public wants continually new faces, whereas the public really wants—and will not be satisfied until it gets—the newness of growth, a new facet in the familiar.

Your primary need is excellent writers—not new star material. A poorly conceived and constructed story can ruin the greatest talent.

Having carved out a superior writing tool, there is the need to study your director if you would continue your progress. His is the rôle of a musician who waves a baton before an orchestra: he is not a writer or a producer or an actor or a photographer, although he may know a great deal about their work.

Fortunately for you, your photographers know their jobs, and know them thoroughly. They are years ahead of your other workers in skill and artistry. One sees moving pictures in which one sits and looks at the *pictures*, finding them fascinating. You must catch up with photography.

VIRGINIA WOODALL, Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

HUNTING THE STARS

We autograph hunters are funny people—who can admire a star for years, but when that star refuses us an autograph for no reason at all, it is something we cannot forgive. I have seen many, many stars since I have been autograph hunting, and believe you me, they have gained and lost fans.

One of the first Hollywood celebrities I saw, was Miriam Hopkins. She let us run after her about five blocks before she'd sign, muttering.

When John Barrymore was approached, he refused, got into a taxi. I jumped on the running board and pleaded with him to sign just one autograph. Well, what greeted my ears I never shall forget! Elaine Barrie sat coolly back and looked at me with daggers in her eyes.

But most of the stars are very gracious. Rudy Vallee, for instance, is generous and considerate.

Claudette Colbert received the Academy Award for her work in "It Happened One Night," and we autograph hunters would like to hand her our own special award. A pledge that we will always go to see her pictures and support her in every way. And that goes for Grace Moore, too.

Bing Crosby is probably the most nonchalant actor off-screen. When he was in New York a few years ago, he introduced us to his dog. It's typical of Bing in the name he had given the dog—Figgsie. Another Academy winner is Clark Gable. And let me tell you, girls, Clark is "tops."

Fred Astaire, like Bing Crosby, is very nonchalant about his success. But we're not nonchalant about Freddie's wonderful personality.

And there you have it. By now you must know that my favorites are those who are nice to autograph hunters. My favorites are: Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Rudy Vallee, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, and Shirley Temple (everybody's favorite).

SHIRLEY TOUSTER, New York, N. Y.



Watch for this duo—Betty Burgess and Johnny Downs—in Paramount's tunefilm, "Coronado," which has Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, no less, to furnish the music



Undoubtedly there'll be plenty of laughs from Joe Penner, now teamed with Betty Grable (right), in "Collegiate." For good measure there's also Jack Oakie et al.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

"GRAN" BECOMES YOUNGER

I am a girl eighteen years old, living with my grandmother. "Gran" is the sweetest old lady! Last summer I took her to the first movie she had ever seen. It was certainly wonderful to see how happy she was over it.

She talked about it so much that I told her I would take her to a movie every week.

Since then, we two have gone to at least one movie every week. "Gran" is so much happier and is always looking forward to our "movie night."

After seeing a picture, she seems so much younger and seems to have so much more to live for that it is surely fun to take her to the movies.

G. R., Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

\$1 PRIZE

TO THE LADIES!

Has anyone noticed that, although the most exciting phrase in any language is said to be: "It's a boy!" the world's most interesting and famous children at present are all girls? I refer, of course, to Princess Elizabeth of York, Shirley Temple, and the Dionne Quintuplets. All of these young ladies are known to us through the movies; and while it may be that a group of boys in the same situations would be equally interesting, I

doubt greatly that they could be quite so adorable.

At any rate, we should be grateful to the motion pictures for making us realize, as photographs and written articles alone could never do, how completely appealing small girls can be, besides stimulating our interest in all children everywhere.

I do hope the movies will give us many opportunities to watch the development of these adorable infants, because I know that all their millions of admirers will be anxious to know how they all "turn out."

MARY CRARY, New York, N. Y.

\$1 PRIZE

DON'T INSULT STARS!

Movie fans, praise your stars. Criticize them but don't insult them, because if a certain star is not perfect to you, he or she may be to a million fans, and just think what will all those fans say about you?

What do you say?

ANNA LOZOYA, Los Angeles, Calif.


[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door...or at your office... the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her... until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt... her loved ones threatened... her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"



**SHOW THEM
NO MERCY!**

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON

CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT

EDWARD NORRIS



1 close ups and 1 long 1 shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



THE plot of this little story is one of the oldest ever. But as I witnessed the incident myself, and as it throws a new light on an important star, I hope you'll like it.

In "Jubilee," the Broadway stage hit of the season, Mary Boland plays a Queen. (You are never told what country it is that she rules but you don't have to be very bright to figure that it's England.) The curtain rises on the Throne Room, with Their Majesties greeting the annual presentation of débutantes.

The King is a nice old soul, beaming on the pretty girls. The Queen bows with royal politeness, but it is obvious that she is very bored with it all. The debts back out. The music blares forth, and dies. The royal couple are alone at last. Whereupon the Queen reaches beneath the throne, whips out a copy of PHOTOPLAY and settles down to enjoy herself.

It is an incredibly amusing scene as Mary Boland plays it. In fact, she gives the whole production such bounce and verve that it is heart-warming fun, every moment of it. Bear this in mind, for it is important to what I am relating here.

WELL, the other night when my friend, Frances Marion came back from England (you'll find her delightful report of that visit on Page 24 of this issue), I decided to make a second visit to "Jubilee" and to go around back to thank Mary Boland for showing the world that PHOTOPLAY is the one magazine that a Queen really enjoys (rah, rah!).

The final curtain had just fallen as we invaded back stage. As we entered Miss Boland's dressing room, we could dimly hear the gay music from the orchestra pit playing the laughing audience out of the theater. And there in that dressing room sat the star, still in her glittering trappings and bright make-up, and with great tears flooding down her cheeks. She stopped, abashed, at sight of us, all gala in our evening clothes. In an instant, she was graciousness itself, bustling around, finding us chairs, making us more comfortable.

THE story? Just this. She had buried her mother two days before.

"SOMEHOW," Mary Boland said when we made her talk about it, "somehow I got the courage to go through last night's performance. The funeral was Sunday, so I had all that day and Monday to get my courage up. But tonight came too quickly after yesterday. I couldn't seem to recapture the strength I needed. Tell me, you couldn't tell from the front, too plainly, that I didn't feel amusing?"

IT wasn't so much the old "show must go on" stamina about Mary Boland that impressed me. It was not only that ability to stick it out, to be funny on order that was so magnificent. It was a grander quality, to be able at once to master her mood, to be able when she was fatigued and lonely, to stop and be charming and thoughtful to friends who had casually dropped in to call. She put aside her own sorrow, her great fatigue, to be in that moment the perfect hostess.

This, to me, is the true quality of greatness, that ability to conquer self, to rise above the personal to give to the world a spark that adds to its beauty and its laughter.

NOW for the lighter side of things. You may wonder how it happens that Mary Boland is on Broadway playing in its greatest hit. So does Paramount.

It's this way. Louis B. Mayer, of M-G-M, is the backer of the show. He felt that no one but Boland could properly play the Queen. The lady was under contract to Paramount. Much dickering went on, and finally Louis B., as is his way, emerged with what he wanted, or in other words, with Boland on a leave of six months.

So is Paramount annoyed that the show is a standout!

I am merely an innocent by-stander but I would like to point out to the big boys of Hollywood that they really shouldn't let the inferiority complex Broadway has been tacking on them for years really affect them. But I can't figure out any other reason for the invasion of Hollywood money into tired, tawdy Broadway this season. On the same night, for example, Paramount and Warners produced two plays along the Main Stem, both about musicians and both flops.

The argument is that such productions cost the studios only about \$25,000 each, and that if they should click, the gamble is worth it.

I suppose it is rude of me to point, but still, I wish the boys would remember that the spot they got themselves into during 1931 to 1933 was all due to their buying up theaters to outsmart each other, and forgetting about making pictures. That little maneuver nearly sank Paramount and Fox. I wish they would stick to making pictures right now and not try to outsmart Broadway.

I AM so proud, and please don't hold that against me until you read the rest of this.

A wire came to me the day last month's PHOTOPLAY—or my first issue—reached the news stands. It came from the lovely woman you older movie fans will remember as May Allison, but whom I knew best as Mrs. James Quirk.

Bravely May taught herself to reconstruct her life after Jim's death, and today she is married once again, and very happily. She lives now in Cleveland, Ohio, one of the most popular and certainly most beautiful matrons of that delightful city. Yet, surrounded by other interests, other friends, she did not forget. She found time to wire this:

"Dearest Ruth: Your wire is one of the many remarkable things that have happened in my life. Five minutes before its arrival, I had wired you as follows: 'I have just seen the December PHOTOPLAY, and from the bottom of my heart I want to say Congratulations, and my undying gratitude for your editorial. Seeing you as editor of PHOTOPLAY is one of the happiest moments I have known since Jim went on, and I know he feels the same. God bless you for your loyalty and courage in a position where these qualities are so essential. Dearest love to you.' "

(Signed) May

You don't blame me for being proud, do you?



"Come, come, Mr. Perry, put some feeling into it this time—but be sure to keep that shadow off Miss Johnson's nose"

Perfect camera



By
Dorothy
Speare

Illustration by
Frank W. Swain

REBUBEN GOLDMARK was aware that he intended to do an extraordinary thing as he gave his hat and stick to the butler, who took them and murmured:

"Miss Herndon is at the studio, sir."

"Don't I know it?" said Reuben. "Isn't it my studio? I have come to see the young man."

"Young man?"

The butler's eyebrows made Reuben's headache worse. "Miss Herndon's husband!" he snapped. "How many other young men you got?"

"Oh—Mr. Greenwood," said the butler. "I will tell him you are here, sir."

He wove away, a black swallow dipping through the gilt reaches of Jane Herndon's salon, and Reuben stacked his uneven form upon a chair shaped like Orpheus' lyre. Next him, he noticed moodily, there was a chair with a curved gilt violin back. He tried not to look about the room where there were scattered, he knew, a number of other gilded seats with backs shaped like stringed instruments, obviously designed to atmosphere Jane Herndon's musical evenings. Jane was known to her fan public as The Aristocrat of the Screen.

Reuben sighed and held on to his head, which had been bad all through this fine California day, across the glare of which, thank goodness, Jane's curtains of puffed grey silk were drawn until the light that filtered through became the sad delightful crepuscule of a Paris afternoon. Paris. Reuben sighed again and dug his fingers into his temples. In Paris there were smart people. Reuben longed to be chic, and he adored smart people. That was really why he had come today. If one was chic one must do the chic thing. Reuben hung on to his head and gazed heroically at the wilderness about him, through which Geoff Greenwood entered, as unimpressively as always; a fair young man with nice rough edges, who greeted Reuben with a vague politeness, as if he were trying to recognize a hand-wave in a crowd.

"Geoff," said Reuben, "I have come to apologize. Last night I was drunk."

"That's all right," said Geoff, smiling steadily. "In fact it's fine. You were drunk and so you told the truth."

Reuben pretended that he had not heard, an act which is part of the compulsory mechanics of a Hollywood executive. He stared at Jane Herndon's husband with unblinking beady eyes and said, "I want you to come back into the picture."

"Oh no, you don't," said Geoff Greenwood. "Not really. I'm still a rotten actor like you said—and you're still only using me for Janie's sake. Well, for her sake, let's be glad you got drunk and shot the works!"

Reuben sat down again. "I am a sick man today," he said. "Have you got anything for a headache?"

Geoff rang for the butler and ordered a bromide. Reuben drank it, put his glass down on the hip of a painted coffee-table shepherdess, gazed speculatively at the hip, said, "Thanks."

"Sure," said Geoff. "I've always been a rotten actor and I'd never know it if Janie hadn't got famous enough to get me a chance to prove it."

"You had Broadway experience," said Reuben. "And you did silents."

face Beginning a revealing story about

a star
you'll
recognize



"I just wanted you to know," she heard Jimmy say, "that I am irrevocably in love with your wife, and that I am going to do everything I can to get her"

"Only bits on Broadway," said Geoff. "And we all know about silents. Sure, I was just another man that would have gone on kidding himself all his life about not getting the breaks. Only I got them, see? So now I can't kid myself—any more."

Reuben wasted no more time on a scene that had put over its points. He had been chic and so now he turned at the door to say goodbye. The young man had not moved from the center of the gilt salon, where he stood with a strange, waiting rigidity,

like a soldier at attention for nothing. For a moment Reuben was touched. "Boy," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"Would you give me a job as a writer?" said Geoff.

Reuben's gesture had been made; that was romance, and this was business. "Geoff, I am a sick man today," he said, "too sick to talk about writers. You probably couldn't be worse than any lousy writer we got, Geoff, and I certainly wish you had a market value, which you haven't, unless you are counting those scenes here and there you have changed for Jane when she gets mad at a script, which is diplomacy, not writing, Geoff."

"Oh," said the young man, "so that's what it is."

"Just changing the words around a little to get them more like the way Jane talks and then it satisfies her," said Reuben, "why, that's for Jane's sake and not for us, Geoff."

"I wrote vaudeville skits once," said Geoff. "Before I knew Jane."

"The same way with your coming over every day to catch the rushes. Of course, you help us, Geoff, because you can make Jane see what the director means when she gets bad, but that don't mean that we could give you a contract as director, just because you are smoothing corners over like most wives do for their husbands without getting paid either."

"I see," said Geoff. "Well, Reuben, it was nice of you to drop in. And don't worry about what I'm going to do. Janie has bought me some polo ponies, and I have a hunch I'll be a lot better polo player than I was an actor."

"See you Sunday on the field," said Reuben. "I go with friends from Santa Barbara, not picture people."

On the way down Herndon Hill Reuben's car passed Jane's coming up. He caught a long shot of her white dress—Jane always wore white, which was a perfect frame for her nervous, lovely face—before the faces beside her swam into the picture. Men, of course; Tony Blair and Andy Starsett, Reuben's most expensive New York playwrights, and Vergil O'Donaghue, the latest modern composer who had consented to elevate the screen. This precious group was too busy juggling with a bright moment to see Reuben, who, at any rate, had hastily trained his eyes ahead.

Of course, Reuben thought, they built Jane up—those fan-magazine stories about the famous men who were in love with her in a flattering, Platonic way that added to the brilliance of her salon and enhanced the successful picture of their marriage.

And, Reuben thought, he would certainly have been a fool to tell Geoff how valuable Geoff was in patching up Jane's scripts and helping on the set when the director could get nothing from her. It was not quite comfortable to think about

that; a little fear was creeping in. Suppose Geoff stopped helping on Jane's pictures?

Jane and her beaux, as she called them, for she liked to feel old-fashioned and ceremonious about herself, were charmed to find Geoff at home. She had learned, some years ago, not to hope that he would be there; she had come to accept his absences as she accepted the weather and illness and picture flops and other acts of God. It was an unexpected favor to see him smiling across her lovely furniture; she came into the music-room as though she were greeting an honored guest. The geniuses with her were no less cordial, especially Vergil O'Donaghue; here was, he said, another person to hear the latest song he had created for the screen operetta, "No More Love," which the crass head of the Superart Music Department had just thrown out, saying:

"You classical guys have got to come down off your perches!"

"As if I was a canary!" shrilled Vergil, rushing to Jane's piano without stopping to remove hat or coat, while Jane and Geoff looked at each other and laughed. They both remembered the last time they had gone to a party with Vergil, where he had twisted his pale, egg-shaped face hither and yon, looking in all the seven-league corners of the gorgeous Spanish reception-room and finally remarking in silver tones which carried throughout the roomful to the important host:

"Do you know, there's something *sinister* about people who can afford a house this size and don't have a piano!"

Two pairs of eyes that could meet and remember and laugh. Perhaps, Jane thought, congeniality was the finer part of love. At any rate it was a time-filling substitute. A little hysteria of self-pity shot through her as she went on smiling with Geoff and sat beside him to hear Vergil's rejected work of art. For so many years now she had been inventing substitutes for love. She knew that self-pity was craven and dangerous and yet she found it growing within her like a narcotic habit.

She gulped, and fixed her attention on the cascades of sound that were rippling from Vergil's resentful claws. Tony and Andy, the playwrights, had rung for the butler and were ordering their drinks. They shared the same tastes in writing and wining and women and they admired each other's admiration of each other so much that they had grown to look alike. They looked like minks, tall, stringy minks with darting ferret-eyes and mink-colored hair. They were in love with Jane between moments of artistic despair when they drank and played with extra girls because they hadn't written a New York play for three years, the exact length of time they had been in Hollywood. There were, Jane thought, gazing at the minks, no attractive men in Hollywood.

She had the grace to laugh at herself for that thought, which was, she told herself, a rather ominous sign of her age. Every unattached woman of over thirty said, "There are no attractive men in—" wherever she might be. And she was unattached. Or at any rate—how did they call it, in the motion-picture scripts?—"Emotionally free." She had been emotionally free since she saw Geoff with that first pretty girl on Hollywood Boulevard, four years ago.

Vergil began to improvise a new song named "The Romantic Wastrels," after Tony and Andy. It was loud and swashbuckling and under its cover, Geoff told Jane about Reuben's apology.

Jane laughed with Geoff at his cartoon of Reuben's face when Geoff had announced his polo-playing ambitions. Jane laughed rather often. It was a nervous, social laugh, that ended abruptly on a high note.

"But," she said, "does that really mean—I mean, you mean you're not going back in his picture?"

"I meant what I said," he said.

"Oh," she said. "But—you didn't really mean it about—being just a polo player, did you?"

"Until I get something of my own. I'd rather fool around, and see what I really want—"

He had said that before. "Oh," she said. There was a pause through which Vergil played plaintively. She thought of a time when she was a nobody in Hollywood, in the silent picture days, when it didn't mean a thing that Jane Herndon had been a Broadway star. When Geoff, with his fair good looks and crooked smile that had got him nowhere on Broadway, had found occasional juvenile parts, while no one would risk an old hag like Jane Herndon for even a walk-on. Jane had been thirty then, and that was old, for silent-picture days. And Geoff—Geoff had been only twenty-seven.

She had stayed home and Geoff had worked in studios day-time and often, after a while, said he was working evenings. The personal pain of that had never left her, but the ache was dull, somehow more bearable than the still stabbing recollection of being a nonentity. She couldn't blame Geoff for not finding her exciting any more when she had ceased to be exciting to herself. It had been terrible to lose her identity, to see that no one wanted to know her, that she actually had no friends; she, Jane Herndon, who in New York had had to struggle to keep people away from her. But a woman in Hollywood without fame or youth or an important husband is invisible.

Although she was now four years away from that bad time, Jane was still suffering from its effect. It seemed as if she had been shell-shocked with personal and professional failure; she could not get enough of gaiety and attention and famous names about her to reassure an ego that, once crushed, was still an invalid, demanding drugs to dull its pain. She had not analyzed her attitude to that extent. She only knew that she felt better about Tony and Andy when she remembered the fine plays they had once written and how splendid it was to have the most famous names in Hollywood so beautifully Platonically adoring of her that they would drink her liquor for hours.

"I don't think they're going to help me much this afternoon," she said to Geoff. "You know, we came home here so's they could help on my script while Vergil played inspirationally for us. But they don't seem to be in the mood."

"No," said Geoff, "they can't disease their personalities by any more picture work today. What's trouble with the script?"

"Just what you said. The love-scenes—"

"Only now you believe it," he said, "because they said so."

"Oh, well, I mean—they're *writers*, Geoff!" she said.

"How were they going to fix it up?" he asked.

"I dunno. Vergil was going to play and—"

"Yeah. Well, he's playing," said Geoff.

She looked glumly at Vergil, who was making "The Romantic Wastrels" into a symphony by now, while Tony and Andy tried to look like symphony material.

"Yes," Jane said, in sagging tones, "Vergil is playing."

"I had a sort of an idea about it today," said Geoff. "Where is the script?"

It was lying, a dither of pink pages, on the pompous Spanish bench in the hall. She went with him to get it and followed him to a little study crammed with first editions that no one ever read. "It's awfully nice of you," she said.

Geoff grinned. "I *am* awfully nice," he said, and spread the script open before him on the heavy carved black walnut desk.

"You know, I think you'd do all right as a screen writer," she said. "Now, that's an idea, Geoff. Why don't you try it?"

His face closed up on her again. "I tried writing once," he said.

"You mean those vaudeville skits?" she said. "You couldn't say you tried and failed. You just didn't go on—"

He hadn't ever seemed to go on with anything, she thought in despair, while she kept her voice noble. And she had given him so many chances. When she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]



Richie

carole

As Carole Lombard and one of the screen's most interesting women, little Jane Peters of Hollywood has come a long way! Her current film is "Hands Across the Table," and now she is making "Spinster Dinner"



Fryer

dolores

"Meet the Duchess," otherwise the exotic Dolores Del Rio who will be seen soon in Warner's picture of that title. Her leading man will be the polished Warren William. Contrast her dark loveliness to the blond Jean Harlow across the page and you'll know why Hollywood wins the world's beauty sweepstakes without any trouble



Hurrell

The girl of the allure plus, Jean Harlow, is now in "Riff Raff," with Spencer Tracy. "China Seas" mixed Miss Harlow up with a pretty tough crowd, and her latest M-G-M film has her in just as hard a life, and again on the water front. Actually, Jean loves her mother, white lounging pajamas, swimming, barbecued hamburgers

jean



Bachrach

Signed for five years with Samuel Goldwyn, Joel McCrea's amazingly genuine performance in "Barbary Coast" delighted his well-wishers. He is starred again with Miriam Hopkins in "Navy Born" and "Splendor"

joel



Hollywood said Frank Fay interfered with beautiful Barbara Stanwyck, but read what Hollywood didn't know

THE STORY BEHIND THE STANWYCK-FAY BREAK-UP

A Great Human Document By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THEY used to say out in Hollywood, when Barbara Stanwyck was going from one sensational performance to another, when her almost violent talent was making other screen stars look like marionettes, that Frank Fay was interfering with her career, ruining her chances, allowing her to sacrifice her career to his.

Personally, I have always thought it was the other way around. Barbara Stanwyck's passionate love destroyed Frank Fay's genius—and broke her heart in the process.

After seven desperate years of marriage, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have parted.

Behind those simple, too-familiar words lies another tragedy of Hollywood, the fairy godmother who can be so kind and so cruel. As you gaze through the headlines you can see a man

trying to laugh under the bright lights of Broadway and not making a very good job of it; a woman weeping in the hillside shadows of Hollywood; a man and woman separated by so much more than a mere 3,000 miles, separated by that infinite distance that lies between a man and woman who love each other but have come through tears and heart-break to know that they cannot find happiness together.

Barbara Stanwyck, in my opinion the best actress on the screen, is staging a come-back after long absence and bad pictures—but the price is much more than she wanted to pay.

Frank Fay is working and waiting for a break—but when the break comes, it will be too late.

And none of this could have happened anywhere but in Hollywood, nor any time except right now.



Above, Barbara Stanwyck in the stage play, "Burlesque." Though she scored highly in that hit, her nationwide success was still before her

Barbara's love for Frank was all-absorbing—never has woman loved man more. And yet, after seven years of married life, the break has come

A girl who succeeded when it didn't matter very much. A man who failed when failure was unbearable.

And their love for each other at the mercy of all these strange happenings.

There isn't any question that Barbara helped Frank Fay, her husband. Gave up her own fame at times to build his. Maybe even, as Hollywood says, she put her Hollywood gold into his shows and pictures, wanting to give him, in her passionate loyalty, the chance she felt Hollywood had denied him.

And every move she made carried inevitable disaster and defeat in its wake. Every loving, loyal devoted step she took led straight to the one thing she didn't want—separation. That is the tragedy of Barbara Stanwyck and of Frank Fay, whose gift of laughter has been stolen from him for a time at least.

It hurts.

But Barbara in her work will survive it. In a year, Barbara with her sultry charm and her primitive appeal, will be back at the head of the box-office list. Sorrow only makes you greater, makes you stronger. Frank Fay? I wonder. For humiliation and the breaking of a man's spirit may destroy beyond hope.

It's a simple story, when you know it. Only so few people do.

Frank Fay was never popular in Hollywood, on or off the

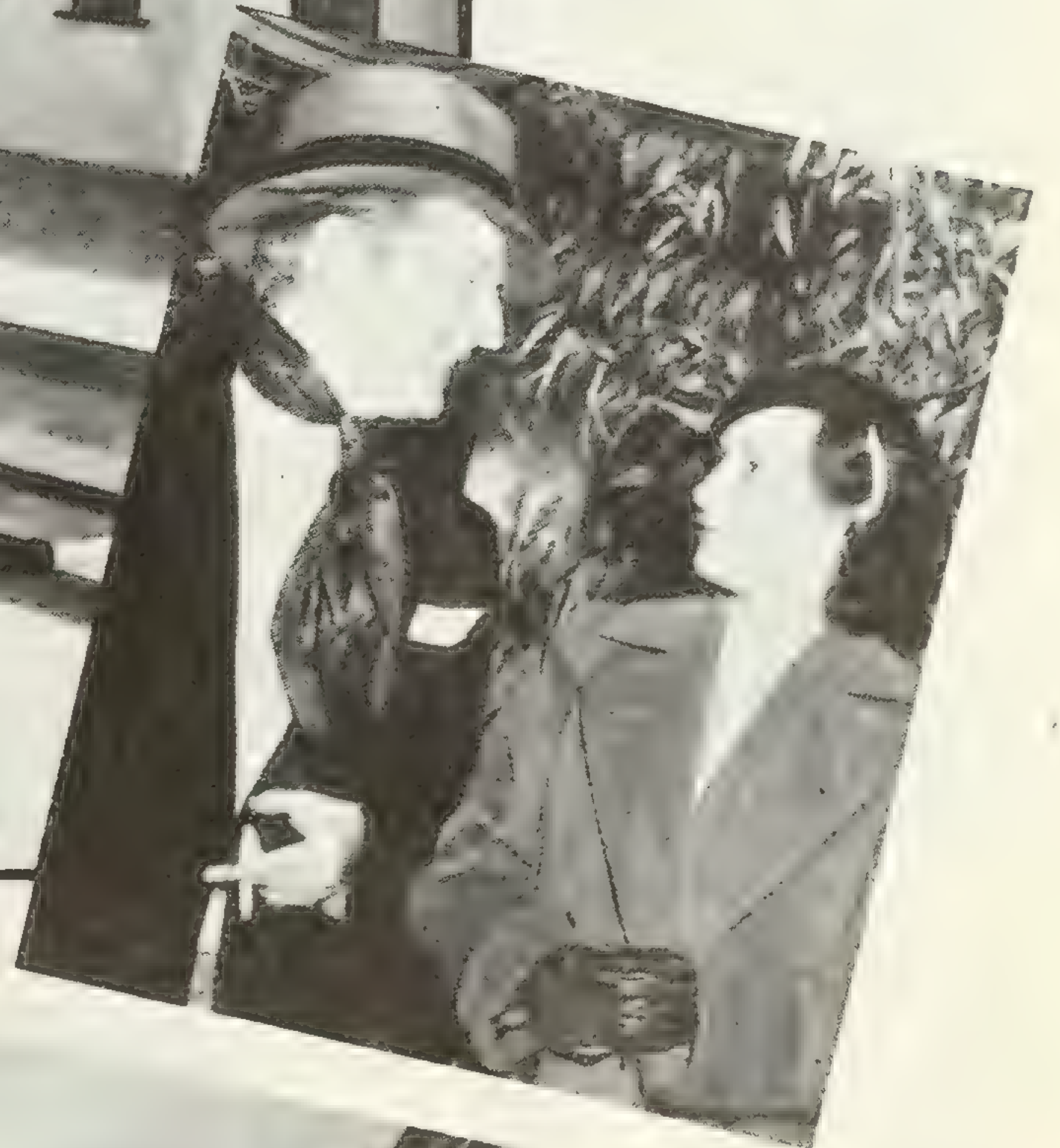
screen. They just didn't like his cockiness, his brutal wit, his whole sharp, fascinating personality. But they shed tears over shy, emotional Barbara, and applauded her loyalty and her love for her husband and felt very, very sorry for her. Which only made matters worse. For you see—if you go back to the beginning—

They met first, these two, on a stage at Lynbrook, Long Island, where Frank Fay was trying out a vaudeville act.

At first they didn't like each other much. Barbara thought Frank was fresh, which he undoubtedly was, and Frank thought Barbara was just another gal out of a night club who thought she could act.

Then they found out the truth about each other and fell in love with abandon and completeness, so that the whole world revolved around their love for each other.

When I think of Barbara I always see two pictures. One of them is of Barbara standing in front of her house at Malibu Beach. She had on a black bathing suit and her autumn leaf hair was wild in the wind. Her arms were crossed, her eyes were blazing, and her chin jutted out dangerously. She was staring at a woman writer walking peacefully along the sands, a woman who had written some rather unkind things about Frank Fay. "I think," said Barbara, "I'll go and take a sock at her right now." And started. But Frank Fay stopped her



When two people love each other, as Frank and Barbara do, but can't find happiness together, what is the solution? Read and see —form your opinion



Frank Fay's genius is unquestionable, according to Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows. Yet —what will it avail him?

Despite her grief over her separation, Barbara goes on with the show, in "Annie Oakley"

gone away never to come back to the ramshackle house in Brooklyn and the five kids she'd left behind. That was the way life began for Ruby Stevens — at two she began a heart-breaking pilgrimage from one orphanage to another, from one place where she was "boarded out" to another.

Little lonesome heart, stormy-eyed, defiant, keeping her chin up, and all the time looking for somebody to belong to.

and I saw the look in his eyes that I have never forgotten. Men don't like being protected or fought for by their women. They sort of like to be able to do the fighting for the family.

The other picture is one I never saw but that comes, clean cut as such things sometimes do, into my imagination. It's a picture of Barbara when she was only two or three, standing up very straight in a plain little crib in a big orphanage dormitory and crying out loud for her mother, the mother who had

When she was fourteen she was dancing in the chorus of a cabaret on Broadway. Before that there had been a telephone switchboard where she sat saying "Number, please" to the citizens of Brooklyn, and a basement in a department store where she carried bundles; and a counter over which she sold patterns until a woman squawked because Ruby Stevens had given her the wrong direction and Ruby lost her job.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



Fredric March is royally entertained in London



Hollywood gold will not lure Robert Donat—



Merle Oberon is enjoying a riotous homecoming



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is backed by English money

London Letter—

This famous author brings us up to date on the

DEAR R. W.:

You have asked me to give you my present impressions of London. Although I have been here often, this is the first time I have come over on a "bus man's holiday." Frankly, I am here to look over the British motion picture studios.

London has never been so gay or so friendly to Americans. Possibly, it is the subtle influence of the movie—"cinemas," in London, thank you! Until Alexander Korda brought English pictures into the limelight only American films were popular here. Now that all the world has thrilled over such British-made productions as "Henry VIII," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "39 Steps," and "Love Me Forever," London is interested in the tremendous possibilities of the screen as a medium for propaganda, human interest, art, education, and entertainment.

The English studios have graciously turned to us, older in the craft than they, for schooled technicians. In turn, we have drawn from their finest talent. This exchange of artists and technicians has augmented the friendly relationship that exists between England and America.

While I appreciate Hollywood and would rather live there than anywhere in the world, I do think a leave of absence from its studios, its background and its social circle, is beneficial to all creative workers. It is stimulating to the English artists to spend a few months in Hollywood, and we in turn would gain a great deal by contact with English social life. No one but a dullard could return from London unhappy and without enthusiasm for the fine old English traditions.

Our motion pictures have taught the Eng-

lish to know us. Now they even understand our slang, our impulsive generosity and sentimentality, our lack of inhibitions, (even though at times we are "a bit too free,") and our gay, unrepressed spirits. They like us. The English fans clamor more aggressively for the autographs of their favorite stars than Americans do. I must admit, however, that they are more loyal to their favorites than we are here. They cannot

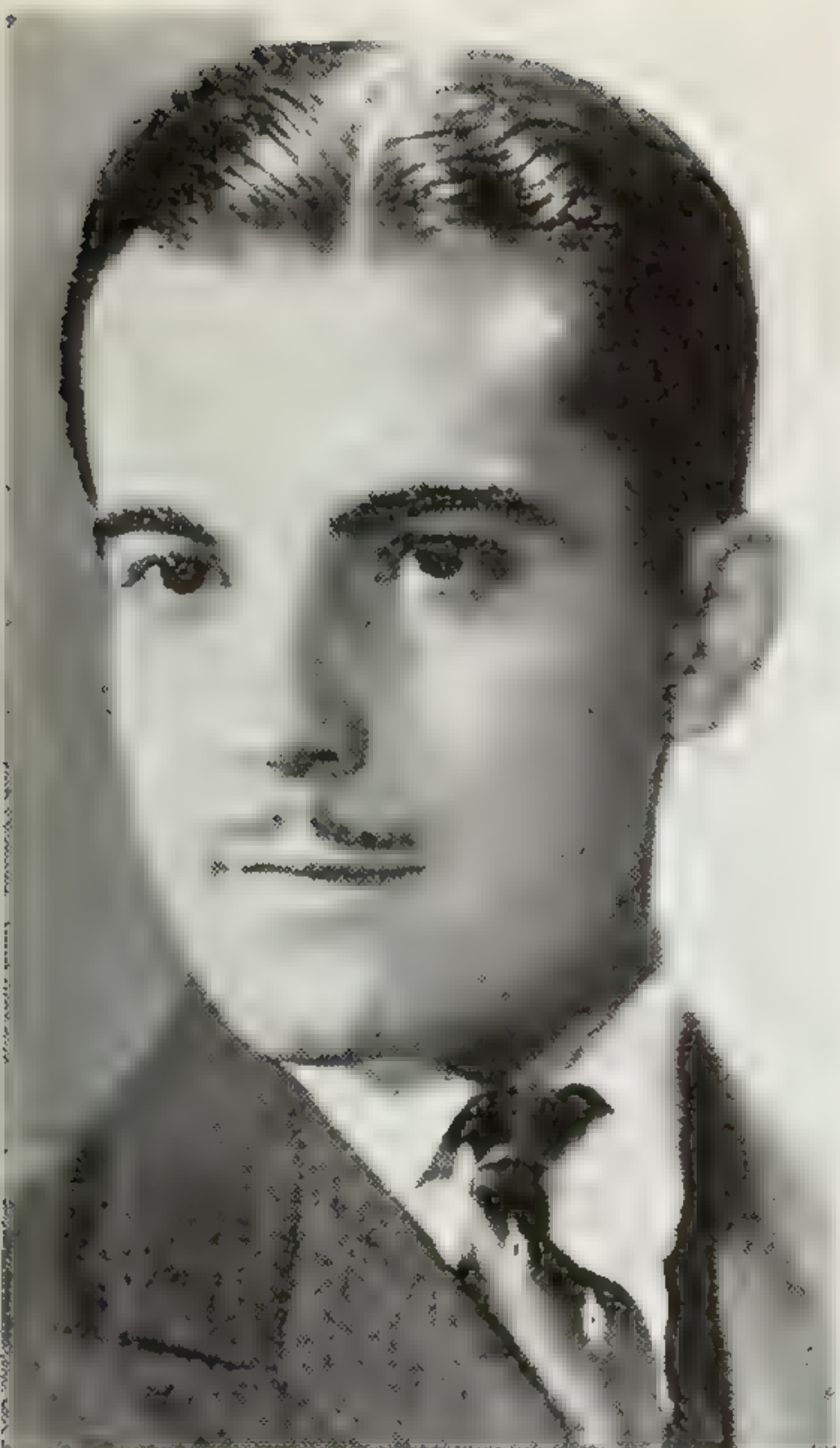
understand why they don't see more often on the screen such artists as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Conrad Nagel, Billy Haines, Jack Holt, and a score of others.

I came over on the *Berengaria* with Alexander Korda. Visiting royalty could not have been given a greater ovation than he. Not only was he mobbed by the press, but by his grateful fans, for England is justly proud of his success for her in the motion picture field. He was returning from a triumphant visit to Hollywood, the former scene of his sorrow and, in the eyes of Hollywood, his failure. I remember the time when he was called "too artistic," and was refused the opportunity to express his great talent for historical comedies.

I saw Doug Fairbanks, Sr., but I didn't meet Lady Cynthia Ashley. I sat opposite her at the Berkeley and did not find her as attractive as I had assumed. Doug doesn't look any too happy.



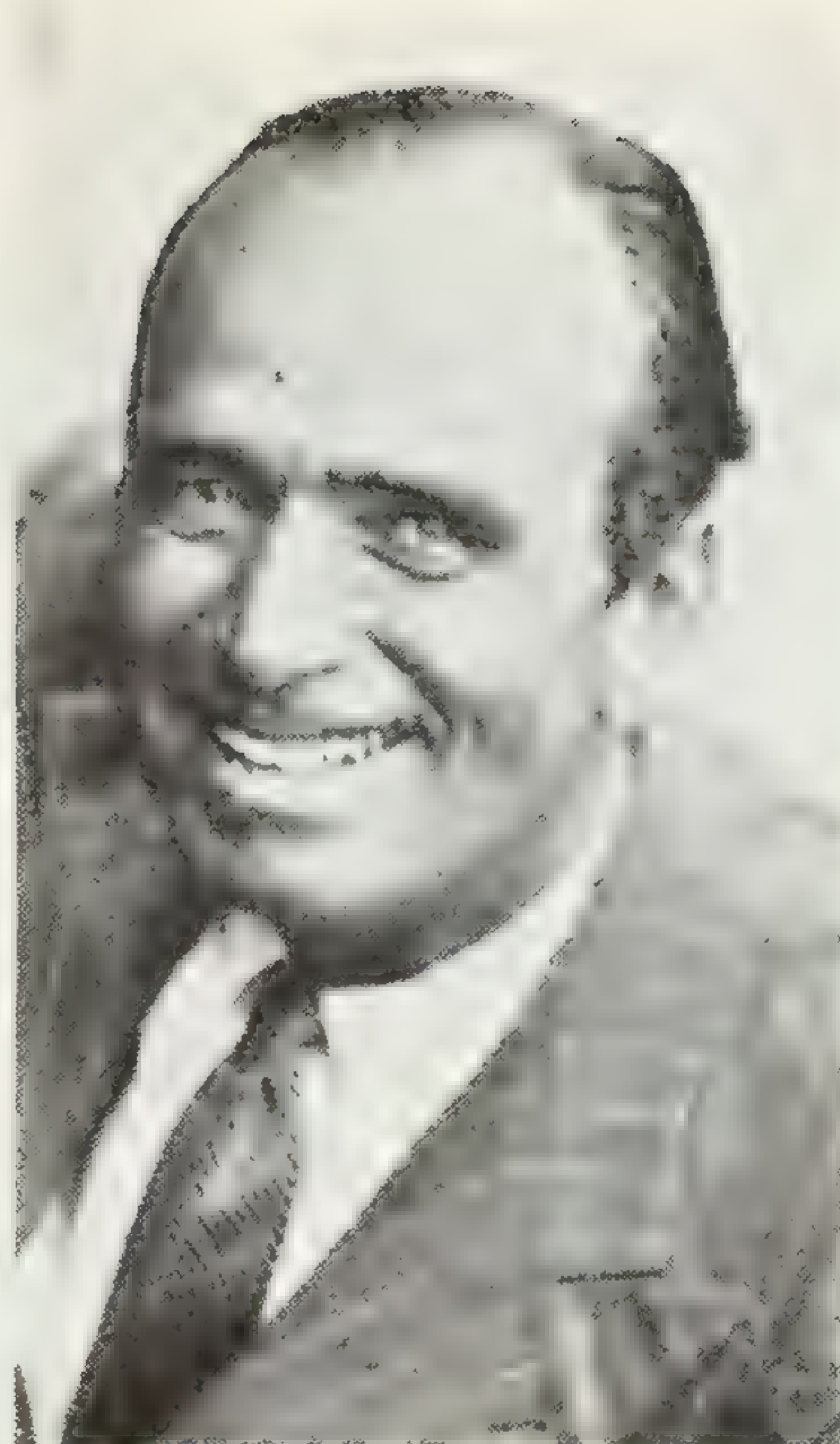
Says Frances Marion: "The English fans are more loyal to stars than we Americans!"



Ramon Novarro is mobbed by loyal English fans



Doris Kenyon appears in a musical with Novarro



Doug, Senior, isn't looking as happy as this now



Jean Parker will be seen opposite Robert Donat

Special Delivery

American stars in England By Frances Marion

Here I must say a word in defense of young Doug. He has fared rather badly in our newspapers and we have been given the impression that he has denied his country and has affected English mannerisms, even going so far as to try to ape their delightful speech. This is not true. Not all of us find our perfect niche in our immediate environment. If we did, there would have been no colonies or colonists. We admire and welcome the English who come to our country to make good. Why should we censure young Doug because he exploits his success in London? He has always had a creative mind. He is a splendid actor; he writes and draws well. He did not want to limit his talent to one medium—acting. He wanted to become a producer, but as he had grown up in Hollywood, no one had any confidence in him. He was still "young Doug." Now he is backed by English money, and English confidence, and he has organized his own production company. He will act in only one picture a year, but hopes to produce at least six a year. I think that we should all wish him well.

All of the American artists are divinely happy here. Doris Kenyon has taken a charming house and is so enthusiastic about London that she has sent for her mother and her little boy, Kenyon Sills. She and Ramon Novarro are opening in a musical comedy. It has been

rumored in Hollywood that Doris is married to Doctor Howard Murphy, but as one of her oldest and closest friends, I can tell you that she is not. Although one of the most successful dental surgeons in the West, Dr. Murphy has been interested for a long time in the invention of children's toys. He has sold several of his patents to large English corporations and they are so enthusiastic about his work that they are building a large factory for him. This means that he will go in business over there and, after the play is closed or during its run, Doris may or may not say "yes." I wouldn't blame her because she couldn't find a more attractive and likable companion.

Ramon has leased a house, too, but he hardly dares poke his nose out of the door—he is so mobbed by his fans. A hundred thousand of them came to Southampton, two and one-half hours from London, to meet him, and it took a hundred policemen to keep the crowd from stampeding him.

The youngsters in London will follow a taxicab for miles, just to get an autograph. Freddie March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, lived in terror daily that some child would be hurt. In order not to be late for an engagement, it was necessary for them to start three-quarters of an hour early as they would be stopped continuously along the route by the autograph seekers.

Everyone here likes Freddie March. His charming and unassuming manner has won them completely, as has his wife, Florence Eldridge, by her intellect and her wit. They have been entertained royally, and the guest list of their cocktail party contained some of the most famous names in London.

One of the most interesting men I have met here is James [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



English films were brought into the limelight by director Alexander (Henry VIII) Korda



The only photograph in existence showing Nino Martini, at his Metropolitan debut in "Rigoletto," with two other opera stars since claimed by the movies. They are Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons. The man on the end is Giuseppe De Lucca

martini — perfectly blended

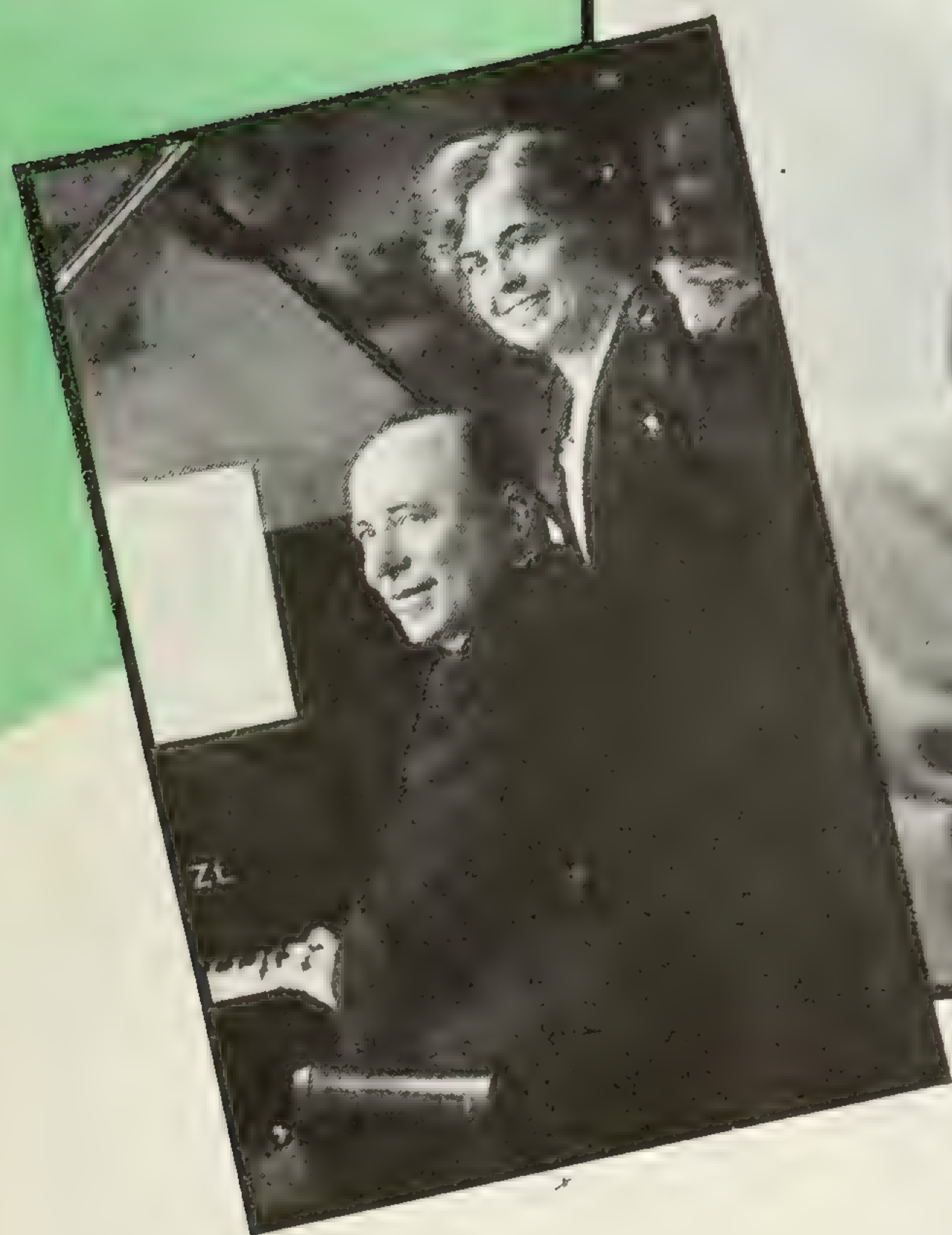
by frederick l. collins



SEVEREN years ago, come Michaelmas, the bottom dropped out of the financial world—and about the only business that didn't drop with it was the business of importing European stars for Hollywood consumption.

Jesse Lasky, then a leading Hollywood importer, brought back from Europe that year two unusually promising specimens. One was from the music hall. One was from the opera. One was Maurice Chevalier. One was Nino Martini.

Both boys appeared in "Paramount on Parade." Chevalier, as a Paris gamin, sang his famous "Clouds Away" song, which swept him into nationwide popularity. Martini, following in the next scene as a Venetian gondolier, sang an operatic number—and was forgotten.



Right, Nino Martini at the age of twenty-two when he first appeared on the concert stage. Left, Maria Gay, and her husband, Giovanni Zenatello, not only sponsored the young singer but, as foster parents, lavished their devotion on him. They are famous in musical circles for their spaghetti dinners. Center, "Here's to Romance," the Fox picture in which Martini became a movie star

Years passed.

Movie tastes changed.

One day last spring, the Santa Fe Chief from California drew into the Omaha station. Across the platform, almost within touching distance, stood the California Limited, westward bound. Both trains carried distinguished passengers. On the Chief, on his way to Europe, was Maurice Chevalier, dethroned king of cinema musicals. On the Limited, on his way to Hollywood, was the ascendant star of radio and opera, Nino Martini.

The boy from the music hall was going back to the music hall, and the boy from the opera had come into his own!

I saw him later, the new king, back in New York, fresh from his Hollywood victories—fresh, too, from a morning gallop

along the bridle paths of Central Park. He wore the conventional khaki breeches and leather puttees, a rough, Scotch tweed belted jacket, yellow sweater, and white sport shirt open at the neck. He looked about eighteen.

He was the first operatic tenor I had ever seen naked like that, as to the neck. Usually, they're all wrapped around in mufflers and winding sheets like a mummy.

But this Nino Martini is as far removed from the usual operatic tenor—who is popularly supposed to be among the lowest forms of human endeavor—as can possibly be imagined. He looks more like the Spaniard Velasquez's "Portrait of a Young Man."

Of course, Nino isn't a Spanish [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP



The old adage "invite the man who loves thee to a feast" is followed by these Hollywood fathers who asked their sons to a day of merry-making at the Uplifter's. Here are Tom Brown and his father in the "pause that refreshes"

"A chip off the old block" having inherited Taylor Holmes' histrionic ability as well as his unfailing good humor, Phillips Holmes and his father make a happy duet at the Father's and Son's outing at the Uplifters



Behold the mighty stag at ease! Joe E. Brown, his son, Don and his adopted son Mike Frankovich after a large repast where the "Hollywood diet" was not in evidence

AUGIE" isn't going to have to worry about a job for a while. "Augie" is a gentleman named Leonard Traynor, who was Will Rogers' stand-in for quite a spell. Will gave him the name "Augie," why, no one will ever know.

When Will went away, Fred Stone was worried about "Augie," so he has written into both his Paramount and R-K-O contracts a clause specifying that "Augie" shall be his stand-in as long as his contracts last. And other fellows will tell you that Fred Stone is a great guy.

DEAH me! These cool, collected conservative English people, so undemonstrative, y'know, have got the movie idol bug.

Doug Montgomery walked down the street in London and felt someone rip the flower from his lapel, the handkerchief from his coat pocket and the pipe out of his hand. Souvenir hunters. He didn't mind the posey nor the hanky, but the pipe was a treasured possession.

In a day or so he got a note from the young lady who had done the briar snatching.

"I'll give it back," she wrote, "if you'll send me the number of your hotel room."

Douglass hastily sat down and wrote a note. "Keep the pipe!" it said.

LOVELY little Luise Rainer came to Hollywood nursing a ghost romance, supposedly. She was still true to a sweetheart who was killed in an accident a year or so ago.

But now a friendship that they'll have you believe is more than Platonic has sprung up between the tiny Viennese charmer and Jean Negulesco, the artist. They're about all the time.

Jean must like them small and dark. He used to be the head man with Sidney Fox, you'll remember.

YOU can all relax now. The Jolsons are in their new home and all's right with the world. Those who had known Al all his life and noted his migratory habits and absolute horror of anything rooted in the ground, didn't believe it would ever happen.

But out in Encino, not far from Bill Fields and Warren William, Al and Ruby have moved in the mansion among the orange peels. Address: Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, Encino, Cal. That's all. Meanwhile Ruby's mother and her sister have taken possession of the former Bing Crosby Toluca Lake place, which Ruby bought for them.

Bing, ushered out, has decided to listen to the pleas of his golfing pal, Dick Arlen, and build a bigger and better place right on the shores of Toluca, rather than move away out among the hills of Bel-Air. The new joint will have five bedrooms and baths.

ONE of those seething, maddening New York mobs poured like thick molasses around the lobby of the theater where "Here's To Romance" was having its Manhattan premiere.

Burly cops jerked their way through the crowd with Anita Louise in tow. Suddenly a small, blond woman darted up to place herself in their protective wake. The cops took her gently but firmly by the shoulders, shoved her back under the ropes. "None o' that, lady," said they. She gasped and Anita turned.

"Hey!" she shouted, "that's my mother!"

AH me and my long gray beard! Now tempus does fugit around. Here on the "Ah Wilderness" set the other day whom should I run into, all grown up 'n' everything, but black-eyed Peggy Montgomery whose monicker for quite a spell was Baby Peggy.

YWOOD



As everyone had to be a father at Father's and Son's Day at the Uplifter's Grove, Vince Barnett, Hollywood practical joker, brought this portly young man and succeeded in convincing the guests it was his son "Bill"



Knowing that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy" smiling Johnnie Downs is telling his solemn father to "cheer up and smile too," at the Father and Son luncheon in the Uplifter's Grove in Santa Monica Canyon

Photos by Hyman Fink

IN between knocking out some of Hollywood's better scenarios, Francis Edward Faragoh spends most of his time collecting furnishings for his Connecticut farmhouse.

Not long ago he entered an old antique shop in the East and saw a faded and tattered living room suite. It had a familiar look, but Faragoh couldn't possibly account for it.

Inspecting the divan, he happened to turn up a cushion and there was his old "monitor" badge of his school days, still lying there where it had slipped years ago. The same suite used to grace the parlor of his home.

He remembered then—his mother had sold it to a junk man for eight dollars.

The antique man now wanted one hundred and seventy-five!

A BIT ironical, that of Alice Moore's screen debut. She's the lovely daughter of Alice Joyce, gracious queen of the silent days.

All of Miss Moore's education has been received in ultra exclusive schools in France and New York.

She was thoroughly prepared to hold her own in smart society.

Her first rôle found her cast as an illiterate frontierswoman in "Robin Hood of El Dorado."

HELEN HAYES will still have none of, at least, no more of the movies. But she doesn't let that stop her from sending Hollywood something promising when she runs across it.

Helen let M-G-M know about the talents of a young actor named Kent Smith, who did all right in "Dodsworth" last year on Broadway. He had been with Helen in "Mary of Scotland" and she thought he had the stuff to make some of the movie money.

M-G-M took her word for it and now Mr. Kent has one of those contracts.

A RARE sight indeed would have met your eyes had you happened to have wandered onto the "Lone Wolf Returns" set over at Columbia the other day. There sat suave and sophisticated Melvyn Douglas in a steaming, milky bath, calmly chomping ice cream.

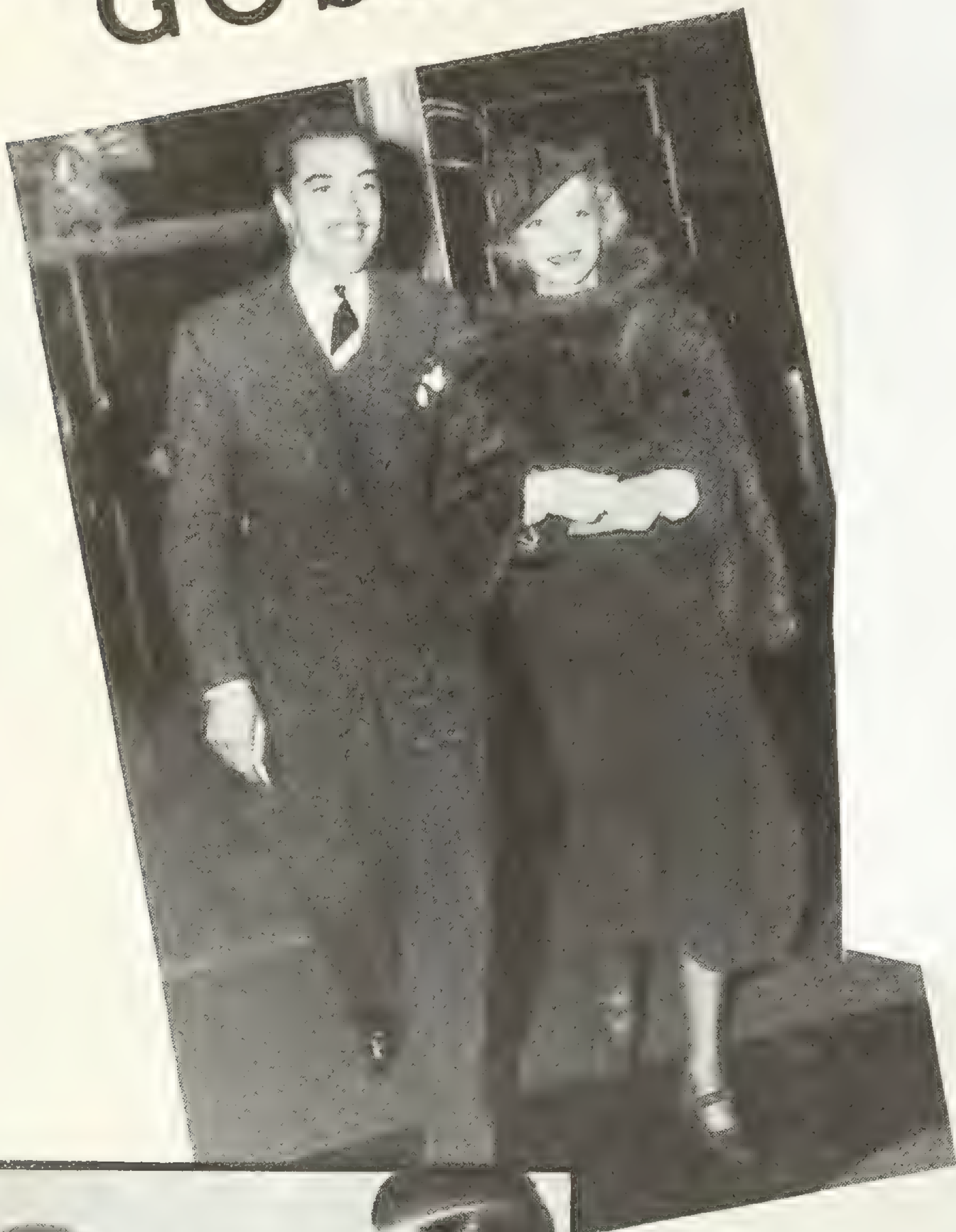
They were ready to shoot the bathtub scene which has something or other to do with the mystery plot. Douglas plopped down in the water, the lights were finally focused and the camera was ready to turn when the ice-cream and soda-pop man put in an unexpected appearance.

All hands dropped work instant and flocked away for eats, leaving Douglas stranded in the tub. He couldn't dash for it himself as two lady visitors meantime had made an inopportune visit to the set. Finally they brought poor Melvyn a dribbly ice cream cone!

JEAN HARLOW started it all by changing her color combination from platinum to brown in "Riff Raff," and now Myrna Loy is startling the natives by the effect of her golden wig in "The Great Ziegfeld." Myrna, whose naturally red strands match her freckles, made the switch to look more like Billie Burke, and it becomes her so well she's thinking of doing her very own coiffure in the same shade.

HAROLD LLOYD had to do a very funny scene in "The Milky Way" where he is supposed to run around with a colt under his arm. They got him a colt, just foaled—but you know how a movie company is; sometimes a scene can't be shot for days and days. When it finally came time for Harold to dash around carrying the colt, the colt had grown into a pretty hefty horse—and Harold couldn't heft it.

GOSSIP!!!



That Ken Dolan-Frances Langford twosome is still a closed corporation—when they're out, it's together. But who wouldn't want to keep Miss Langford's dulcet voice to himself?



Well indeed! Cesar Romero and Virginia Bruce, out together four nights in a row! He's one of the slickest dancers in Hollywood, and Miss Bruce is tops too

Cary Grant is now keeping fairly steady company with Mable Draper, non-professional. They are at the Brown Derby, and very engrossed

WITH all the talent that is overflowing from the studios in Hollywood these days, you have to step fast to keep ahead.

No sooner did Eleanor Powell hotfoot it in "Broadway Melody" to score a sensation than a little seventeen year old girl named Eleanor Whitney appeared at Paramount and announced that she could do sixty taps in four seconds.

Hooferette Whitney was immediately given a contract and shoved right into the second lead of the first picture of her life. She's one of the two girls that Bill Robinson ever coached. And Bill says she is the top.



When Joan Bennett rushed off to New York to meet hubby Gene Markey home from Europe she wore this smart hat at the boat

YES—it just goes to prove that anything really *can* happen in Hollywood.

The other day a dead horse won a race!

Claude Binyon, one of the better scenarists, purchased a horse, with two or three of his friends. They entered the bangtail in the races at the Los Angeles County Fair. The nag galloped in a winner—paid big odds. Binyon and pals went joyously to collect.

"Sorry," said the head man, "your horse won't pay off. He's legally dead!"

The exasperated sporting men stormed and protested. But they found out that the former owner, with a twinge of sentiment, had decided that the racer had run enough in his time, and to guarantee that his days henceforth should be spent in clover, had had his name scratched off the register and entered as legally dead.

So Binyon and the joint owners went into a huddle. Out of it came a new horse, titled "Reborn." That's his name now, he's registered, and if he wins any more purses he'll get to keep them!

TAKING pity on Eddie Cantor, whom he thought might be lonesome inasmuch as Ida, the mother of the Cantor quintuplets (well, Cantor's the father of five girls, anyhow), was in New York, Ted Lewis invited Eddie to a "quiet little dinner" at the Lewis apartment.

The "quiet little dinner" started with eight more or less sedate guests. At ten-thirty more than forty whoopee-ers were crowded into the apartment.

Eddie gave up the ghost and went home to his apartment in the same apartment hotel Peace and quiet were his goal. At 11 P. M. the entire Lewis party had moved in on him!



GOSSIP!!!



Fred Astaire and "Jock" Whitney, noted society poloist who has gone into movie production in a big way, meet at the Vendome. It's Whitney who is backing Technicolor films

RANDY SCOTT'S success story is one you can write your folks about.

Randy, the gemmun from old Virginny (and he's the goods, too) was swaying in the saddle and being all very outdoorsy and virile for horse operas only a year ago.

Then Radio borrowed our hero to play with Irene Dunne in "Roberta." Regard Randy today. He's one of the choice leading men in town. Just finished "So Red the Rose" with Maggie Sullavan, doing "Spinster Dinner" with Carole Lombard and going to do a real dramatic rôle, "The Copperhead," next. It made Lionel Barrymore famous on the stage y'ars ago, you remember.

And with all this success comes love at last, if you believe in signs. If you do, I say, you'll think that Randy and Camille Lanier may team up any day now.

JULIA HERON, set dresser for Goldwyn, had heard, like all of us, that old wheeze about the elephant never forgetting. But she's changed her mind about it being just one of those things.

Two years ago an elephant named Anna May, now working in "Shoot the Chutes," worked in another Cantor picture, "Kid Millions." During the week the elephant was on the lot Miss Heron fed her delicacies of all sorts, then promptly forgot all about her.

When Anna May was brought on the lot for "Shoot the Chutes" Miss Heron called her by name.

The animal lumbered toward her, nuzzled her affectionately, and docilely followed her all around the huge set pleading for more goodies.

Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald are back in Hollywood and are not keeping company with anyone else either. They were "caught" at the Trocadero



Leslie Howard back in town and, of course, with his boon pal William Gargan. They're a couple of inseparables. They're talking over London at the Troc



The Assistance League is getting a big play noontimes from Florence Dickson and John McGuire, both of filmdom's promising younger actors

PEOPLE who have the private telephone numbers of Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney, that is, people who know them pretty well, sometimes wonder why it is they never get an answer on Monday nights.

Well, the answer is that Monday night is auction night, and the O'Briens and Cagneys never miss an auction. Jimmy is bugs about old paintings and Pat is slightly hipped on antiques. And if you could see these two tough guys bidding at galleries and working themselves up all over a pair of old andirons or something you'd wonder what the world is coming to. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



"Drop in as often as they will let you, please!" Loretta told the author. "It's like 'Grand Hotel' here, now. Nothing ever happens!"

LORETTA YOUNG is not suffering from an incurable illness that will keep her from the screen for a year or more! Her beauty has not been marred in a serious "secret" accident!

She is not the secret bride of a secret marriage in retirement to have a secret child!

Nor is she penniless, fundless, existing on the financial help of influential friends in a "pathetic" condition!

I want to say these things as fast as I can, as fast as they will click off my typewriter in the hope of quickly ending the series of preposterous, unkind, and just plain silly rumors that have struck at this girl ever since her doctor ordered her removed from the cast of "Ramona" and notified her studio that Loretta would not be able to report for work for an "indefinite time."

That ominous phrase ran like quicksilver through Hollywood,

Fame, Fortune— and Fatigue

The real truth about
the mysterious illness
of Loretta Young

By Dorothy Manners

across cables, wires and radio to columnists everywhere to make what they would of it

And they have made plenty!

It is well that the people who love Loretta and have her interests at heart have kept the more hurtful innuendoes from her, and for the few silly ones that have drifted into her sick room she merely has a gentle little smile of amusement and a joking remark.

She is being very gay and gallant, this girl who is lying in the rose room with its glowing fireplace in her Bel Air home, saving herself, conserving her strength for the major operation she must eventually face. For this is the truth about Loretta Young's "mysterious illness":

Hard work, her great popularity that put her to the physical strain of making one picture immediately following another, capped by the climax of two strenuous rôles in "The Call of the Wild" and "The Crusades," has aggravated an internal condition from which Loretta has suffered since maturity. It has weakened her, sapped her strength in the great loss of energy; and an eventual operation is the only remedy. In her present rundown condition she is not ready for that operation. She may not be for months, perhaps a year! But as her strength returns, she will be permitted by her physician to return to the studio for one picture right after the first of the year! In fact, not-too-strenuous work is believed to be a good thing for her, far more beneficial than the weakening process of lying in bed too long. And by this argument she expects to report for work no later than the first of February!

These truths about the condition of Loretta are directly from the girl herself to me, and to you, in the first interview she has been permitted since her illness.

The "Young House" seemed strangely quiet for the Young house I thought, as I followed the white starched back of the nurse up the Colonial stairs. On previous visits this home has

resounded with the hilarious laughter of its three popular hostesses, Loretta, Sally Blane and Polly Ann. It is a big, cheerful, light house and somehow its bigness only emphasized the quietness and emptiness after their charming mother, Mrs. Belzer, admitted me. Sally, newly married to Norman Foster, has moved away. Polly Ann was working. And Loretta (who will always be "Gretchen" to her adoring family) lay ill upstairs.

This illness is the final climax in the run of bad luck that has dogged Loretta's footsteps ever since she entered pictures. She has been called "the hard-luck girl of Hollywood," a phrase that has consistently annoyed Loretta. She has been so optimistically building over the groundwork of what would be tragedies in the lives of other people! Her youthful marriage to Grant Withers that ended in annulment; the heartache of two serious romances in her life severed because of religious or temperamental bars; and now this illness—she balances against the shining career Hollywood has given her, and believes she is the "lucky," not the unlucky one!

"Of course," she said, indicating the enormous bed with the rose satin cover in which she lay, "this becomes a little monotonous lying here so long, without seeing anyone. That's the really bad part of the whole thing. I love having people about so much. And I've missed such exciting things like Sally's wedding. But," she laughed in mock-movie star tones, "I have my books, my thoughts and my cigarettes!"

She looked very small lying there, head almost buried in the big pillows. But she does not look worn or exhausted. She has been surprisingly lucky in not losing too much of her precious acquired poundage put on during her vacation trip to Europe, "that wasn't a vacation at all, but a mad tear from place to place and party to party!" She wore no make-up and the freckles across her nose looked cute and healthy! Near her bed, a table was stacked with the new magazines. A radio was at close reach.

Loretta said: "I did not want to give up like this—not until after *Ramona*, anyway. I've wanted to play that part for so long. Ever since I was a kid I've adored the story, and the girl. It was one of my lowest moments when I read someone else had been cast in the part. But do you know they have told me they are going to save *Ramona* for me? Production has been postponed until Spring, and by that time I will be strong enough to make a picture before my operation. That is the one picture I want to make. It is wonderful of the studio to do that, isn't it? It is so," she hesitated, "kind."

"Being ill like this has opened my eyes to so many kind things about Hollywood that you never read or hear about. You know the day that New York columnist printed the story that I had no money, or words to that effect, there were dozens of people who responded offering their help, their money? One girl I barely know had a personal friend get in touch with mother the evening the rumor was printed, offering to loan me an embarrassing sum of money." Loretta laughed helplessly, "I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry I was so touched. That wonderfully kind offer more than compensated for the absurd story that prompted it!"

She went on | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 |



"I am slender and I look delicate, I know, but I'm not. Before this trouble, I could stand more than two people"



Adele Astaire was a cute partner, but she never gave Fred's dances the romance Ginger Rogers brought to them

BOY, I hear you're an actor!" That's the greeting Fred Astaire received from one of his mates at the Lambs' Club the day after the tumultuously successful opening on Broadway of his 1931 stage triumph, "The Band Wagon."

The whole town had heard the same thing.

The newspaper boys had given his dancing full credit, had spoken of its "lilting fresh gayety," had described it as "the epitome of adult buffoonery," had spoken of his "prancing in the sheer joy of living," had announced that "he now occupies the place left vacant by Jack Donahue," had . . .

But listen to this:

"The American theater could produce a far worse Hamlet . . . he has given us the season's outstanding piece of mummery . . . his hoofing, rhythmic and graceful as it is, must be looked upon as secondary . . . he has ripened into a comedian whose spirit is as breezy as his stepping . . . he has become one of the most valuable theatrical properties in the business. . . ."

Fred himself was modestly surprised at being "discovered" all over again recently in Hollywood, after twenty years of trouping and ten years of international triumph, but as the months rolled by, and he saw how Hollywood also "discovered" Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons and good old Mother Schumann-Heink, and was about to "discover" Lawrence Tibbett all over again, he resigned himself.

"No matter what you've done before you come to Hollywood, or for how long," he told an interviewer, somewhat plaintively, "Hollywood always does the discovering!"

Fred shouldn't mind. They come so fast and go so fast in our little town that we can't even remember our own people. There was Edward Arnold, "another Hollywood discovery," who used to play juvenile leads for Essanay, and Frank Morgan, who played opposite Madge Kennedy in the early Goldwyn pictures, and Mary Boland who played slim leading ladies in the infancy of the industry.

If John Barrymore had stayed away much longer, we would have to "discover" him.

The PRIVATE LIFE of FRED ASTAIRE

In which three ladies play
their parts in creating
happiness for this light-
hearted Hollywood hermit

By Frederick Lewis

The immediate effect of Fred Astaire's emergence from the rôle of self-effacing brother, however, was not to introduce him to the movies—although the first night audience at the New Amsterdam, where "The Band Wagon" made its bow, contained enough motion picture executives to form a quorum at one of Bill Hays' soirées on the state of the industry. We won't mention their names, for their faces, when they think of it, are undoubtedly sufficiently red. For not one of them could see in Fred Astaire, any more than they could in Clark Gable, the mysterious masculine appeal that makes women in the mass "betoken beatitude."

You know, "not the type," "ears too big," and all that sort of thing!

Little Adele Astaire knew better. It wasn't for nothing that she had dubbed her big-eared brother Sex Appeal. "The women all come to see Fred," she insisted for years, when most people still thought that all the sex in the Astaire family was going to town on her less agile but more shapely legs.

Little Adele was a wise woman about another thing: She knew that Fred's outstanding performance in their new show made possible her speedy retirement from the stage. For the critics had not stopped with praise of Fred as one performer out of many. They had said:

"Fred was the backbone of the whole performance. . . . Fred ran away with the whole affair, leaving even his delightful little sister panting for breath. . . . Fred has suddenly kicked over the bushel and let his light shine brighter than hers. . . ."

In short, the old established firm of Fred and Adele Astaire was already practically dissolved.

Adele liked that. She was sorry to leave Fred. She was



Fred always provides something new, so he's dropped his top hat and plays gob in his next picture, "Follow the Fleet"

sorry, in a way, to leave the theatre, which had been so good to her. But now that she was sure that it would continue to be good to the brother to whom she owed so much of her success, she was glad to quit and leave him to enjoy his honors by himself.

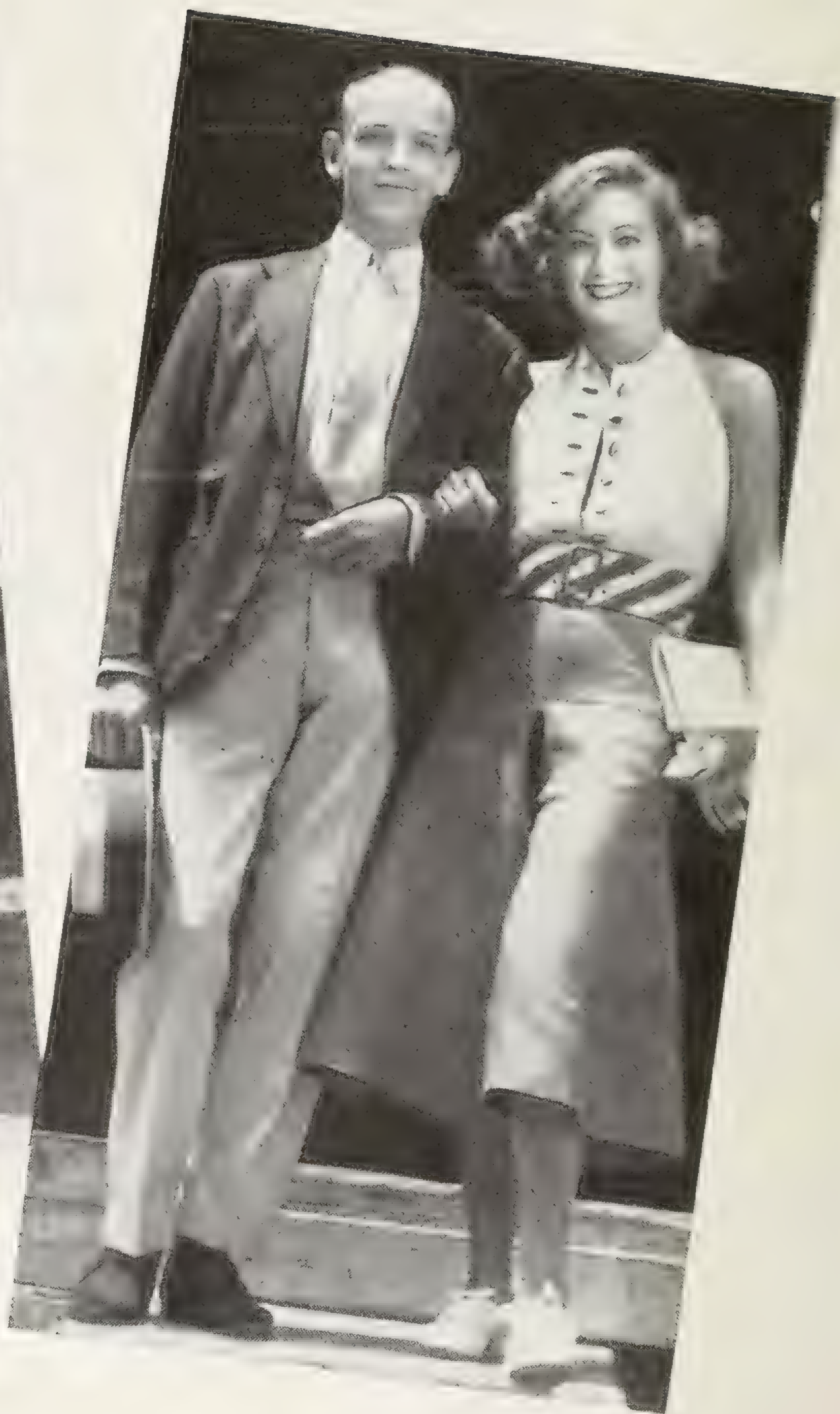
Of course, Lord Charles Arthur Cavendish may have had something to do with Sister Adele's willingness to give up a couple of thousand dollars a week and the plaudits of the Broadway crowds. He was not only a personable fellow and very much in love with her, but, as the son of the Duke of Devonshire, he was one of the richest peers in England, and was so highly placed in the *Almanac de Gotha* that it had devolved upon him as a mere child to carry the Queen's crown at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary in 1910.

In short, he had what it takes to make a girl forget both plaudits and pay-envelopes. Besides, he had a castle in Ireland, which had, as her about-to-be-Ladyship said, "two hundred rooms and one bathtub."

Well, they were married, in the presence of the Duke and the Duchess and the Marquises and the Marchionesses, by the Duke's private chaplain, who rejoiced in the priceless name of the Reverend Foster Pegg. And the Britishers were very nice about it. They said that the new Lady Cavendish was quite



Above, as Fred and Mrs. Astaire arrived in Hollywood when all cinemaland and the world at large were acclaiming Fred as a "new" success. And right, with Joan Crawford, when he first arrived in pictures for "Dancing Lady," in a hoofing bit. He's a "discovery" now



the most beautiful girl to marry into the Devonshire family since the days of the famous Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, who modeled the first Gainsborough hat.

There was a good deal of talk in the English prints about "marrying into a noble family," but the good old one-hundred per cent *New York Evening Post* got back at them with the announcement that a young British nobleman was about "to marry into the dancing team of Fred and Adele Astaire"!

The dancing team was no more. Never again would Fred sputter: "Don't call us a team. It sounds like a pair of horses." He was alone now. He'd have to do all the pulling himself. There wasn't any doubt that he would pull his weight and more in any production, musical or dramatic, into which he chose to go after his performance in "The Band Wagon." But individual stardom was something else again. The name "Fred Astaire" had never appeared in the electric bulbs or on an eight-sheet poster without the intervening words "and Adele."

Would the public accept one half of the famous pair alone?

There was plenty of precedent to indicate that it would not—on both stage and screen. Theatergoers, under these circumstances, seem to feel that they are being gypped, that they are getting a half portion where they used to get a full portion before. It's like one of the Quintuplets going out and putting

on a show of its own. Wise Broadway managers sat back and pondered.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, Fred Astaire had friends. Some of these friends thought that he ought not to sit back while Broadway pondered. Broadway, like Sunset Boulevard, sometimes ponders too long. One of these friends, Jock Technicolor Whitney, came forward with the offer to back a show to prove that Fred could make good on his own. I don't know whether Jock absolutely put up the money. Perhaps it wasn't necessary. Anyhow, within six months from the day when Sister Delly married, her brother came into town at the head of his own company.


The show ran two hundred and eighty-eight performances on Broadway. Then it went to London and ran two hundred performances there. It would be running in London still if its jaunty, debonair star, "discovered" by Hollywood to the strains of the Carioca, had not been called back to America to put his new production into celluloid.

It was—you have guessed it—"Gay Divorcee"!


Fred had slipped into Movie Town twice before, and had been permitted to slip right out again without any overwhelming opposition. On his first visit, as you may remember, he did a bit with Joan Crawford in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Miss Sothorn goes northern, and seeks the snows over Hollywood at Lake Arrowhead as a rest between her busy picture schedule at Columbia. Being not only one of the prettiest but one of the smartest of Hollywood maidens, Ann wears a chic ski suit of hunter's green. Watch for her latest picture, "Panic in the Air"



It would seem there's no limit to Katharine Hepburn's versatility. Below, masquerading as a boy—until she falls in love—in her latest, "Sylvia Scarlett"



The above scene with Brian Aherne and Katharine Hepburn, breathes rustic beauty and peace. In the actual shooting of the picture, however, Katie was injured a number of times

Hepburn, Hero and Heroine



"Kayhep's" new picture for RKO-Radio should be another smash hit, what with her favorite director George Cukor directing her and Cary Grant, above, opposite

"Sylvia Scarlett" is a star's holiday, since it gives Katie the opportunity to dress as a boy, a clown, and a beautiful girl. Edmund Gwenn, Dennie Moore at the rear



If the ostrich whose feathers grace the hat of Mae West in "Klondike Lou" could recognize his former finery, he'd never hide his head in the sands again!



Richee

Mae West, that luring Lorelei, may start out as a Salvation Army lassie in her latest, "Klondike Lou," but she still symbolizes to us—"Dangerous Curves Ahead"

miss temple opens the



Miss Temple travels among no one but the best people. She's here on a stroll to the beach with Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin's sons, Sidney and Charles, Jr.

Miss Shirley Temple, prominent member of the Hollywood Temples, plunged right into the social swim when she inaugurated the season at the noted California Winter resort in the desert

palm springs season



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, quite one of the constantly-together pairs since Joan and George Barnes separated, like nothing better than a good spin after a tops Desert Inn breakfast

Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy enjoy their tennis so much that they started the Palm Springs Bath and Tennis Club so that they'd always have a court free. Pal Paul Lukas with them



William (Debonair) Powell. He calls himself "Demosthenes." He lives magnificently in a big house and worries like fury. He distills and his next picture will be M-G M.

The Awakening of Joan Blondell

A story which proves
recovering personal
beauty is a sure way
back to happiness

By WARREN REEVE

unscrupulous liar for what I have recorded above.

But you'd be wrong. For the personal re-creation of this particular star is one of the most striking stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

Her about face from the very brink of a self-induced chaos—the way she snapped out of a hopeless fog and into the sunshine of a brand new lease on life is furthermore one of those stories which does your heart good to tell.

A short time ago—in sleepy Palm Springs, where Joan was rounding out the remodeling business by acquiring a swell golden coat of tan—I asked her to let me tell it.

I argued that it couldn't help but be an inspiration to the thousands of women all over the land who find themselves in just such a state. Women who have run themselves down mentally, nervously and physically until they're not interesting to themselves, let alone anyone else; who have sunk into a mood which shows no way out worth taking.

I pointed out that if they saw she could do it, they might believe they could too.

"All right," said Joan, "but tell the whole story. It isn't all about me, you know."

"Who else?" said I.

"My sister, Gloria," said Joan.

Gloria is Joan's "kid" sister, Gloria is eighteen now. Joan is twenty-five. Between them exists an affection more solid and close than between most sisters. They grew up in the precarious tramping world of the show business. But since she's been in Hollywood she hasn't had time to really know the Gloria who has grown up into a very capable young lady. In fact, Joan hasn't really had time to know herself.

Joan remembers what she was like when she first came out to Hollywood with Jimmy Cagney to do "Penny Arcade." Then she was bursting with self-confidence in her future, ambition, energy and health. The world was still her oyster, and she never harbored a remote doubt but that she was destined to crack it wide open.

She couldn't wait to start the cracking process. She *knew* she was headed for the top, and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

ONLY a few weeks ago Joan Blondell faced the black depths of an indifferent despair.

She had worked and worried herself into a state of mental confusion. She had reached the end of a frayed rope of harassed nerves. Physically she had slipped into an overweight and carelessly untidy state from which she lacked the courage, energy, or time to lift herself.

Her capacity for enjoying life measured about zero-minus. Her outlook was hopelessly tarnished from the bog into which it had steadily sunk.

In her own words, she was "a nervous and physical mess."

That was only a few weeks ago.

Today if you were privileged a peek at the very self composed, radiant, happy, trimly groomed and vivaciously gay Joan Blondell (that is, if you could keep up with her long enough for a peek) you would promptly term me an arrant and



I've Got A Feeling

This toying tomboy is Elisabeth Bergner will not lose her head, or Hugh Sinclair

THIS story is not about Gracie Allen; it ought to be. For Gracie is the only adolescence who can be professionally with it. Nor is it about Shirley Temple, who she can't help it. It is about these so-called serious actresses who are horning in on Gracie's and Shirley's stuff.

And all in the interest of a new kind of sex appeal—as if the old kind wasn't doing all right!

Take Bergner.

There's a serious artist for you, and a mature one. She is said to have played Strindberg in 1914, Shakespeare in 1915. Her performance in one of the former's pathological dramas was so expert that physicians and psychologists came from all over Europe to see it. And we ourselves know what she did to *Catherine the Great*.

Yet, in "Escape Me Never" we find her ludicrously encased in a pair of checkered baby-rompers, upside-down head peeking with infantile coyness from between her legs at her leading man.

If that be sex appeal, I'm Patrick Henry!

It's cuteness, that's what it is—the new fad. Will the women you and I know, go in for it? I'm not too sure.

Adam was in no worse predicament when Eve offered the apple than Barry Mackay in "Evergreen" as Jessie Matthews begged the question

There was the organdie impulse that hit women when Lillian Gish as "Mimi," ran round and round a tree to escape Jack Gilbert.

There was the socks rolled down and the corsets rolled off era after Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In."

And the glamorous, languorous, pain-in-the-neck imitation Garbos who lay all over the front piazzas shortly after that.

We men have stood a good deal. And haven't complained—much. But just as we had fairly well recovered from these previous sinking spells, and were looking forward to settling

Garbo's slouch, Crawford's mouth, Pickford's curls, all became vogues. Will the new cuteness turn epidemic?

By Anthony McAllister



Remembering her Mother Goose Luise Rainer in "Escapade" coyly tried being "a good little girl with a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead!"



Star gazing came into play in this scene from "Alice Adams" with Katharine Hepburn herself doing some plain and fancy "twinkling" for Fred MacMurray

down for life with an entirely satisfactory friend-wife Myrna Loy, the whole feminine world ups and goes Elisabeth Bergner and Luise Rainer.

As a helpless male, I protest!

Perhaps you hadn't realized that Luise Rainer was a cutie. When the Hollywood scouts discovered her, she was playing the heroine in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," the highly intellectual part Mrs. Freddie March created on Broadway. Rainer had previously done both Ibsen and Shakespeare, besides playing for Reinhardt in Berlin. She was herself a deeply religious person, a student of the Eastern cults, and a close friend of Krishnamurti, Annie Besant's "new messiah."

Doesn't sound cute, does she? But in her first American appearance, with Bill Powell in "Escapade," what happened?

She became, according to the cuties, "an elfin madcap from Vienna;" "an eager bubbling child." One spoke of her "mischievous mouth;" another raved of her "apple dumpling cheeks." She was, so these judges of cuteness opined, "impish," "tomboyish," "capricious," "playful," "cunning." And now the word has gone forth that in the future Luise is to be definitely and unmistakably cute.

In short, the mental rompers were there.

Consider, next, Lily Pons. She has been in Hollywood only a few months, but, if you can judge by her photographs,

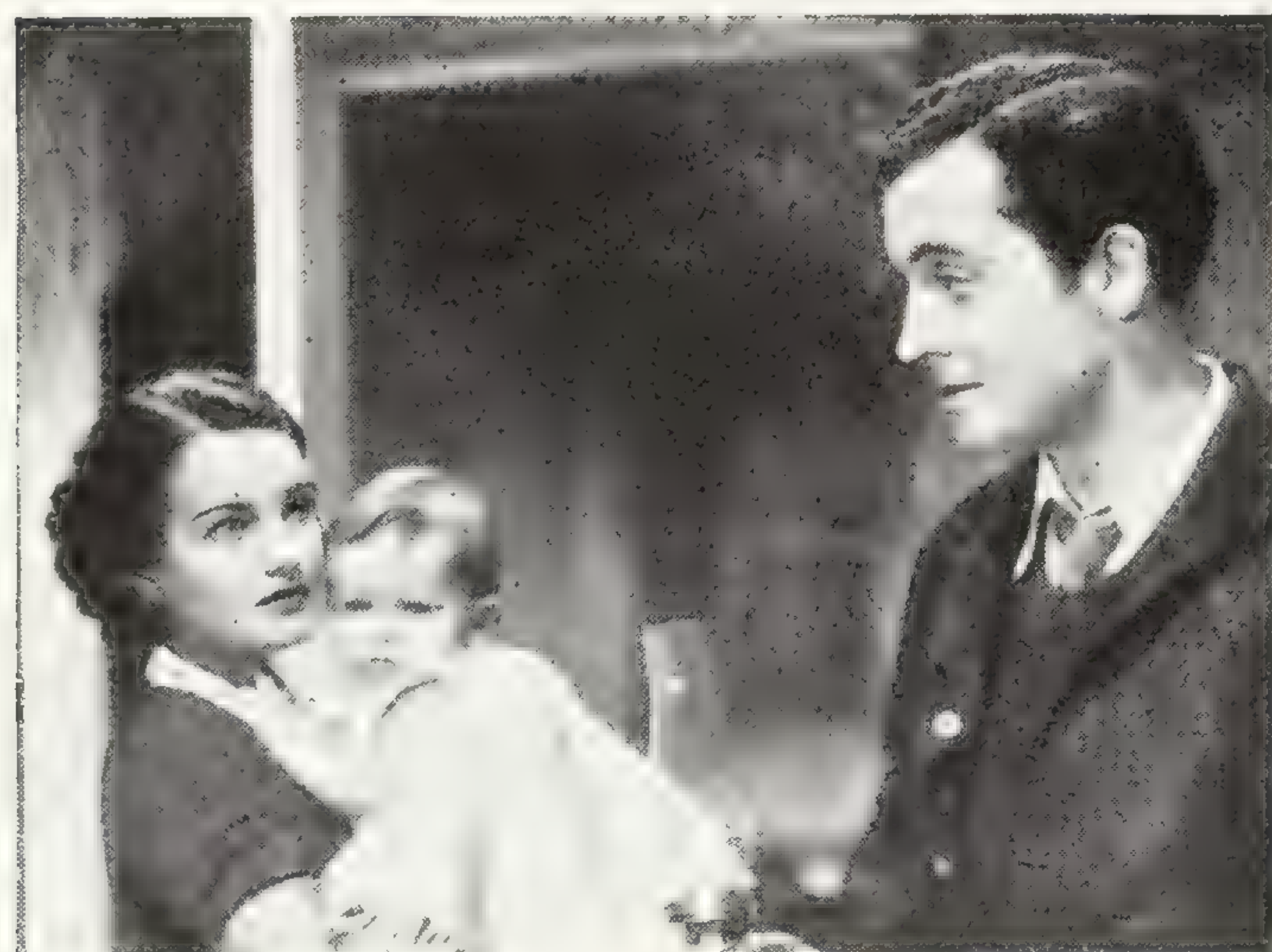
she has lived almost exclusively in a kiddie's bathing suit. Little Lily on the diving board. Little Lily on the side of the pool. Little Lily at rest. Well, the girl has pretty legs. I don't blame her for liking to show them. But Hollywood is lousy with legs.

But even so, there must be a purpose behind these persistently frolicsome poses. You've guessed it. The woman is cute. If you don't believe it, read this:

"Her tiny hands flutter before her, like a couple of baby sparrows, frightened out of their nest."

Now Lily Pons has risen to fame, not because she weighs ninety-nine pounds in her bathing suit and stands five feet in her bathing shoes, but because she has one of the most extraordinary voices of her generation. Out of that slim body issues a veritable torrent of passionate song. She gives the great rôles of Italian and French opera a new meaning, a new life. She is a distinguished artist, a distinguished woman, who has worked hard to achieve the heights.

For years she studied in the famous family of Giovanni Zenatello and Maria Gay, mentors of her fellow star, Nino Martini, and themselves enrolled among the operatic great. For other years she barnstormed through the provincial opera houses and concert halls of Europe. For five years now, she has been an established favorite at the Metropolitan in New York. Radio audiences respect [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY—20th Century-Fox**

CRIME does *not* pay. You'll fully believe that before this punch-packed, novel G-man kidnaper-hunt film is over. There's a thrill a minute, and the suspense is terrific.

Skipping the usual screen G-man manouevers and the actual "snatch," this refreshing situation slant bears down on the plight of brain-man Cesar Romero, killer Bruce Cabot and gang after the ransom is paid. Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble accidentally into the hideout home of the gangsters. The rapidly mounting desperation of the harried snatchers calls for removal of the victims by means of bullets—then Rochelle gets her hands on a machine gun! Full of grand touches, with a prize portrayal by Bruce Cabot, the picture is a gripping experience. It has an obvious link with the Weyerhauser case.



★ **ANNIE OAKLEY—RKO-Radio**

ONCE there was a backwoods gal named Annie Oakley who was so handy with shootin' irons that perforated show tickets were named after her. Her spectacular life and love as a headliner of Buffalo Bill Cody's whoopin' Wild West show supplies the most novel and heartily wholesome comedy romance seen in months. Barbara Stanwyck plays to perfection the dead-eye lass who can outshoot "World's Champion Sharpshooter" Preston Foster any day—until Cupid draws a bead on her heart.

The whole colorful, blustering showmanship of Buffalo Bill and his noisy, triumphant show plays a spirited obligato to the human love story and healthy humor. Bows to Preston Foster's great acting and to George Stevens, Hollywood's youngest ace director, for another bull's eye hit.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—M-G-M**

FROM the bare historical truths of a saga of the sea, the greatest maritime film since "The Sea Hawk" surges with virile force across the screen. Some of you, however, may miss the customary love interest and a justice-triumphant ending. For the story of the Bounty's mutiny—faithfully culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book, is a brutal, sweat-and-blood tale of man's inhumanity to man, and its tragic consequences. It is not a pretty film, but it is grand and real, and so are its characters.

Charles Laughton is the tyrannous *Captain Bligh*, whose inhuman bullying of his crew finally moves mate *Fletcher Christian* (Clark Gable) to seize the ship and cast *Bligh* and his henchmen adrift, while *Christian* sails for Tahiti with his pals and the kidnaped, navy-loyal *Midshipman Byam* (Franchot Tone). *Bligh's* voyage back to England and his revengeful return in search of the mutineers nets him *Byam* in Tahiti. But *Christian* and his men have sailed, to lose themselves forever on a remote isle. So *Bligh* vents his hate on *Byam* in a climactic courtmartial scene.

A superb sweep of reality distinguishes the entire film, which is finely mounted. Laughton, Gable, and Tone etch unforgettable characters, seconded by Eddie Quillan, Dudley Digges, and Donald Crisp. A brief capitulation to tenderness shows Gable and Tone with their South Seas wives. Herbert Mundin supplies a grim pinch of humor.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
ANNIE OAKLEY
IN PERSON
METROPOLITAN

THANKS A MILLION
SHOW THEM NO MERCY
ONE NIGHT AT THE OPERA
TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Clark Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Raymond Walburn in "Thanks a Million"
Fred Allen in "Thanks a Million"
Dick Powell in "Thanks a Million"
Preston Foster in "Annie Oakley"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Annie Oakley"
Bruce Cabot in "Show Them No Mercy"
Ginger Rogers in "In Person"
George Brent in "In Person"
Lawrence Tibbett in "Metropolitan"
George Marion, Sr. in "Metropolitan"
Richard Dix in "Transatlantic Tunnel"



☆ A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—M-G-M

THEY are loose again those zanies, Groucho, Chico and Harpo Marx with their incomparable madness.

This time their idiotic cavortings start on the streets of Italy and wind up in a New York opera house with one of the wildest, funniest chase scenes ever filmed.

The story, slight as usual, tells of the combined efforts of Marx, Inc., to smuggle an aspiring and deserving young opera singer into America and launch him on a great career. Interwoven is a plausible appealing love story and several arias beautifully sung by Allan Jones, a newcomer to films, Walter King and Kitty Carlisle, who plays Allan's sweetheart. For good measure you get an amusing piano number by Chico and a harp solo by Harpo.

You'll howl at this one



☆ IN PERSON—RKO-Radio

FULL of broad digs at movie queens with exalted opinions of their own importance, this sprightly, fast-paced comedy depicts the deflating of such a queen (Ginger Rogers) by a he-man with a sense of humor (George Brent). To cure herself of crowd phobia, Ginger, in deep disguise, goes off to a mountain retreat in company with Brent. There he succeeds in pounding common sense into her head and love into her heart, a feat climaxed by an uproarious shot-gun wedding. For a long, deep laugh don't miss this one.

Ginger again shows her decided flair for comedy minus lavish trappings. As special spice, a swell Astaireish dance routine and two torch songs are contributed by her. Brent is excellent and Allan Mowbray as a fatuous male star and Joan Breslau as a hill-billy brat are grand.



☆ THANKS A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

DON'T miss this blue-ribbon movie and its solid entertainment wallop. For the price of one ticket you get Nunnally Johnson's fast-moving story crammed with amusing dialogue, eight knockout tunes, Paul Whiteman's band in a smash number, Rubino's violin, the musical nonsense of the Yacht Club boys, Fred Allen's dizzy fun, Patsy Kelly's broad slapstick, Ann Dvorak's beauty and hoofing, and Dick Powell's voice and personality. To top it off,—there's Darryl Zanuck's swell production and Roy Del Ruth's fine direction.

None too gently ribbing politics, the story tells of *Eric Land*, a small town crooner (Powell) eager for a chance at radio. He is jockeyed into running for governor when the party's candidate (Raymond Walburn) runs afoul of Demon Rum. *Eric* sells platform planks with songs and dances, fights off a politician's amorous wife (Margaret Irving) almost loses his sweetheart (Dvorak), publicly denounces his political bosses for their crookedness, and ends in the governor's seat.

Powell should grab plenty of new fans with this performance, and Allen as the Ned-Sparkish manager of the troupe, and Walburn with his political speeches should panic you. The theme number, "Thanks a Million," "Sittin' High on a Hilltop" and "I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine" are certain nationwide song hits.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
TRANS-ATLANTIC TUNNEL—GB

SMOOTHLY produced and graphically photographed, this is a tense melodrama of a scientific tomorrow. Richard Dix plays the intrepid engineer who sacrifices home and honor to his dream of a tunnel between England and the U. S. A. The exciting mechanical angles of the tunnel's construction dwarf Dix's domestic drama with Madge Evans.



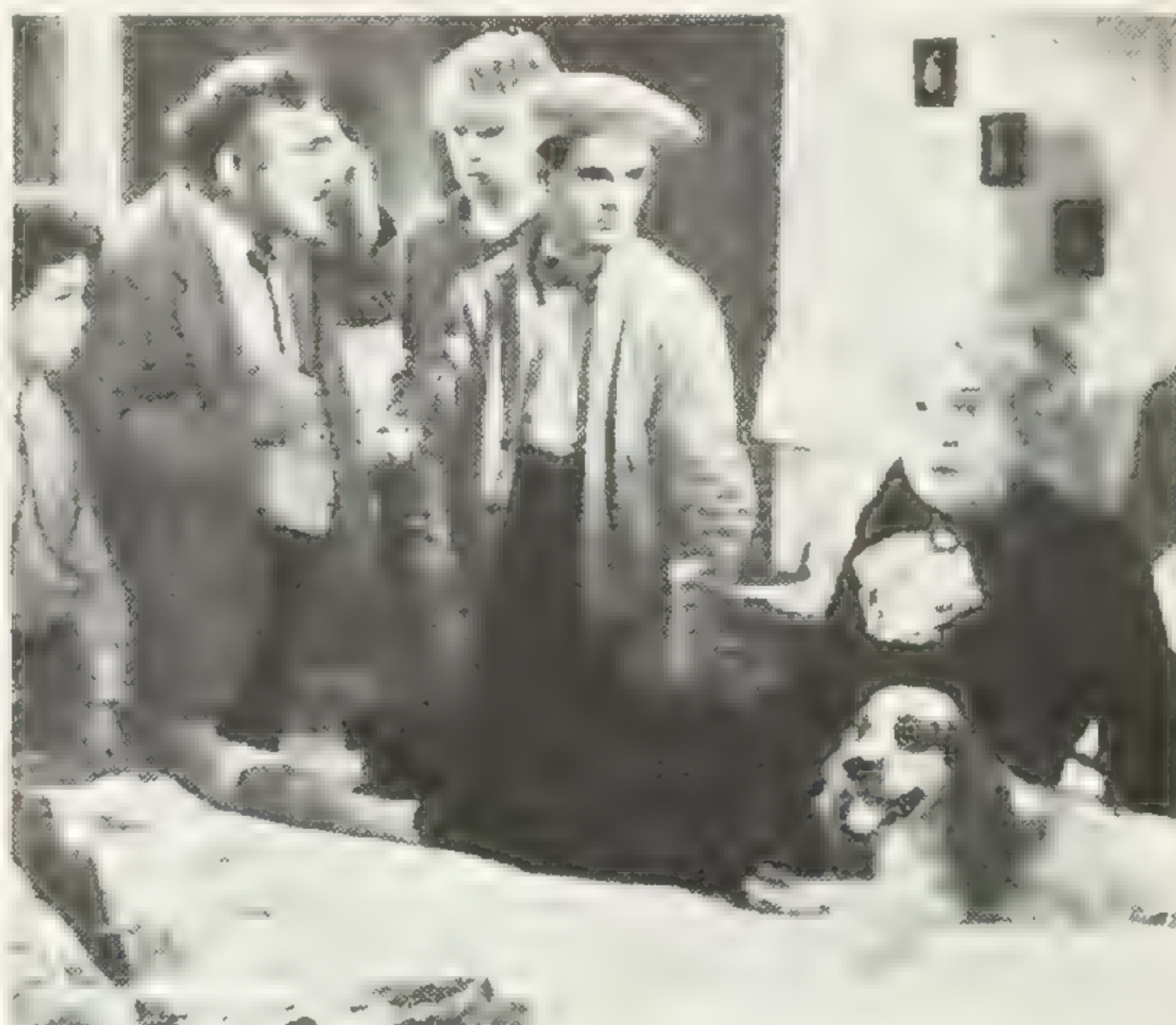
☆
METROPOLITAN—20th Century-Fox

AS an ambitious singer who chances success for the love of Virginia Bruce, Lawrence Tibbett's acting, since his last screen appearance, has vastly improved and his voice is more glorious than ever in this story of grand opera behind the scenes. Boleslawski's direction is outstanding. Alice Brady as the faded diva and George Marion, Sr., are exceptional.



PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS brings plenty of laughs and some tears in this homely little story of an Irish orphan's kaleidoscopic adventures in New York. Pinky Tomlin is a collector of stuffed birds who turns night club impresario, and Rita Cansino, as a Russian immigrant, wins his heart. George Givot adds laughs. "Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye" tuneful.



THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal

ALTHOUGH May Robson as the eccentric millionairess, *Mary Jane Baxter*, gets star billing in this comedy of errors, Henry Armetta as the big hearted Italian barber, *Tony Orsatti*, wins the plaudits and sympathy of the audience. Enlivened by more than ordinary slapstick, the story tells of an accidental kidnaping which develops into the real thing.



PETER IBBETSON—Paramount

THIS artistic triumph of romantic phantasy with definitely spiritual qualities will rate salvos from the intellectually-inclined movie-goer, but probably will be considered dull by the masses. It's a new version of the famous love story of *Peter Ibbetson*, a young architect (Gary Cooper) and the *Duchess of Towers* (Ann Harding).



I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners

ABEAUTEOUS American actress (Kay Francis) deserts a London stage success to protect the shame of her child who had been born in prison while Mama was held for a murder she didn't commit. A news sleuth, personable Ian Hunter, dogs her trail, bares all. Both Kay Francis and Ian Hunter deserve better than this. Sybil Jason and Jessie Ralph are swell.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



SHIP CAFE—
Paramount

CAST in a more believable rôle in this fairly entertaining musical romance than usual, the Danish Carl Brisson rises on the wings of song from a ship's stoker to become the gigilo of a countess, Mady Christians, but all is not as smooth as it sounds with Arlene Judge left back among the common people. William Frawley and Inez Courtney are funny.



**REMEMBER
LAST NIGHT—**
Universal

DEATH and the cocktail shaker run the action race in this amusing murder mystery, which, although loosely constructed, is a battle of smart wisecracks from beginning to end. Bob Young, Constance Cummings, and Sally Eilers are diverting. Edward Arnold is an amiable sleuth and Arthur Treacher as the butler steals every scene with his lines.



**HIS NIGHT
OUT—**
Universal

AS laughter improves the digestion, you should certainly see the dyspeptic Edward Everett Horton struggle with the mysteries of love and adventure in this hilarious comedy, tailor made to his talents. Told by a quack doctor he has little time to live, our hero braves gangster Jack LaRue to bring back the stolen bonds and win winsome Irene Hervey.



FRISCO KID—
Warners

IN this second Hollywood glorification of San Francisco's colorful Barbary Coast, James Cagney is in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy underworld. Margaret Lindsay as a crusading editoress and the Vigilantes finally whiten this black sheep after some terrific action.

Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are excellent.



**SPANISH CAPE
MYSTERY—**
Republic

AN old plot entertainingly handled in this California murder story with Donald Cook as the young detective who solves the mystery with the help of winning Helen Twelvetrees. Occasionally choppy in spots the picture captures mild suspense. Burton Churchill's waggish humor furnishes the laughs.

It's from an Ellery Queen novel.



**TO BEAT THE
BAND—**
RKO-Radio

THIS musical comedy hodge podge is neither very tuneful nor very funny. A very intricate business with Hugh Herbert struggling to inherit millions, involving a radio band, a pretty girl, a scheming lawyeress, and a suicidal young man, all very dull. Struggling for laughs are Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Face Down

By Charles J. Kenny

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

WE'VE got to get out of here," Dick said. "Pull yourself together."

"How are we going to g-g-g-get out?" she asked, her face ghastly beneath the make-up.

"Through that window, the same way we came in."

"B-b-b-but . . ."

"Save it," he told her, "I'll boost you through and then you can give me a hand."

He guided her to the window, bent down and circled her with his arms.

"No, no!" she said. "You go first. I'm afraid. There may be someone up there. There may . . ."

She screamed and became limp in his arms. The beam of a flashlight cutting through the night struck fairly upon her face, then, as she slumped downward in his arms, it illuminated Brent's features.

Brent swung an arm free, reached for his gun, and the voice of Dead-Pan Peters said, "H-h-h-hold it, Chief." Brent eased the girl to the floor with a sigh of relief.

"Were you the one honking the horn just now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Anyone else around the place?"

"No one."

"Come on down."

Merla Smith clung to the detective's arm. "Who is it?" she asked.

"One of my men," Dick answered as Peters' feet slid through the window. "This way, Peters," he said, escorting him to the murder chamber.

Peters looked at the body, emitted a low, surprised whistle.

"When did it happen?" he asked.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"You g-g-g-got an alibi, Chief?"

Brent indicated Merla Smith with a nod of his head.

"Only this?" he said.

"S-s-s-she with you at the time?"

Brent shook his head. Peters frowned for a perplexed moment, then said, "I s-s-s-s-see."

Merla Smith flung herself on Dick Brent. "No, no, no! You can't! That wouldn't be fair. I understand what you mean. You're going to make me the goat. You're going to clear yourself by accusing me of committing the murder. I didn't do it I tell you! I know nothing about it!"

Brent said to Peters, "Take a look around, Bill, and see how it looks. I want to talk with this girl."

He led her out to the outer room, said, "Now I want you to come clean."

"I have, I've told you everything."

"No you haven't, and this is going to be your last chance. What was Dr. Copeland's hold on you?"

"He didn't have any."

"I know a nurse. Copeland used her in some sort of a shady transaction. I don't know just what it was. He lied to her about it. When she learned the truth, she quit him cold. Something's happened and Dr. Copeland wants her address."





Dick Brent jerked Vilma Fenton's head out of the way. But not in time. He felt her grow limp in his arms. Every light went out. A demoniacal laugh resounded

You'll want to keep the light on when you go to bed after reading this installment of the most gripping mystery to date

She perched on the bottom of the cellar stairs, slipped off her shoes, rolled down her stockings and wriggled her toes at him. "Then look at *my* feet," she said.

Peters, coming through the secret passageway, stared at them with a puzzled countenance.

"W-w-w-w-what's the idea?" he asked.

Brent said, "Come on and join the party. Sit down and take off your shoes and socks."

Peters sat down on the stairs beside Merla Smith and took off his shoes and socks. Gravely they inspected his feet.

"I've heard of proving one's hands were clean," Merla Smith said, giggling half hysterically, "but this is the first time I ever heard of having to prove clean feet."

She pulled up her skirt, extended a white, shapely leg and put her stocking on. Brent and Peters replaced their socks and shoes.

"Tell Peters about Ruth Gelder," Brent said suddenly.

"I don't know much about her. She's a nurse. I became quite friendly with her when she was nursing my father. It was an unusual friendship, but she was an unusual woman. She told me that Dr. Copeland had a lot of skeletons in his closet. He's a blackmailer. She wanted to break away from him, but he had her under his thumb. I gave her some money, some encouragement and some advice."

"How long ago was that?"

"Something over six months."

"Did Dr. Copeland know it?"

"I think he suspected it."

"And then he wanted to find out where she was?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't tell him?"

"No."

Abruptly she said, "Listen, does the name Fahey mean anything to you?"

"What's the nurse's name?"

"Ruth Gelder."

"Where is she now?"

"I . . . I don't know."

"Yes you do—and you murdered Alter, didn't you?"

"No I didn't! . . . Perhaps *you* did. How do I know that you aren't the one who chased me down the corridor, killed Frank and . . ."

"That," said Brent, "*is* an idea. I'd better give you my alibi for that right now."

He sat down on a box, pulled off a shoe, unfastened his garter, rolled down his sock and showed her his bare foot.

"See any mud between the toes?" he inquired.

Slowly she shook her head.

"Well," he told her, "whoever came down here was barefooted. He left footprints in the soft mud. It would have been a physical impossibility for me to have removed those mud stains without washing and drying my feet, and I didn't have any opportunity for that."

Brent shook his head.

"Why?" he asked.

"There were two names," she said, "that Dr. Copeland asked me about. He asked me if Ruth had mentioned the name to me. One of them was Fahey, and the other was a funny name, something like Dixon, only it wasn't Dixon. . . . Wait a minute, I have it—it was Nixon."

Brent caught Peters' eye. "Let's go," he said.

"We'll boost Miss Smith up first, then I'll boost you, and you can give me a hand."

The two men walked to the window, motioned to Merla Smith. She drew her skirts tightly around her, spread her knees, tucked the fold of the skirt between them and then clamped her legs together. Each of the men took an ankle in one hand, a foot in the other, lifted her swiftly through the oblong of the window and out into the rain.

As her feet vanished through the window Brent leaned toward Peters and said, "I'm going to give her a chance to get to the telephone in Alter's study. There's an extension somewhere in the house. You locate the extension and listen in."

Peters nodded and Brent boosted him through the window. A moment later he caught Peters' hands in his and, half lifted, scrambled out into the rain.

The trio filed across the patio.

Brent said, "I'm going down to the car for some things. Then I'll come back to the house and make certain we haven't left anything behind that'll show we were here."

"You're not going to notify the police?"

"I don't know yet. I don't think so."

Brent headed down the stairs toward the street. "You go in with her, Peters," he said, "and see that nothing happens to her."

Peters nodded. The pair went through the open door. Brent flattened himself against the wall, avoiding the downpour as much as possible, shivering in his wet clothes.

After some four or five minutes he entered the house. Peters and the girl were in the study going over the furniture, the door knobs and the telephone with cloths moistened in alcohol.

"Just getting things s-s-s-s-straightened up," Peters said.

He caught Brent's eye and jerked his head in a single significant nodding motion.

A few minutes later the three of them filed out to the car.

"Get it?" Brent asked in an undertone, dropping slightly behind.

"Yeah. It was Gladstone 3331."

Brent moved up abreast of Merla Smith, helped her into the rear seat of the car, said to Peters in a low voice, "Get the address of that telephone number. Ruth Gelder will be living there. Get a woman operative to contact her. Put shadows on the place. Also bust into Alter's office, go through the files, look for something under the names of Gelder, Fahey, and Nixon. Make note of anything you find, and for God's sake, don't get caught. We're in this thing pretty deep."

Merla Smith rolled down the window of the car and said, suspiciously, "What are you people talking about?"

"I was just telling Peters to take you home," Brent said.

"I have my own car here. How did you come—in a taxi?"

"No, Alter brought me out."

"When?"

She rolled up the window without answering the question.

The telephone operator at the Roosevelt Hotel admitted that a Mary Smith had registered at the hotel, but refused to give

the room number. Brent gave her his name, and a few moments later, heard Vilma Fenton's voice on the line.

"I'm coming up," he said.

"I'm in bed."

"You can pull the covers up to your neck if you're nervous," he told her, "but leave the door open. What's the number of your room?"

She told him. He took the elevator, walked down the corridor and paused to knock.

Vilma Fenton, attired in a coral pink negligée, opened the door, and said, frowning, "Apparently you don't know I have to work tomorrow."

Dick found a chair, said, "Don't show up for work."

"Bosh and nonsense. I've got to finish a picture tomorrow."

"Someone killed Frank Alter," he told her casually.

"Frank Alter!" she exclaimed. "Murdered! When did it happen?" Obviously she was startled.

"Not very long ago. Perhaps about the time I was telephoning you."

The telephone rang. Vilma Fenton looked across to Dick Brent for instructions. He frowned and said, "Who knows you're here?"

"No one except you, and the bodyguard you sent me."

"Where the devil is Jim?" he asked. "This is no way for him to be guarding you. I could walk in here and choke you to death without anyone being the wiser."

He caught the gleam of laughter in her eyes, suddenly felt something cold pressed against his neck, and Jim Sweet's voice said, "Unhand

the woman!" He chuckled, "Had you there, boss."

"When you telephoned," she explained, "I *thought* I recognized your voice, but I wasn't *certain*, so I called in Mr. Sweet. He has the connecting room."

The telephone continued to ring.

"Answer it," Dick told Vilma Fenton. "Disguise your voice."

She said, "Hello," into the receiver, listened for several seconds, frowned, turned to Dick Brent, started to say something, then changed her mind and said into the transmitter, "I think there must be some mistake. However, thank you very much for telling me."

She hung up the receiver, turned to Dick and said, "A young woman was making inquiries as to whether a Mary Smith was registered here. She tried to bribe one of the bell boys. The bell boy recognized her from newspaper photographs. He didn't give her any information."

"Who was it?" Brent asked scowling.

"Miss Merla Smith."

Brent whistled. "Now that," he said, "is clever. She was in the room when I telephoned you, so I told you to register under the name you'd used when I first met you. Prior to that time I'd told Merla that Frank Alter, in trying to think of an alias for a woman who had figured in the case, had hit on the name of Mary Smith. I said it was because the name of Merla Smith was lodged in his mind. She swore she knew nothing about it; but she evidently put two and two together. . . . You're sure the bell boy didn't give her any information?"

"He *said* he didn't. He said he was on his way up here. He wants a tip, I suppose."

Brent nodded to Jim Sweet. "Go on out, Jim. Wait for him at the elevator. Make damn sure he didn't give out any information, and then slip him five bucks."

"What's Merla Smith's connection with the case?" Vilma Fenton asked.

She watched Brent's eyes. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins



Rudolph Valentino and the equally spectacular Miss Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks"



The always romantic Rudolph Valentino in his last and most grandiloquent, and dramatic rôle, "Son of the Sheik"



Rudy was the "actor of the hour" when he played this torrid love scene in "Blood and Sand"



Definitely a bizarre Latin type, Rudy became a first ranking star in Sabatini's "Blood and Sand"

Countless feminine hearts beat faster when Rudy was particularly mysterious in "The Sheik" with Agnes Ayres



Rudolph Valentino exercises his fateful fascination on Bebe Daniels in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

With Pickford and Chaplin, Rudy joined the screen immortals in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"



The Johnstown flood had nothing on the tears shed over Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms"



In "The Prisoner of Zenda," Ramon Novarro wore a monocle in one eye and kept his other on Miss LaMarr



Here Wallace Reid and villain Adolphe Menjou gave author Tarkington a break in their "Clarence"



Ben Turpin was as big a highlight of a Sennett comedy as any of the beauties



Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson below) sky-rocketed in The Miracle Man



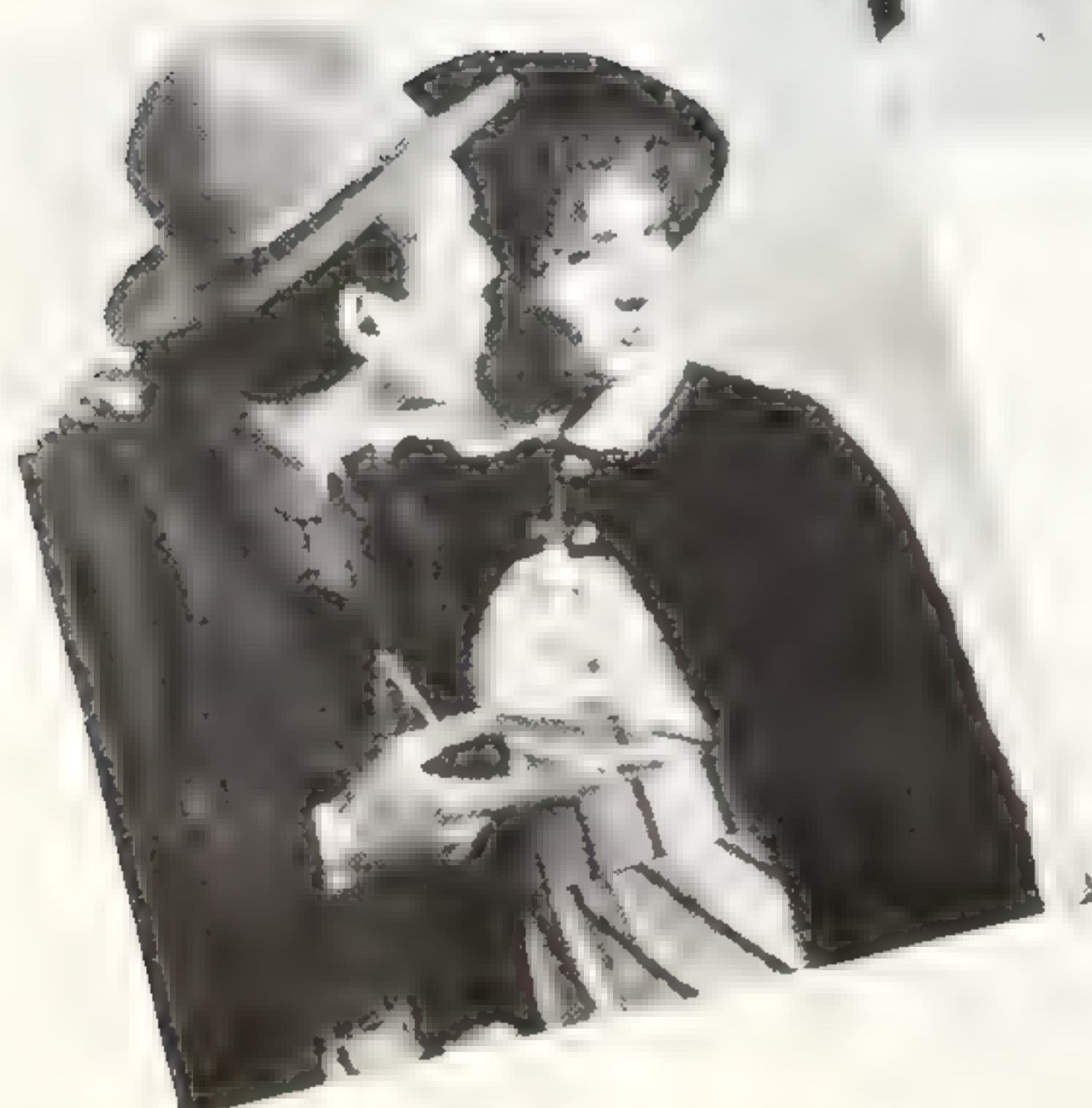
Samuel Goldwyn saw a movie future for Will Rogers, and Mr. Sam Goldwyn was right



Mary Pickford in what many consider her greatest rôle — Little Lord Fauntleroy



Betty Blythe had all the "boys" "going to lodge meeting" as queen of Sheba



The young Pickfords (Olive Thomas) were the screen's happiest couple in 1917



An English actor by the name of George Arliss showed screen promise in Ferenc Molnar's "The Devil"



Tallulah Bankhead was among the first of the Southern society darlings to take a fling at the movies, in 1918



"Tolable David" is still considered Richard Barthelmess's finest picture of his career

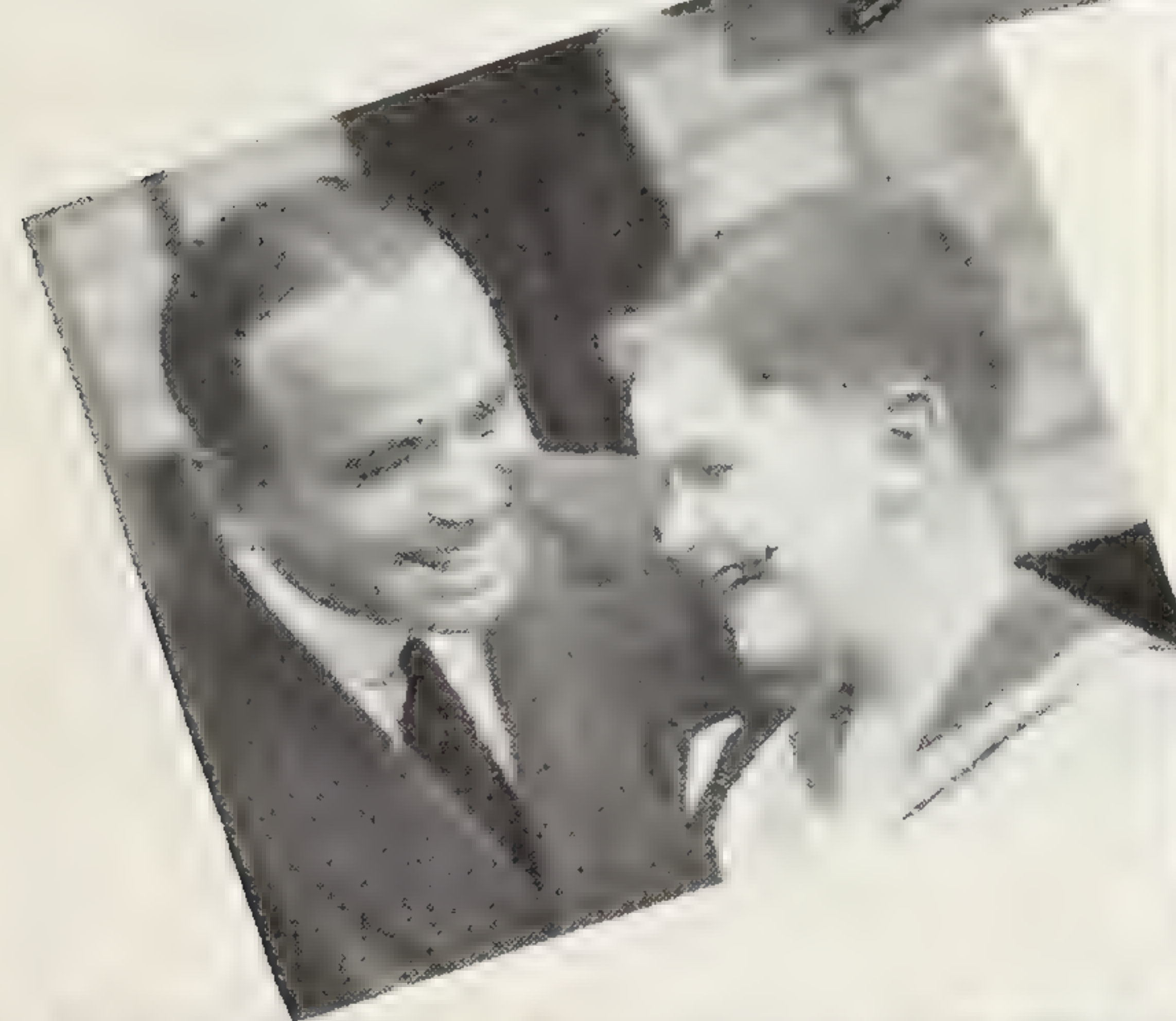


Fairbanks, Sr., was at his peak. Here he is with Marguerite de la Motte as Constance to his D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers"

Max Linder (right) came from Europe—and came to an untimely end—suicide



Doug Fairbanks, Sr., was giving Doug, Jr., his first lessons in the art of cinema



The great Pola Negri first flashed to attention with her depiction of DuBarry in "Passion"



Take our word for it: Richard Dix (above) with Helene Chadwick in a comedy



The madonna-like Barbara LaMarr had a meteoric career. And always in demand



Dorothy Gish's comedy was a grand foil for sister Lillian's weeps in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm"

Wallace Beery—yes, Wallace Beery—was the nasty man of the war dramas





The "Little Women": Isabel Lamon, Meg; Florence Flinn, Amy; Lillian Hall, Leth; Dorothy Bernard, Jo

Syd Chaplin, Charlie's talented brother. Did Charlie pay him to quit movies?

Rod LaRoque and Monte Blue looked alike enough to be twins—and had fun



Mae Busch and Richard Dix were the first to start the European hegirlas for "authentic" backgrounds to films

Harold Lloyd with Will Hays, then political power whom the movie magnates asked to "clean-up" scandal in pictures



Above, Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy in Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," another of the big heart-tweakers in demand then



Charlie Chaplin produced "The Kid" and the kid—Jackie Coogan — produced millions of shekels!



The Pickfords, from left to right: Olive, Jack, Ma, Mary, baby Mary Charlotte, and Lottie



Cecil B. DeMille emerged from his bathtubs and rediscovered "The Ten Commandments"

NEXT MONTH!
ALL QUIET ON THE
HOLLYWOOD
FRONT

Pick the Best Picture of 1935

What is your choice? Photoplay again offers you an opportunity to award its Gold Medal



UNDOUBTEDLY you have had many a discussion with members of your family, friends and acquaintances on the relative merits of a picture. Such a discussion usually starts off with "Well, to my mind, such and such is the best picture I've seen this year!" And then the argument is on! You believe you're right, they believe they're right. So the only thing is to put it to a vote. Many others may have the same opinion you have. Therefore, PHOTOPLAY, in accordance with its custom of fifteen years, gives you the opportunity to vote on what you think is the best picture of the year—in this case, the year 1935.

The studio which produced the winning picture, the picture receiving the most votes, is then awarded PHOTOPLAY's famed Gold Medal.

Incidentally, this award is made by you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY. No board of judges sits in to decide this award. The votes are counted and the majority rule. It is the only decision of its kind where the public absolutely has the whole say.

Think over carefully the movies you have

Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth	Les Miserables
Alice Adams	Love Me Forever
Anna Karenina	Last Days of Pompeii
Annapolis Farewell	Midsummer Night's Dream, A
Black Fury	Mutiny on the Bounty
Broadway Gondolier	Naughty Marietta
Becky Sharp	No More Ladies
Bright Lights	Oil for the Lamps of China
Barbary Coast	Old Curiosity Shop, The
Clive of India	Private Worlds
Call of the Wild	Public Hero No. 1
Case of the Curious Bride, The	Ruggles of Red Gap
Crusades, The	Roberta
China Seas	Scarlet Pimpernel, The
David Copperfield	Scoundrel, The
Doubting Thomas	Steamboat Round the Bend
Diamond Jim	She Married Her Boss
Escape Me Never	39 Steps
Farmer Takes a Wife, The	Top Hat
G Men	Three Musketeers, The
Gay Deception, The	Vanessa—Her Love Story
Hands Across the Table	Wedding Night, The
Here's To Romance	Woman Wanted
Informer, The	
I Live My Life	
Little Minister, The	

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
- 1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
- 1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

seen during the course of the past year. As an aid to your memory, PHOTOPLAY lists fifty of the outstanding pictures released in 1935. They are listed in the left hand column on this page.

But, you may think some other picture not in this list should be the winner. That's all right, too. You are not limited to the fifty we have printed.

Also, at the bottom of the page, PHOTOPLAY has printed a convenient form of ballot which you may use. But you are not limited to this ballot, in sending in your vote—print or write the picture of your choice on a slip of paper, postcard or such, your name and address, and send it in to the Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. It's the vote that counts, not the way in which you send it in.

But, don't make a snap judgment. Think over your choice carefully, as to story, cast, and the presentation. All Hollywood and the motion picture field the world over watches for this decision of yours. It is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is the outstanding motion picture award of the year and it is your award. PHOTOPLAY Magazine takes great pride in the previous decision its readers have made. The winning pictures from the inception of the Gold Medal award in 1920 are also listed on this page. All, you will note, are pictures still remembered and enjoyed.

After you have carefully thought out your decision, send in your vote as early as possible. Doing so will help in a speedy count and the early publication of the decision. Don't forget that the world is eagerly awaiting that decision, your decision, the best picture of 1935. Also don't forget, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal award is the only honorary distinction that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have the opportunity to bestow on a picture. Send your vote now.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1935

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Most of Every Moment

Warner Oland and his wife prove living can be a fine art—even in the motion picture colony

By Ruth Rankin

THERE is a man by the name of Johan Warner Oland who animates the screen at well-selected intervals with his distinguished presence.

You know him as *Charlie Chan*. He is six feet tall, fifty-five years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and looks about as Oriental as your Uncle Jack. Which is exactly what his wife and intimate friends call him—Jack.

He was born in Umea, Sweden, and came to Boston with his parents when he was thirteen.

Warner Oland has built *Chan* to be the only character on the screen who has perpetuated himself, and *Chan* has built Oland a tremendous following. He is now so closely identified with the character that much of his fan-mail is addressed to *Charlie Chan*.

Warner has accomplished *Chan* with no make-up. It's all in the expression. He pushes his eyes together a trifle, droops his moustache—presto! The lasting charm of his characterization derives from the way he plays it for the first time, always.

Now—is his professional personality all accounted for? Because I'm dying to dash on to Warner Oland, the honorable, a gentleman of some dimension. Everyone knows his career. Very, very few persons know him. Probably I wouldn't either (he shies at publicity) if it didn't happen that his beloved Schnauzer, Shaggety Ann, is the daughter of my own Peggy—which makes me practically his dog's grandmother! (At my age, too.) We'll go into this dog business later. You can't start with the dog when you have the Olands to talk about—although of course they are so crazy about Shags they wouldn't care a darn!

You could travel the world over and never find a more enchanting pair than Warner and Edith Oland. They are not in the least indigenous to Hollywood. They are, in fact, the least Hollywood of any actor's family I know. They belong to the entire world, and you cannot name any spot in it where they would not be perfectly at home.



The Olands never keep money. They live in four houses. They are happily married. They won't travel on trains, their dog hates trains

The Olands are slightly mad in a perfectly nice individual way. They never have a dime on their persons. They borrow from the chauffeur. If he doesn't happen to have a dime either, Edith writes checks in her beautiful artist's hand, checks for the funniest things. They live in four places—a bungalow in Beverly Hills when Warner is making a picture. At other times, they live in a beach house in Carpinteria, a beautiful old farmhouse out of Boston (it was built for Governor Bradford's daughter), or on a 7,000-acre island off Mexico, which they own. Somewhere in the interval, they manage to gallop off to Europe, taking a Ford and leaving three large impressive cars in the garage. (No actor alive but Warner Oland ever did *that*.) They have a cook in all of their homes, because they are epicures and can't bear to take chances with anything so important as food. Their hospitality is lavish, but never ostentatious.

Edith and Warner are painters of distinction. Edith Shearn was a distinguished portrait painter before her marriage and has interested Warner in painting to the extent that he has done some really lovely things. His landscapes are a revelation—delicate, spiritual things—contrasted with Edith's bold strokes and brilliant sunlight. Had she not more or less abandoned her career after marriage she would rank with the best moderns.

Their Carpinteria place is the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Startlingly short skirt, stunningly draped silver fox on bodice, skirt, and sleeves are the important fashion notes in this street frock designed by Travis Banton, of Paramount

Here's Dietrich for Smartness



White chiffon with shimmering satin adapts itself to softly draped folds and molded lines in Miss Dietrich's hostess gown. The fox-bordered cape is draped to resemble a coat

Above, Miss Dietrich is posed to reveal the slim and sculpturesque lines of the gown, the circular treatment of the fox-trimmed cape and the softly shirred, jewel-clasped neckline



Above, lavish with cross egrets is Miss Dietrich's provocative black antelope suède hat. She wears the matching long black antelope gloves crushed at the wrist. Her magnificent bracelet, emeralds and diamonds

Right, a length of heavy crêpe, swathed, draped and carelessly looped at her hip, forms the skirt of Marlene's afternoon frock. The asymmetric line is repeated in the bodice with its egrets



Two Fashion Moods of a Princess



Above, the Princess Natalie Paley wears a brilliantly styled cape of silver fox skins, falling in vertical lines from a dropped shoulder yoke of lame. Her lame cap is festooned with velvet buds



Right, the gown, in magnificent flow of burnished gold interwoven with threads of horizon purple. The center fulness and long, shoulder-puff sleeves, are derived from early Florentine inspiration



Above, the season's new alliance of velvet with tweed is interpreted in shades of taupe and cream in Princess Paley's street ensemble. The voluminous cape swings from a deep yoke, with tuxedo revers of velvet



Above, carelessly resting on her shoulders, Princess Paley's open cape reveals a snugly fitted jacket. It is worn buttoned to erect revers



Left, The Princess wears Vionnet's velvet gloves of taupe, matching them to her stitched velvet gnome's cap. Costumes by Bernard Newman



Above, Bette Davis wears an imported woolen ensemble in pine green with broad tuxedo revers of Canadian lynx. The coat is worn over a slim, tailored, one-piece frock



Above, a charming navy blue two piece frock is worn by Glenda Farrell. The skirt is flared by means of narrow gores



Left, Jean Muir in a navy blue twill afternoon dress, features narrow gores cut to wide hem fulness. Her belt and scarf are red

It's Still Most Smart to be Tailored

The large rounded lapels of the cutaway jacket give a graceful line to Jean Muir's salt and pepper tweed suit. Her crepe shirtwaist and accessories, black



Jean Muir's pouch hat and bag of black Lyons velvet match the cape collar and sleeve panels of her amusing little tailleur of sage green homespun woolen



Those Important "Little Touches"



For girls in or around the "horsey set," Marsha Hunt's very new wooden jewelry in bit and halter design—a smart touch with tweeds



To brighten up woollens, nothing's nicer than Cecelia Parker's golden clip and bracelet set in leaf design



Anne Shirley prefers costume jewelry—bracelet, brooch and novel hat clips—in gold and onyx



For variety, pretty Miss Parker wears a gold clip and bracelet in a lacy Venetian pattern

Gail Patrick wears matching rhinestone bracelet, pin, and unusual wing-shaped ear clips





Imagine being late to such a date! Eddie Cantor held up "Shoot the Chutes"—for the silliest reason

We Cover the Studios

**Our rambling reporter gives
the highlights on Hollywood
productions in the making**

By Michael Jackson

THE big doings this month are on the United Artists lot. Here Samuel Goldwyn is shooting the works on a picture called "Shoot the Chutes." A complete amusement park has been constructed right on the lot. There are real merry-go-rounds, elephants, roller-coasters, hot-dog stands, everything, in fact, that you would find at Coney Island. And the thing that made this set so much fun is that none of it is faked.

This amusement park is called Phineas Carson's Paradise For The People. At the entrance to the park, there is a life-sized statue of Mr. Carson, posed for by one of the studio laborers. Across the street is a McKinley-era bungalow where Mr. Carson's widow lives and where she can see the people whooping it up in honor of her deceased husband. By some means or other, Eddie Cantor has gotten in good with Mrs. Carson (Helen Lowell), and is now running the place for her.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived on the set. The lights were focused, the cameras set up and jovial director Norman Taurog was all ready to shoot. But the company had no star. Nobody could find Cantor. He dashed in, finally, more wide-eyed than ever.

This was his alibi for being late and, the truth or not, it's a

honey: Cantor, as you ought to guess, is one of the busiest men in Hollywood. He writes most of his gags for his radio hour, thinks up his own business for his pictures and in between time knocks out pieces for the magazines and man-

ages his own finances. On top of this he looks after many daughters.

So when Eddie came running in, out of breath, he had his alibi all set before anybody could question him. "Look," he gasped, "I'm getting up early and I'm rehearsing a scene to myself. Outside in the hall is a maid. She's listening to me but I don't know it. I shout the lines. 'Drop that gun! Drop that gun and get out of here, or I'll call the police.' I rehearse till I'm ready to leave for the studio. But in pop some real cops and right behind them the maid. It took me about a half hour explaining, but even then the cops wouldn't believe me. They thought I was shielding someone. I finally remembered the script in the dresser drawer and that convinced them."

Mr. Taurog seemed only mildly convinced, but the scene got under way. In this one, Cantor, being very timid, is confronted by the slickers who want a cut in on the Phineas Carson amusement park. Eddie has read a book on psychology.



Our rambling reporter's discovery of the month is a cute little green-eyed brunette named June Travis. She will be in "Ceiling Zero" with Jimmy Cagney



They call Johnny "Weissenhofer" on the M-G-M "Tarzan Escapes" set where the ape-men are daily losing pounds. Maureen O'Sullivan again is Tarzan's mate

He's only read it up to page fifty, however, and these bandits are using some pretty advanced persuasive methods. He sinks lower and lower behind his desk while the racketeers, lead by Jack LaRue, attempt to bully him into submission.

In the picture, Eddie is supposed to be frightened to death every time LaRue cracks his knuckles. This is a piece of character business, like Raft's flipping the coins in "Scarface," that runs all through the story. The night before this scene was taken, an actor slammed a car door on LaRue's hand. After fainting dead away, Jack awakened to find his finger mangled. Now the company's in a bad way, for many close-ups had been taken of LaRue's hands. The way they are going to photograph it now, is for LaRue to hide his bandaged hand and crack his knuckles with one hand. This is going to make him twice as tough, or maybe only half. Nobody seemed sure which.

Standing right behind LaRue in this scene was Sam Hardy. He was one of the few actors who looked just like an actor in private life. He couldn't have been anything else. He wore the loudest clothes, talked the most, was always beaming and

always optimistic. A gardenia jauntily placed on his lapel, Sam kept on acting when the camera stopped. He was joking with the assistant director when we left the sound stage. Less than five hours later he was dead of a ruptured appendix. When "Shoot the Chutes" is released you will see William Frawley in Sam's rôle.

Taurog, who, as I have said, directs this three-ring picture, is one of the most easy-going people in this hectic business. Jackie Cooper's uncle, he's best known for his ability to handle child actors. His theory is that all children, especially talented ones, are much brighter than they appear and that rather than talking down to them an adult should be on his toes to keep up with the kids. It's the parents who cause the trouble, not the kids, he says.

On the adjoining stage, Robert Alton is directing the Goldwyn Girls for the dance numbers. This Mr. Alton is a good person to think of whenever your feet hurt, for that's how he got his start in theatrics—taking the hurt out of other people's shoes. He broke in shoes for tap dancers when he first came to New York, and then by uneasy steps he became a dancer himself and ultimately a dance director. He staged "Life Begins at 8:40" last season in New York. "Shoot the Chutes" is his first picture.

"I'm scared stiff," he told me as he put the girls through their and his first number. He needn't be, though, for it is a spectacular routine, exciting, and made up of the most beautiful girls you could find anywhere in the world. These girls are so breath-takingly lovely that even in Hollywood they attract attention.

There are two types. The showgirls are chosen for their beauty alone. The ponies are picked for their beauty, stamina and verve. The show girls are groomed as stars of tomorrow. They pose in the background during the dance routines and each one gets a couple of close-ups during the picture. These close-ups are the things on which they base their hope of becoming stars. Virginia Bruce got her start this way. The girls get seventy dollars a week and are guaranteed at least ten weeks' work. A few are under regular yearly contract.

Two thousand girls tried out for this picture. There were



Everybody is scared to death on the "Magnificent Obsession" set at Universal, in which Robert Taylor and Irene Dunne star. The reason is a grey haired man

five nights of testing and finally the number was cut to twenty-seven. They were wearing revealing hand-painted gowns of blue and silver designed by Omar Kiam, who sits under a tree and whips up all the Goldwyn costumes.

The number we watched was lead by a little sizzler euphemistically named Rita Rio. She was born in Mexico not too long ago, and was raised in Philadelphia, which has done little to cool her off. The girls form a pleasantly distracting background, and the dance is something you'll want to see. We watched them shoot it under broiling light for four hours and then hated to leave.

Although the girls seem the height of sophistication, many of them are under the school age limit. There is a teacher on the set for these and substitute dancers when work goes over the hours allowed minors.

These come from all over the world. Just now they are interested in an intelligence test to compare them with college girls. They are all movie fans, like to go dancing, are active in at least one sport. Half are looking forward to marriage and the other half to stardom or a musical career. They are all slightly over average height. One, Jinx Falkenberg, is a tournament tennis player, and another, Kay Hughes, is an expert sharpshooter. One girl told me that her greatest disappointment in life was seeing Hollywood Boulevard. Marcia Sweet, called the best built of the lassies, said that her favorite memory was of her brother getting spanked for something she had done. We're still trying to figure that out.

On the way out of the lot, we learned an interesting fact: Acrobats weave their own nets. It seems that one was killed by a factory-made net and now there is a superstition against them. Like most superstitions, this is based on a logical reason. The demand for these nets is so small that no one except the acrobats has developed the skill in weaving these life-savers. It takes six months to make a good-sized net. All of the work is done by hand and the cross ropes are entwined through the strands of the lengthwise ropes. Thought you'd like to know.

From the big doings on the United Artists lot, we take you to the little doings at Hal Roach's play shop. We ask:

"Where's the 'Our Gang Follies of 1936' shooting?"



Think of a gangster hired to kidnap a king, and then having the king turn out to be a grand kid like Freddie Bartholomew. It's in "Professional Soldier"

"It stopped shooting last week," he said. "It's showing. Would you like to see it?"

So, knee deep in kids, we entered the darkened projection room to see their first musical. A refreshingly honest thing about these kids is that they applaud themselves like mad and ignore their co-workers. They just can't contain their delight with themselves. There have been four complete turn-overs of the cast since the beginning of the Our Gang comedies. The newest star is Master Alfalfa Switzer, who sings. He's a bucolic lad of engaging homeliness and funny because he doesn't know it. You are asked not to laugh when he sings. After the picture, Spanky MacFarland recited a piece. They're a nice lot of unspoiled children, get along well together and are all on a spending allowance of ten cents a day. Spanky wants to be a traffic cop when he grows up and Alfalfa is going to be a scientific astronomer-explorer: either that or a shoe-clerk. He hasn't made up his mind, really.

Those sillies, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, were working on the next set. They are filming the operetta, "The Bohemian Girl." The scene is in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



GRACE MOORE'S formal dinner table

- Flat silver—Dominich and Haff's "Marie Antoinette" from Cartier.
- Candle sticks—Colonial from Cartier.
- Napkins (monogrammed by name)—Louis XV damask with lyre and floral motif.
- Service plates—gold and ivory Sevres.
- China—Minton's "Derwent."
- Silver birds—Sheffield.
- Crystal—Venetian especially spun for her in Venice.
- Doilies—made by nuns in Convent of Sorrento, Italy.
- Furniture—Sheraton table and buffet, Venetian crystal cabinet and original "Prince of Wales" chairs.

THERE is always a particular keynote to the success of noted hostesses in entertaining. One is famed for this, another for that.

Some, in planning their affairs, concentrate interest on the guests themselves, seating artists, adventurers, authors, wits, and explorers side by side so that sparkling conversation speeds the evening on magic wings.

Some stress beauty, emphasizing it in flowers and exquisite table appointments and service. Others spend hours, nay days, achieving unique Roman, nautical, hospital or South Sea settings, carrying out the motifs to the most minute detail. Still others make spectacular entertainment their forte.

But in the home of lovely Grace Moore, world famous diva whose voice comes to us all too infrequently via the screen, the highlight of the entertainment, be it formal or informal, is ever in the food itself. Unusual food, prepared in mystic and very secret ways.

Miss Moore loves to share the finished product with her friends but the blue prints of how to achieve these perfect dishes—never! Her collection of rare and fascinating recipes are as precious to her as her magnificent jewels and have been gathered from the four corners of the earth with the same care and discrimination.

Clever woman. As result of this secrecy, this watchful guarding of her culinary gems, invitations to break bread beneath the Moore roof are sought with undisguised eagerness.

Once within the walls of her home, be it in Beverly Hills, England, France or Italy, Grace Moore the actress and opera star vanishes and in her place stands Mrs. Valentin Parera wife and hostess.

Eight guests gathered recently to dine with her before attending the western premiere of "Midsummer Night's Dream." They included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout), Countess di Frasso, Countess de Maigret, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. Clifton Webb, Mr. T. Tyler and Major R. Bodley.

Continental in touch, it was a perfect dinner though a bit more hurried than is customary in the Parera home because of the theater engagement. Long conversation usually prevails at the Moore table.

On this night the dinner hour was advanced from the usual eight-thirty to a prompt seven. *Those who wished to join Mr. Parera in a before dinner cocktail, or Scotch and soda came a bit earlier. Miss Moore herself uses no liquor but is too gracious and understanding a hostess to deny it to those of her guests who choose to use it in moderation.*

Everywhere in the large drawing room, softly lighted by well-placed lamps, were flowers with white chrysanthemums predominating. The walls of this room are antique ivory in color, the rough beam ceiling of dark oak, and the hangings and rug of soft rose.

Comfortable pieces of furniture are in neutral or harmonizing tones while a huge wrought iron grille stands before the eight-foot fireplace over which is inscribed the philosophical advice: "Cut Your Own Wood and It Will Warm You Twice."

On one table is a collection of autographed portraits of the great in the fields of music, art, theater and the screen—not to mention more than a smattering of royalty at whose tables Miss Moore has dined and who, in turn, have been guests at

hers. A grand piano, ever ready for use, stands in a raised alcove-like room adjoining the drawing room.

For this dinner Miss Moore received her guests in a stunning Molyneux model of white brocade. With it she wore jeweled sandals and the magnificent Moore emeralds.

William Dickinson, Miss Moore's colored butler of years standing, threw wide the doors into the dining room promptly at seven. The indirect and concealed lighting arrangement threw a subdued glow over the old French blue walls and rugs and the dull gold, domed ceiling. Four green tapers in simple silver sticks upon the table cast flickers over the Sheraton table laid for ten.

On that table gleamed her monogrammed sterling and the gold-flecked crystal spun for her while she was honeymooning in Venice five years ago. A basket of white chrysanthemums, white sweet peas and white snapdragons centered the oblong dining board, around which were arranged her museum piece Prince of Wales chairs. At either end stood decorative silver pheasants and crystal baskets of mixed nuts.

Before each place was laid a doily of finest lace fashioned for Miss Moore by the hands of nuns of the Convent of Sorrento. Atop service plates of old Sevres in ivory and gold lay monogrammed napkins of Louis XV damask. Crystal goblets of varying sizes stood ready to receive *the white Chateau Olivier to be served with the fish, and the red Moutow Rothschild 1924 and Rose Champagne Lauson 1928 to be sipped with the entree.*

Miss Moore's menu for this dinner, served by Dickinson and the second man, began with Onion Soup Provençal, her savory favorite among soups. Next came Filet of Sole Chiribiribin, a delectable dish created for the hostess at the famous Pagani's restaurant in London during her Jubilee performances at Covent Garden Opera.

Escalopes de Veau (scalloped veal), Petite Pois a la Francaise (green peas in a special sauce), and D'Artichaut Florestin (artichokes with a special dressing) followed. Next came Salade Casa Lauretta (a vegetable salad which Miss Moore originated and named Casa Lauretta after her villa in France). With it was served Cheese a la Romana (cheese which has stood overnight in a red wine).

A frozen dessert of the Spumoni type completed the meal. Coffee and *Fundador Cognac* was served in the drawing room.

Only one recipe would Miss Moore divulge from this Lucullan feast—that of her famous onion soup. Here are her directions. Slice six medium onions and cook in two tablespoons of fat until light brown. Add three cups of plain stock or three cups of boiling water in which four beef bouillon cubes have been dissolved. Add one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon kitchen bouquet, and one-eighth teaspoon celery salt and a speck of pepper. Pour into casserole, place six rounds of bread on top, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake uncovered at 350

degrees heat until cheese is melted and well browned. These proportions will serve six.

Although Myra Williams, the colored cook who has served Miss Moore for many years, prepares all meals, it is always under the personal supervision and direction of her meticulous mistress. Far from being unusual, it is the rule for Miss Moore to pop into her well-ordered kitchen to taste and pass upon each dish.



The fare at Grace Moore's dinners gives the guest "food for thought" as well as pleasure

BOB MONTGOMERY brought back from Europe a Bentley roadster and a harrowing tale. You've seen pictures of the roadster—here is the tale.

"You asked about my trip," said Bob Montgomery, "so I ask you, have you ever heard of 'The return from Portsmouth,' or 'Montgomery's Ride'?"

I remembered something about the return from Elba and Sheridan's ride.

"Old stuff," said Montgomery, "from the musty shelves of history. This is current, timely. Unsung by poetry as yet. However," he mused, casting an eye to the ceiling, "it wouldn't go bad at that—and Montgomery only ninety miles away!"

"Sheridan was only twenty," I reminded him.

"We live in a swift mechanical age," reproached Bob, "but be that as it may, you asked about my trip through Europe and I must confess that everything rather dates from the memorable

evening (or was it morning?) when I made an historic March on London.

"Beside the surge, the *elan* of that spirited dash, the grandeur of the Alps, the shimmering beauty of Como at sunset, Carcassonne in the moonlight—all those pale. It," he concluded, "was the top, the *piece de resistance*, the smash scene—the dish."

"Well?" said I.

"Oh, quite," assured Bob, "in the pink, absolutely—"

"I mean let's have it," I clarified, prompted by the instinct of self preservation.

"I see you don't appreciate poetic expression," sighed Montgomery, "you want facts. Very well—I suppose in some round about way you have perhaps heard of 'Jubilee'?"

"I wish they'd stop rehearsing and trying it out," I wished, "I understand they've had to rewrite pages and pages—"

"Hah-hah," choked Robert Montgomery, "you'll pardon me—but how quaint! Why, my dear sir, I sing of no mere Broadway play, but of Jubilee Year in Merry England, of the Tide of Empire and the reign of George V, Bless 'Im. I sing of men who go down to the sea in ships and other men who come riding back on motorbikes—"

"You see" (continued Mr. Montgomery), "because of Jubilee Year Britain's mighty navy had arranged a bit of a review off Portsmouth. The King was to review the fleet, and that, I may add, is an occasion in Britain. Practically all the vessels anywhere near home waters were lined up in the bay and all the pomp and circumstance of England's majesty was assembled for the event.

"I wanted to see it, and while modesty here stills my tongue, I must admit that it took some high powered wrangling to get aboard H. M. S. *Alresford*, a mine sweeper, scheduled to follow the royal flagship, *Victoria and Albert*, over the review course.

"Everything went off as advertised, right down to the second. It was marvelous, impressive and

Dashing Bob Montgomery plays a more mirthful part in this European escapade than in screen rôles

The charge of a very light brigade. Bob and Betty in their new Bentley, but he rode in no such glory in this story



You'll want to go along on this hilarious adventure—



The MIDNIGHT RIDE

colorful, and I was thrilled and impressed with England's might and efficiency when I disembarked at the pier that evening about 6:30.

"I had run down from London at the crack of dawn that day (the review started in the early morning and took all day to pass) with some friends, who were set to stay for the evening's doings, but I had a date in London at ten o'clock that night, and as it was a turn of some ninety miles back to town I cautioned the driver of a car engaged for me to step on it.

"This, I soon discovered, was a fatal error. The deep breather I had drawn was a nineteen twenty something or other Chevrolet in the last stages of asthma. The martial airs which still course through my brain were soon drowned out by a ghastly clacking of expiring cylinders until but one was left chugging along at around five miles per hour. A mile or so this side of Southpoint, a town, which I assure you, I shall never forget, my driver arrived at a conclusion which had slowly been creeping over me.

"I don't think we'll make it, sir," he said. "The motor wants going over a bit. Shall we go back to Portsmouth?"

"You go back," I told him, "but for me—on to London!" and with "a Montgomery never turns back" air, I strode into Southpoint.

A sign said "Garage," so if you will take that as an imaginary setting, I will lapse herewith into a bit of dialogue:

Montgomery: Halloo!

Garage: 'Alloo, Sir.

Montgomery: Got any cars?

Garage: Cars, Sir?

Montgomery: Yes, cars, automobiles—

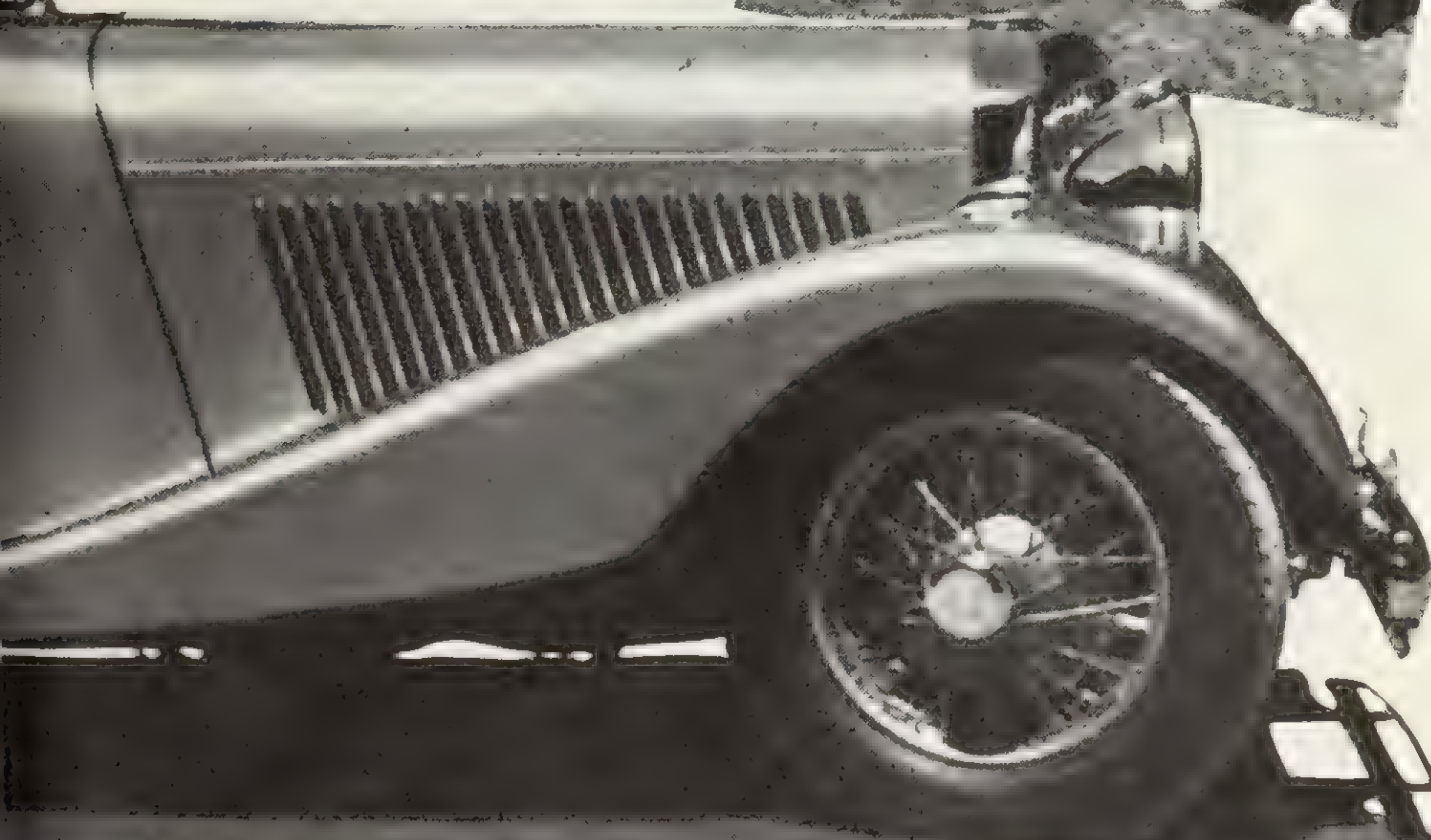
Garage: Oh, no sir.

Montgomery: Isn't this a garage?

A continental background for an ornamental couple. Bob and Betty at the Villa d'Este having a gay "Roman" holiday



Bob Montgomery after his red hot motorbike jaunt seeks a rest under calm Italian skies at Lake Como



By Kirtley Baskette

of Robert Montgomery



Above, perhaps the double-duty gadgets that Arlene Judge is considering is more to your liking. It is not much larger than a lipstick, but it's a lighter with a watch

Left, beauty often comes in small packages. Anita Louise is holding a lipstick which comes in brilliantly colored cases, topped by little gold crowns. In six shades

THE SEASON'S



Above, like an hour glass, in appearance, the flacon that Peggy Wood holds, containing the concentrated fragrance of rare white flowers, will record memorable hours

Right, an exquisite gift set in a mirror silver and blue box rests on Marian Marsh's dressing table. She holds a mirror box of dusting powder which comes in two sizes



Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop



Above, a combination vanity and cigarette case in black and white enamel seems to please Betty Grable. Its compartments are securely lidded. No scent escapes



Right, Elizabeth Allan considers this make-up ensemble quite the perfect gift. Created by a master of make-up, it has eight essential items packaged in black and gold

GREETINGS



Left, delightfully scented sachets to tuck among your lingerie come in green moire. Perfume of the same odor is Katharine Alexander's selection for personal use



Above, Gloria Shea carries a vanity that is ready for use at a moment's notice. It is in that charming bracelet of silver and rhinestones for special occasions

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck



An enchanting coiffure for a romantic costume is worn by Lily Pons in her debut picture "I Dream Too Much." The smooth and gleaming top hair falls into masses of soft side-ringlets, parted low



Above, her short side curls evolve into low coils at the nape of her neck, with a casual flower caught in the knot, matching the wreath at the left side

Coiffure for A Gala Night



Fashion decrees that the natural contour of the head shall be defined, as is shown by Miss Pons at the right. smooth crown and curls meticulously arranged

Gathering Gifts With Gracie



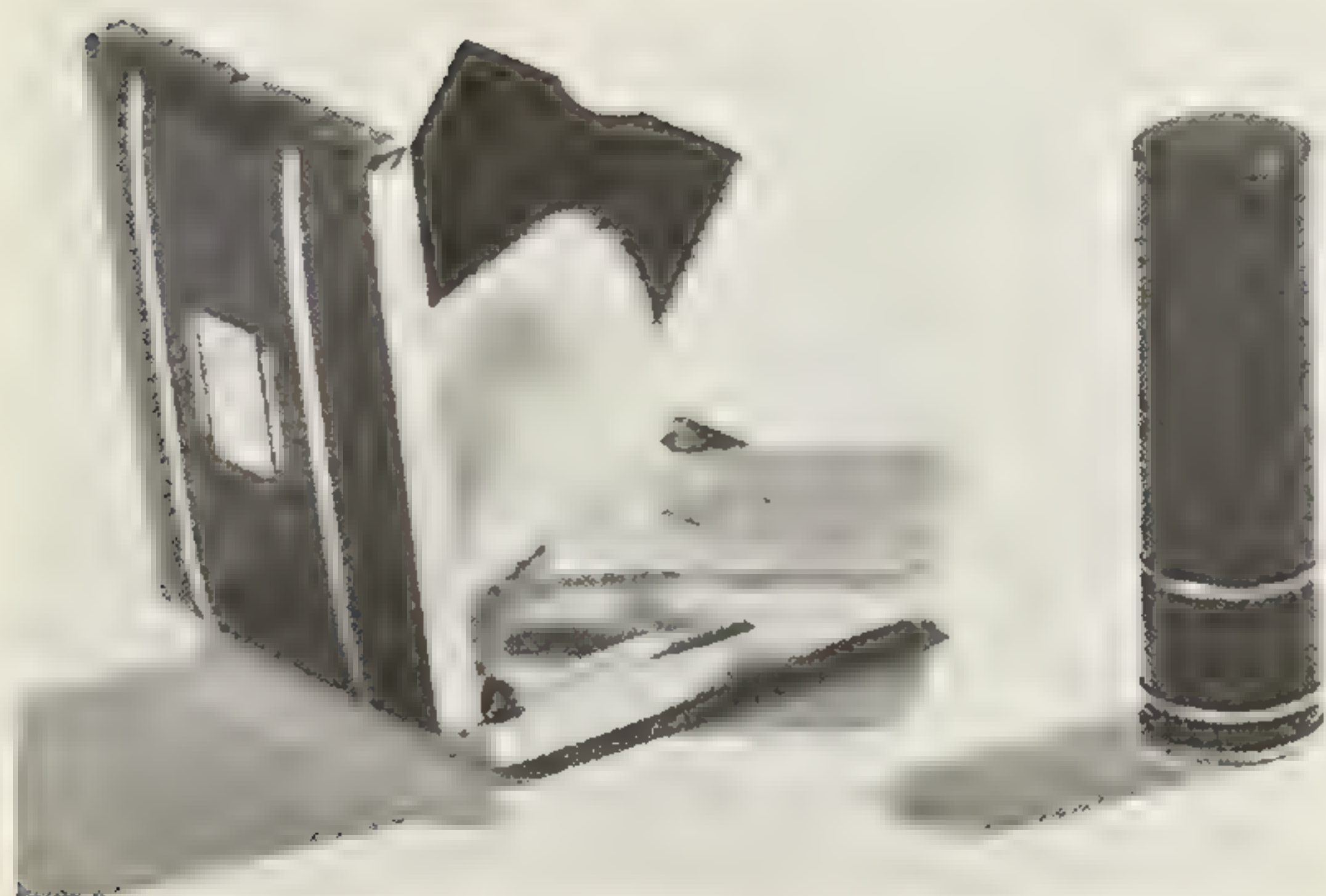
Going shopping with Gracie Allen is fun, because she always knows just what she is going to buy. First, gifts to beauty. This gift box of accessories for the bath, which any woman loves, includes soap, talc, bath essence, salts



Above, Gracie's eye was caught and held by the exquisite crystal flask. A whiff of its alluring fragrance within and Gracie's pocketbook was caught, too



"Gift Pre-View," our mid-winter leaflet, will be yours if you will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Above, two little gifts that are daily reminders of the giver are the compact and lipstick in colors to match daytime tweeds or evening frocks

Above, Catherine the Great and Gracie both have made a favorite of this rare essence from Russia. And how luxurious is the bottle

Right, an evening bag of gold threaded brocade with all the fittings in a dull gold finish, equips you perfectly for fete nights



Boos and Bouquets

Your opinion may win you a prize. Write!

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9 |

\$1 PRIZE

MORE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

Based on the fact that everybody—men, women, children—love the great outdoors, I would say that more pictures showing the beauty of Nature, wild life, children at play, life and recreation along the country highway or down by "the swimmin' holes," restful scenes—such pictures would add immeasurably to the public's appeal for attending the movie houses oftener. In contrast with this restful kind of picture, there is the overdone gun stuff, liquor and night parties, etc., which are apt to be tiresome and not always wholesome for the family.

R. P. BANKSON, Oil City, Pa.

\$1 PRIZE

HEROES UNATTRACTIVE?

I have been a movie fan for years, but, at times lately, I feel as if I would soon give up pictures entirely.

To me, a story is not satisfying unless both masculine and feminine leads are reasonably attractive, and we seem to be getting a big dose of unattractive "heroes," though a few of the newer ones are all that could be desired.

I believe American women do not like gigolo types, but men with average good looks, manners and intelligence, at least—and almost invariably clean shaven. The only male star with a moustache I could really like is Paul Lucas. Ronald Colman, William Powell, Jack Gilbert and Victor Jory might be given passing marks with them but no others. Good-looking men should not wear them. They act as a mask or disguise, concealing their good looks, making them all look alike and taking away sex appeal.

ELLEN MARTIN, New York, New York

\$1 PRIZE

GARBO AS JOAN OF ARC

There is a great and glorious part awaiting Garbo: it is the rôle of *Joan of Arc*, the stainless maid of France.

Filmland *must* give to the world such a film and such an interpretation.

Garbo has all the spiritual courage of Joan of Arc—it is her *own* courage, too! All those who love Garbo for her acting and ethereal beauty are waiting patiently and hoping for such a picture.

FREDERICK SANDERS, Chatham, Eng.

MR. MARCH. DON'T READ THIS

A very heavy brickbat and throw in a shillalah for Fredric March in "Anna



With her appearance in "Transatlantic Tunnel," dazzling Madge Evans, M-G-M player, ends 1935 in a blaze of glory, and welcomes in 1936 with a fervent wish for a "Happy New Year" for all her friends

Karenina," and don't spare the director and his thousands of Russian consultants.

After all the ballyhoo about pronouncing it *Anna Karenina*, with the accent on the second syllable en, Fredric shows how independent he has become in Hollywood by calling his beloved Garbo as *Annya*.

But maybe all the Russian counts and no-counts that infest the movies these days have been away from their *Matushka Rossiya* (Mother Russia to you) for so long that they have completely forgotten how to speak the language. Therefore, they were unable to correct Freddy.

Another possibility is that these consultants probably were born in the Bronx and just learned Russian very recently by reading the labels on caviar tins. But, of course, I wouldn't know much about it: I'm just one of the dumb millions who go to the movies to see Mickey Mouse and have to sit through the feature to wait for the rascal.

As an afterthought, a fragrant bouquet to the man who saw to it that no one sang the "Song of the Volga Boatmen."

ALLAN KAZUNAS, Berwyn, Ill.

SILENT "ANGEL" BETTER?

Have just seen the talking version of "The Dark Angel" and I think it a fine picture but

inferior to the silent version with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Fredric March is a grand actor but the producers are making a mistake in casting him so often in all the big pictures.

M-G-M is making a great mistake in not putting John Gilbert in "Romeo and Juliet" with Norma Shearer.

Please, producers, make a talking version of "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. No other stars could portray these great rôles.

Charles Farrell's *Chico* is something no one will ever forget.

He has been treated very unfair by the producers.

Give him a Chance. He deserves it.

MARY DUNCAN, Reardon, Wis.

"ANGEL" BEST OF YEAR

If "The Dark Angel" is not acclaimed one of the very best pictures of 1935 I will be much surprised and disappointed! The superb acting of Fredric March and Herbert Marshall and the charm of Merle Oberon should be enough to guarantee the success of any picture, but when combined with a story having the power and drama of "The Dark Angel" the result is, well, just about perfect.

J. W. ROBERTS, Boise, Idaho

Word to the Fashion Wise



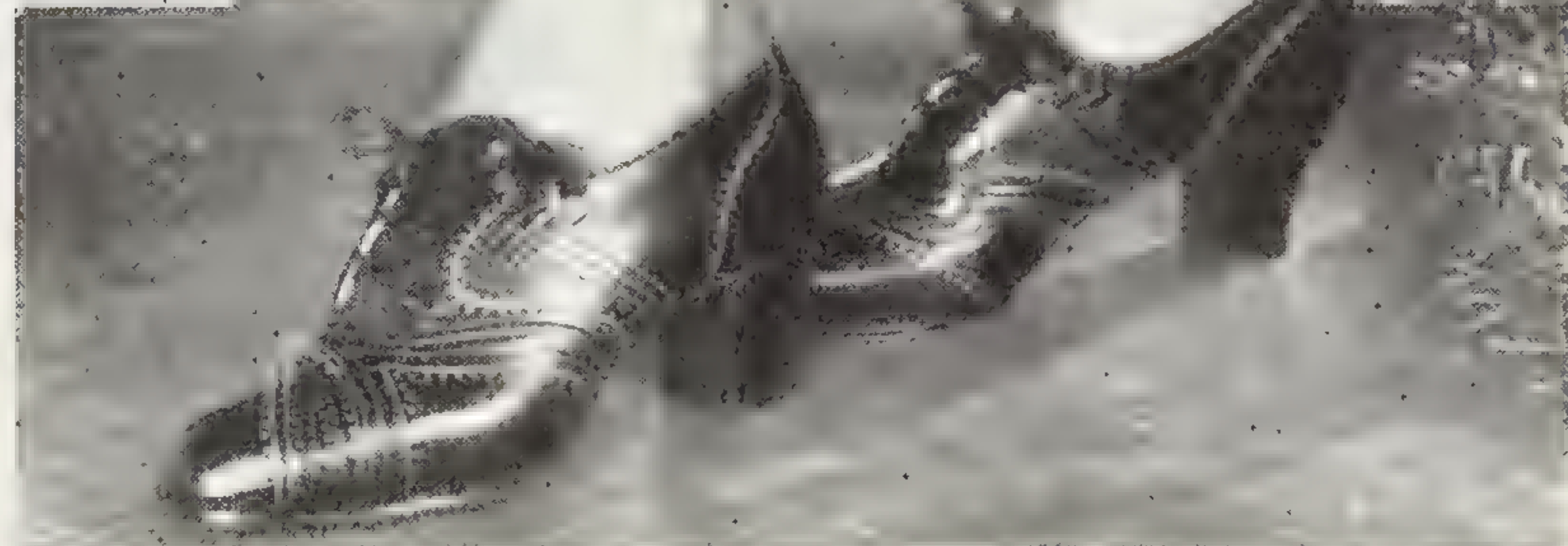
For semi-formal daytime wear—a three-eyelet tie with medium heel, in dull mat black or Java brown kid, with combination amalac and patent trim



Heels, this season, are news. Spike heels are out. A lithe free carriage is the order of the day. Above, for formal afternoons, a T-strap pump in dull black, Java brown with narrow piping in contrasting color



For town or country, with tweeds, the oxford with broad fringed tongue is smart. Black, rough surfaced calf with dark grey stitching; Java brown with cocoa. To wear as plain oxford, remove the tongue



For formal street wear, heels have reached a new low. Above, the four-eyelet oxford with perforations and asymmetric trim, in black with dark grey stitching or Java brown

“ON the cuff” has an “initial” meaning where Wendy Barrie is concerned. She is wearing the smartest of shirtmaker blouses and her cuff links are her two initials, held together with a fine metal chain.

If you wish to make a dramatic entrance in a new evening wrap, take your cue from Jean Harlow's black velvet cape. It descends in sweeping folds from shoulder to hemline and is banded with ermine which also lines its tricky little hood. If you don't wish fur, line the hood, or better still, the whole cape with a contrasting color to make it even more dramatically effective.

Lange, of Columbia Pictures, has devised a novel use for the gayly colored silk kerchief. Tiny slots are made in each side of the mannish collar of a tailored blouse and the kerchief is pulled through and knotted carelessly at the throat.

The last word for cuff sets is metal. On a brown suede sports costume, Jean Harlow wears a pair of wide gold bracelets ornamented in rope design. Matching clips adorn the high neckline. For more formal afternoon wear, row upon row of pearls form plain or flared cuffs which are tied with velvet bows. The matching necklace may be worn as a headband

with your evening coiffure, if you so desire.

If you're having difficulties with over-head blouses and sweaters wrecking your coiffure when you pull them on in a hurry, take a tip from Maureen O'Sullivan. She uses the new colored slide fasteners at the shoulder seams and continues them down the sleeves. Both decorative and utilitarian.

Pigskin brings rousing cheers whether it appears on the field or in the grandstand. If you wish to appear especially smart, select it in one of the new rust or green shades for your beret, bag, gloves, wide belt and shoes.

Ask The Answer Man

UNA MERKEL'S fascinating Southern drawl is not as much in evidence as it once was, but her look of wide-eyed innocence and disarmingly frank comedy lines can always be counted upon to enliven an otherwise boring picture. Perhaps her appearance of wholesomeness is a left-over from the days when she sang in the church choir in Covington, Ky., where she was born December 10, 1903. After traveling over Europe with her parents and attending dramatic school, her first stage appearances were in "Pigs" and "The Gossipy Sex." Her enchanting performance in "Coquette" started her on the road to recognition in Hollywood, as she was immediately given the part of *Ann Rutledge* in "Lincoln." And this was also the beginning of her close friendship with Helen Hayes. She is, as you know, very pretty, with deep blue eyes, and naturally curly hair; is five feet five inches, weighs 112 pounds, and is happily wedded to Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer whom she married in 1932. She likes the type of things she has done and thinks "that comedy parts which stand out are fun to create and build." She is under contract to M-G-M and her latest pictures are "Murder in the Fleet," "Broadway Melody of 1936," and "Riff Raff," Jean Harlow's new picture.

MRS. J. M. KRENNERICH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Ruth Chatterton's two former husbands were first, Ralph Forbes, second, George Brent, the latter's birth date is March 15, 1905. William Powell was born June 29, 1892; George O'Brien on Sept. 1, 1900 and Ruby Keeler on August 25, 1909.

AGNES LEE MILLER, CUERO, TEXAS.—Bruce Cabot seems quite fancy free since he and Adrienne Ames were divorced. He is six feet one, and weighs 165 pounds. Address him care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

CHARLES G. MCKEE, WINCHESTER, VA.—The stars do not confide the amount of their salaries to the Answer Man. Marie Prevost was born May 8, 1898, and entered pictures in the old silent days with Mack Sennett. Her latest appearance is in "Hands Across the Table." It is quite probable that Gloria Swanson will make a new picture. We hope so too.

WINNIFRED ELLERSTON, CHICAGO, ILL.—The handsome Phillipe de Lacy is no longer a child. He is nineteen years old now and at the moment interested in his education. You were right, Nils Asther did play the part of the grown son in the silent version of "Sorrell and Son."

ELEANOR RHINEHART, SOLWAY, NEW YORK.—Colonel Tim McCoy is a real rancher having 15,000 acres in Wyoming. He is also a real Colonel in the U. S. A. and began in pictures as a techical director for "The Covered Wagon." He was born April 10, 1891, is five feet, eleven, and was divorced from Alice Miller in 1931. Address him care of Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood.



If the picture's bad, and Una Merkel's in it, it's worth seeing! She drops her Southern accent at will, readily admits she's past thirty!

MRS. ARTHUR P. WARNER, SALISBURY, MISS.—Sorry your answer was delayed. The part of *Princess Vera* opposite Lawrence Tibbet in the "Rogue Song" was taken by Catherine Dale Owen. She is happily married and not at present in pictures.

MISS PICK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Ross Alexander was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 27, 1907. He is six feet, one, and married to Aleta Freile, an actress on the legitimate stage.

MRS. ALBERTA CASTRO, GALT, CALIF.—The last Book Of Photoplay was published in 1931. We are not at present contemplating a new one.

ERVIN K. STANISZEWSKI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—If you will send us a stamped addressed

envelope, we will be glad to send you a list of all of Richard Talmadge's pictures.

MRS. C. J. HEADLAND, MODESTO, CALIF.—Shirley Temple has two brothers, Jack and George.

MISS MARY SUNSHINE, CHICAGO.—What a charming name you have. There are two stars in pictures with the surname Ames—Adrienne and Rosemary.

W. Y. McMAYON, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Alice Faye was born May 5, 1912.

MONICA, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—We have not yet published a picture of Billie Dove with her new baby. Mary Brian was born Feb. 17, 1908, and is five feet, two inches. Her last picture was "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Gail Patrick was born June 20, 1911, is five feet, seven inches. Helen Gahagan, and Rosalind Russell have not told the Answer Man their ages.

MARGARET BROWNSON, NEW YORK CITY.—Claude Rains was born in London, England, has black hair, brown eyes. Was on the legitimate stage and entered pictures in 1933. His most recent picture is "The Last Outpost."

F. J. REYNOLDS, NEW YORK.—Jean Harlow's real name was Harleen Carpenter. She was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1911. Katharine Hepburn's name is her real one. She was born in Hartford, Conn.

LORENE ROHLFING, GERALD, MO.—James Dunn was born Nov. 2, 1905. Dunn is his real name and he weighs 157 pounds and is six feet tall with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He was educated in New Rochelle, N. Y., and has been on the stage since 1927 and in the movies since 1931.

His latest picture is the Fox production, "Bad Boy."

R. H. ROOP, BALTIMORE, MD.—We are sorry we do not have Lynn Reynold's address. Perhaps Fox Studio might have it. Turn to our Addresses of the Stars page for the Fox address.

AUDREY G. BETZ, BALTIMORE, MD.—Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper played in "Lilac Time." John Beal's first picture was "Another Language." Dick Powell was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, Nov. 14, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 177 pounds, has auburn hair, and blue eyes. Was educated in Little Rock, Ark., high school and college. Was an orchestra leader before going into pictures. "Shipmates Forever" is his latest picture. He is divorced from a nonprofessional.

BARBARA SEXTON, BERNARD, N. C.—Dolores Del Rio was born August 3, 1905, weighs 120 pounds and is five feet, four and one half inches. Myrna Loy was born Aug. 21, 1905, and is five feet, five inches. Elissa Landi was born April 4, 1905, weighs 101 pounds and is five feet tall.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE ANSWER MAN is a library of fact, fancy and personalities on pictures and players, and hasn't been stumped for an answer yet. Naturally, he does not limit you on your questions, but brevity is desirable. If you prefer an answer direct, be sure and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Also, address your queries to **The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.**

"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"



Carole Lombard, star of Paramount's "Hands Across the Table"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



I'M A LOMBARD FAN—I'LL NEVER HAVE UGLY COSMETIC SKIN BECAUSE I USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS SHE DOES. I KNOW IT KEEPS SKIN LOVELY!

London Letter—Special Delivery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

Hilton, author of "Goodby, Mr. Chips," "Lost Horizon," "And So We Live," and "Without Armor." He is thirty-four years old, and the son of a schoolmaster. In fact, he told me that his father will never live down the fact that it is he from whom the character of Mr. Chips was drawn. Mr. Hilton and I spent the day at Alexander Korda's studio. There we visited with H. G. Wells and saw several reels of the new picture, "The New World." William Menzies, one of Hollywood's greatest art directors, who has done, in addition to one-reelers, such dramatic sequences as the war episode in "Cavalcade," is now the director of Korda's prodigious undertaking. As the story visualizes what the world will look like in a thousand years, it has taken infinite pains and great imaginative power. Mr. Wells personally is supervising the picture. I am sure it will attract great attention in America and will fascinate the imaginative minds of our children.

ROBERT DONAT is a frank, amusing young man to whom, strangely enough, money means nothing. He has been offered thousands of dollars to return to Hollywood, but he will come only when he finds a story he will enjoy doing.

Jean Parker has been brought over to London to play opposite Donat. It is her first trip abroad and she is as enthusiastic and excited as a youngster in a toy shop. Now she is looking forward to returning home, but plans first to visit Paris, feeling like so many of us, that travel offers a great opportunity to become acquainted with other nations and their customs.

They want Conrad Nagel to do a play here, but Hollywood is calling him again. I am glad, because he has won a definite place on the screen and I would hate to see him desert it forever.

Merle Oberon is enjoying a riotous homecoming. She had such a struggle here for so long, working as an extra girl until Korda chose her to play *Anne Boleyn* in "Henry VIII." Of course, all the men are falling in love with her, but it looks as though David Niven still holds her interest. Knowing David, no one can blame her!

Merle gave a dinner party at one of the most popular cafes in London on the night of Joan Crawford's marriage to Franchot Tone. Young Doug was at the party and he had just telephoned to Joan and Franchot to wish them happiness. There will always be a strong bond of affection between these two people who were married when they were only youngsters.

Korda is building a new studio. The present English film studios, though adequate, cannot compare with our magnificent Hollywood ones. One thing, though, the English do not work under such terrific pressure as we do. They enjoy life and live sanely and not too aggressively. They stop for tea; no one starts working as early as we do. No snap decisions are made. Every phase of a picture is rolled over at length in their minds before it goes into production. Of course, at first this aggravates us Americans, because we are so accustomed to leaping into the fire, but after a short stay, we accept life almost as casually as they do. We are amazed to find that we do just as much

work as if we were continually snapping the whip.

A party of us visited Mr. Hearst's castle in southern Wales. It is breath-taking! I have seen his home at San Simeon and his Bavarian village in northern California, but the castle of St. Donat's is unsurpassed. Built in the tenth century as a Norman fortress, it stands on a hill, its gardens terraced to the sea. The rooms are magnificently furnished with rare antiques and the baronial hall is lined with armor from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. We saw a beautiful silver bed of Charles I and magnificent paintings and count-



Perhaps not "the glass of fashion" but certainly "the mould of form" is Porky, a new addition to "Our Gang." A credit to any big growing family

less art treasures that fill the myriad rooms. Many royal families have lived at St. Donat's and lie buried under the blackened old tombstones flanking the tiny chapel. In the courtyard stands the executioner's block, and in the tower above is the small room for the bell-ringer who tolled the deaths. We wondered what the ghosts that must walk through these deep-vaulted halls think of the central heating system and the fifty marble baths installed for the comfort of American guests.

Motoring through the country and visiting the little inns in Wales we learned what Mr. Hearst has done for these people. They speak of him with tear-filled eyes. When the English navy decided to use oil instead of coal, their mines were shut down, and thousands of men were thrown out of work. The reconstruction of St. Donat's had given employment to thousands of men for several years, thus assuring their families the necessities and some of the comforts of life. Whenever Mr. Hearst visits Wales, they send their finest choral groups to St. Donat's to express through their songs the gratitude of the people.

In London, they call us "vanishing Americans" because we fly out of town on what is to them ridiculous motor trips, driving hundreds

of miles in one day. The English like to travel leisurely—but not us! Conrad Nagel and I were among a group of Americans who went on a four-day motor tour of Scotland. I do believe we saw more of Scotland in those four days than most people who live in London see in two years. We would start out at the crack of dawn and arrive at our destination late at night. We saw The Trossachs with its long-haired cattle and angora sheep, and some of the famous lakes, among them Loch Lomond. Naturally, all of the men on the tour had to go to St. Andrews, the finest golf course in the world, and to that famous resort, Glen Eagles, which has three of the most fashionable links in the world. All the championship golf tournaments take place at Glen Eagles. We visited Edinburgh and saw the apartment of Mary, Queen of Scotland, where Riccio was slain. We saw the little room where she was born, the island where she was imprisoned as a young girl before leaving for France, her apartment in Holyrood Castle where she lived with Lord Darnley, and in London, the cell where she was held prisoner. All these historical scenes left us eager to read Stefan Zweig's biography of this tragic queen.

AFTER viewing all the historical homes—and the English pride themselves on their old houses—the Charles Laughton apartment in London was certainly a vivid contrast. It is strikingly moderne in every sense, and somehow this background seems to fit these two fascinating and unusual people. Elsa Lanchester is considered a great actress in England. She is famous for her sharp wit. Their home is a mecca for all distinguished writers, theater folks and artists. Every one in England has great respect for Laughton. They have taken his success for granted, but the fact that he is willing to give up months of work in Hollywood at a tremendous salary to play Shakesperian rôles for nothing but glory has brought him more prominence among his own people than his triumph on the screen.

I went to the theater with them to see "Night Must Fall." It was a startling play, stark, and at moments terrifying. It was written by Emlyn Williams, a young Welshman, who stars in it. He has appeared on the New York stage in "Criminal at Large."

London has had only a few successful plays this season. "Night Must Fall" is one; "Tovarich" is another. Leontovich, who played the dancer in "Grand Hotel," is in the latter. We hope to see Herbert Marshall star in this play in New York this Spring.

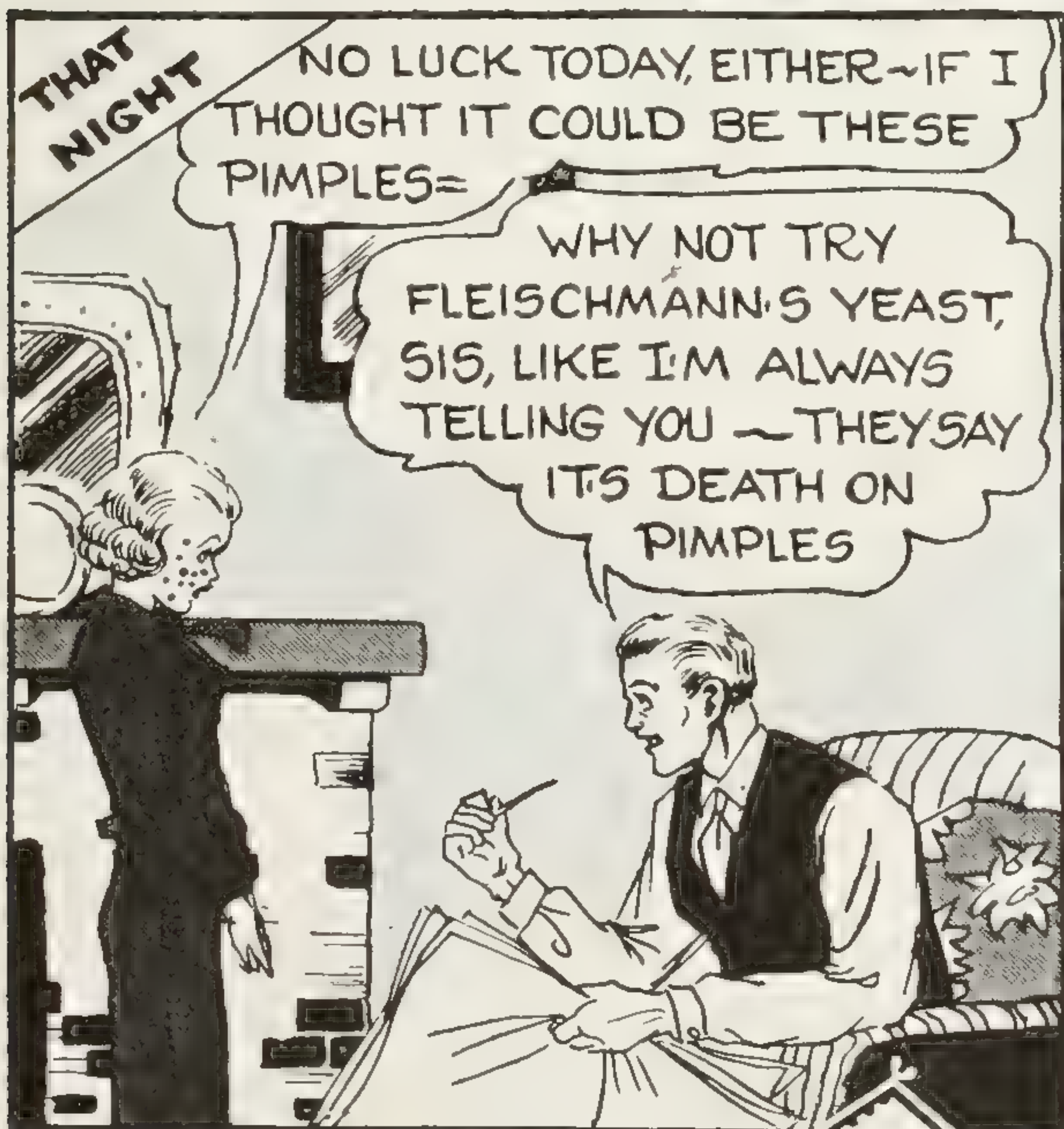
"Everything Goes" has been quite a success with Jack Whiting as the star. He ranks with Fred Astaire and Clifton Webb as a dancer, but in this play he has achieved success without dancing. He has established himself as a favorite in London and, even though the play has not closed, they are searching for another vehicle for him. He is happily married to young Doug's mother, the former Beth Sully Fairbanks.

I know that I shall hate to leave London. One thing our heavy taxation in California is doing is to drive us to other countries. Perhaps in the end this will be beneficial to all of us. Who knows! I, for one, shall return to London "in the Spring."



JUST LIKE A MAN-TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE

**Yet in her
heart she
knew her
bad skin
was no
asset for
any job**



**Don't let
adolescent pimples
keep YOU out of a job!**

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin - and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



— clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

mountains with real ducks and chickens hopping about a wagon that looks like an auto-trailer except there's no auto. Everybody is dressed in Gypsyish sort of costumes and Antonio Moreno is being very romantic with Mae Busch. He has a rose in his mouth and plights his troth to Miss Busch all at the same time.

Laurel and Hardy spoil the legend that comics are sad off stage. They joke together continually. Neither one was able to make an outstanding success alone. But together their comedy blends—or rather contrasts—marvelously. They look so funny in their costumes that it's hard to keep from laughing right out in their faces. "The Bohemian Girl" was originally a sad piece of sentiment. I'm sure it won't be when Messers. L. and H. get through with it.

EVERY place you go you hear how Columbia's "The Lone Wolf Returns" company is just one big happy family. We've been hearing it so long from studios that we got to believe it. We learned better on the set.

The scene was the interior of a bright blue apartment. Douglas Dumbrille was telling Henry Mollinson about his career as a jewel thief. It is quite a long take. Dumbrille's last line is, "I rented this place to hide the jewels in, not to throw a banquet." Then we thought the scene was still going on for the acting was splendid. But it wasn't acting. It was the McCoy.

Dumbrille got up and kicked over a chair. "X³/₄ # & %," he shouted. "I can't play the scene that way. It's too fast."

"You got to play it that way," Director Roy Neill shouted back. "X³/₄ # & %! It's got to be fast or the story will sag."

"The story will sag even more if the people can't understand my line! "X³/₄ # & % it, I tell you it's too fast!"

By this time Neill was pulling his hair, Dumbrille was walking around in circles and the crew was busy pretending that all was serene. Before we could get a really good earful, we were shooed off the stage. When we returned the dove of peace was perched on the microphone. Michael Bartlett must have done it, for he was visiting the set, smiling to everyone. Even Dumbrille and Neill were friendly. But don't believe all you hear about that big happy family stuff.

One of the big thrills of the month was getting on the Mae West set at Paramount. It is not a publicity gag that gangsters have been threatening her.

Now her sets are guarded against all visitors and, next to the impregnable Garbo sets, they are the hardest to crash. Somehow, though, to our elated amazement, we found ourselves watching Mae sing her way through a scene of "Klondike Lou." She was wearing a black taffeta negligée that swished with her slithering stride. In this picture Mae plays, of all things, a religious crusader. She is on her way to Alaska to convert the boys. The set is the interior of a rather old fashioned ship, done in stained brown wood.

Mae is lolling on a couch, humming to herself. Raoul Walsh, who wears a black patch over the eye that was blinded in an auto accident, directs her. On the sideline, Gene Austin, the Bing Crosby of his day, plays the

piano. He is the composer of the song Mae sings. And I hope the censors let you hear it, too.

Helen Jerome Eddy, who is going to Alaska with Mae, asks her what she does when she feels bad. "Honey," Mae drawls right back, "I just see my medicine man." And then, accompanying herself on the guitar, Mae breaks into her torrid song. It's called "My Medicine Man," and he's some man according to Mae's lyric description.

The cast of "Collegiate" could stand a little



A study in scales or a new High-low for Hollywood. Johnny Weissmuller and wee Juanita Quigley after luncheon on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot

converting. This is Paramount's annual salaam to our institutes of what is jokingly called higher education. "Collegiate" features the Duck, Goo-Goo, and that man Joe Penner who walks around with it.

Our arrival on the "Collegiate" set was greeted with colossal apathy. The set is a white modernistic bar. Somebody has been very collegiate indeed, for the place was a complete wreck. Tables were turned upside-down, glasses were strewn about, chairs were balanced on top of each other. We were just about to leave when we noticed a large sign, crazily scrawled on a piece of cardboard. It was standing on the bar, leaning against a champagne bottle.

"Little Bo Peep

She lost her party.

It was swell

Too bad you couldn't come."

Ah, youth, youth!

Paramount's independent producer, Walter Wanger, will have none of this tomfoolery and works in comparative sanity on a little lot a few blocks away from the home office. He's the producer of "Private Worlds," "The President Vanishes" and other themes which cautious major studios wouldn't touch. Here they were shooting "Her Master's Voice," under Joe Santley's direction.

Edward Everett Horton, Laura Hope Crews and Peggy Conklin are the stars. Peggy Conklin, who is a good looking little brunette, was playing the piano when we arrived. Ten years ago, Miss Conklin was a chorus girl in a show which Joe Santley staged. Seventeen years before that, Mr. Santley was a chorus boy and Miss Conklin wasn't even born. Which shows that the world is a very small place.

The world doesn't seem so small when you get on the Universal lot. This studio covers two hundred and sixty five acres. Here, by having the cowboys ride around the same hill a few times, a complete Western can be made without going on location. It was so far back to "The Invisible Ray" company, where Boogeymen Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were working, that we had to take a car.

Carved out in the hills is a huge hole where a meteor is supposed to have landed. This is Africa, and scientist Karloff with his safari of Central Avenue natives is trying to get the radium out of the meteor. Karloff, heavily mustached for his rôle, wears a bright coat which is to protect him from the poisonous radium. His blood is now so full of the precious metallic element that he lights up at night like a lamp.

THE man who spends most of Universal's money is John Stahl. He's the director of "Only Yesterday," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life." Everyone is scared to death of this quiet, white-haired man and even the camera and sound crew do their work as if they were afraid of making a sound. Now Mr. Stahl is spending a million or so of Universal's dollars on "Magnificent Obsession," starring Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor.

Holding our breath, we edged our cramped way into the small quarters where a tragic scene was enacted. The atmosphere was strained, hushed. A phonograph was playing Ave Maria softly. Irene Dunne, her head swathed in bandages, lay back in bed. She was trying to cry. She is blind from an accident. Bob Taylor, formerly a playboy and responsible for her blindness, has turned doctor in the hope of curing her.

When the tears start falling, Miss Dunne nods silently to the camera man. The record is stopped. There is a tense quiet. Then a prop boy notices a spot on the sheet. Some one swears under his breath. The sheet is changed while Ave Maria sounds again from the phonograph, but there is no joking during the delay. Instead, Stahl, taking Taylor's part, rehearses with Miss Dunne.

Miss Dunne begins to cry again, inaudibly but profusely. Now Taylor walks in. The hair at his temples is greyed for the part. He asks her how she feels. She nods vaguely. Then she gives a startled gasp as the curtain is pulled back. She is slightly conscious of the light and her voice catches.

When the scene is over, the atmosphere relaxes a bit, but not much. Miss Dunne smiles, looks at her swathed face in the mirror, and says, "I look like a football captain." No one laughs until Stahl chuckles to himself.

No supervisors object to Mr. Stahl's slow and costly technique because his pictures are all great successes. But Warner's must be pretty surprised to learn how much the bounce of a football is costing them in "The Petrified Forest," the Leslie Howard film.

In this scene, laid in an amazingly real reproduction of the desert, Nick Foran is seen as an ex-football star who can't forget his days of glory. Still wearing his football sweater, this tramp dashes about the desert kicking the football then running after it. These scenes went fine in the long shots, but the close-ups were another matter.

A prop boy, out of camera range, throws the ball and Nick, hurtling his one-hundred-ninety-six pounds, dives after it. Every time the pork-hide would take a crazy bounce and either go out of the camera range or elude Foran's desperately clutching arms. Time and time the scene was shot. The prop boy tried rolling the ball, he tried bouncing it and he tried putting English on it. Nothing worked. And all the time the cost was mounting up to the thousands of dollars and Foran was just about killing himself for the dear old Warner boys.

FORAN is a big guy. And this sequence was a terrifying display of sheer physical courage. For he dove for the ball without pads. By the time he had repeated the scene six times, he was full of cactus stickers, cut from strewn glass, had a wrenched shoulder and lividly bruised thighs. The floor on which he threw himself was cement with a thin coat of sand.

Finally, when it seemed impossible, everyone was ready to give up. But on the last take, with the wind machine blowing sand in his eyes, his body crying with pain, Nick dove and the ball bounced in camera range and everything was saved. This will be but a flash on the screen.

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard are co-starred in the picture, most of which will be shot in Arizona.

Another smartly constructed set is on an adjoining stage, where those battling buddies, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, are making "Ceiling Zero." "Ceiling Zero" is an aviation term which means that the fog is right on the ground. When the fog bank is thirty feet high, it's ceiling thirty, and so on until there is no fog at all.

This is a picture of commercial aviation, honoring those boys who risk their lives to carry postal cards saying "X marks the room, wish you were here." We watched Cagney do a scene with our discovery of the month who is a cute little green-eyed brunette named June Travis. Cagney evidently has been acting pretty Cagneyish, for in this take he is apologizing to Miss Travis for his past fresh actions. He doesn't seem to get any place, until he asks her to lunch. Then, like any sensible girl, she's all ears.

An odd thing about Cagney is that he's one of the softest spoken men in Hollywood. Between scenes he talks in a tone not much above a whisper. Only when the microphone is listening does he put on that strident tone. Nor does he gesture in real conversation. He saves the hand wiggling for the studio.

This "Ceiling Zero" set is an accurately reproduced airway station. Most of the complicated gadgets are real, and four flyable planes are jammed on the set for background.



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SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS

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Like Mr. Cagney, Warner Baxter finds that the best way to end an argument with a woman is to suggest food. In "The King of Burlesque," which he is making at 20th Century-Fox, Baxter plays an ex-Burlesque producer gone high-hat. When Mona Barrie bounces into his elegant office and starts to raise Cain, Baxter just gives a few minutes of verbal sparring, then springs that sure-fire luncheon question.

ATHING you'll have to get used to if you ever visit the sets is this: No matter how smartly dressed an actress is, she always wears old, sloppy shoes when just her head is being photographed. And no matter how many times you see this, you can never quite get used to it. Mona Barrie, for instance, was dripping with furs and wearing a lovely suit. Then, to set it all off, she had on galumphing unlaced ancient shoes. Even the chic Claudette Colbert goes in for this comfortable practice.

Writing of shoes, Joan Barrie, Mona's sister, wears probably the oddest pair in the world. They are made of balsam, the lightest known wood, and fit right on her regular shoes. She wears them because she's Mona's stand-in, and these six-inch soled brogans which make Joan just as tall as her sister. It's very laughable watching Joan walk about the set in them.

No burlesque would be complete without a beef-trust chorus, and there's one in this film. The chorus isn't so beefy, though, as it is assorted. There are all kinds of girls—short ones, fat ones, tall ones and even a few passably good looking girls.

A burlesque theater, with a runway and

everything, is built for this dance. We were the only outsider in the audience and got to blushing furiously because all the girls played to us. They sang and danced to "Alabama Bound," while Alice Faye led them down the runway, practically onto our lap. The dance is full of kicks, winks, wiggles and done with enthusiasm if not finesse. When the number was over we noticed one of the platinumed hot-chas quietly concentrating on a piece of reading matter. It was The Christian Science Monitor.

This burlesque show takes place early in Baxter's career. Later he goes in for artier entertainment. But both units were rehearsing at the same time. Sammy Lee is staging the more glamorous show, which will feature Nick Long, Jr., who scored in "Broadway Melody."

The show wasn't very glamorous when we watched them rehearse in an empty barn-like stage. The girls wore rehearsal rompers from which hung long strips of soiled and dusty voile. This, we were told, was to give the dancers the 'feel' of the costumes they will wear when the dance is shot.

On the adjoining stage, Tay Garnett was directing "Professional Soldier," which co-stars Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen. The story has McLaglen as an adventurer who goes to a mythical country to kidnap the king. When he finds that the king is such a gentle little fellow he hasn't the heart to do it.

While McLaglen and Freddie, who have formed quite a friendship, were talking about secret service as a career, Tay told us about his cruise to China. Tay is known as the best hard-boiled melodrama maker in Hollywood,

his latest offering being "China Seas" and "She Couldn't Take It." Now he is looking for some real action. For he is taking his small cruiser and going up some of the bandit-infested Chinese rivers. This is going to be no child's play. And Tay is prepared for the worst by having a machine gun mounted on the forward deck of his cruiser.

We didn't have to go to China to find all the excitement we could stand. We got ours at the M-G-M lot where "Tarzan Escapes" is in the making. Johnny Weissmuller is still the Apeman and Maureen O'Sullivan remains the girl of his tree-top love life. This one, like the two previous Tarzan affairs, has been a jinx affair. Mostly it's story trouble. The picture has been shooting for months and so far five directors have had a try at it. Bill Wellman is directing it now.

The thrilling outdoor scene we watched was the attack of the white explorers by the natives and then the counter-attack by the apes. It all takes place on a craggy hillside and with the noise, danger and action, the battle is shakingly real. The realism is paid for with broken bones and bruises.

THE men who play the apes lose as much as ten pounds a day. Their disguise weighs sixty pounds and except for the eyes and mouth, there are no openings for air. Five feet away, you would never guess that they are men. But it's a man-sized job they have.

What with Nick Foran nearly killing himself for a football, and the ape-men passing out right and left from near suffocation, our trip around the lots has been pretty grim this month. In the next issue, we hope to show the lighter side of picture making.

I've a Feeling You're Foolish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

her. Concert audiences adore her. All this she has accomplished without loss of dignity or loss of clothes.

Why, then, as she nears the banks of the dried up Los Angeles River, should she discard the mantle of greatness and pull on the swimming trunks of outmoded cinema comedy?

Why should she choose to stand or fall on qualities in which she cannot hope to surpass June Knight or Toby Wing?

Why should she, or anybody else, have to go goofy to break into the movies?

Yet, still they come, these synthetic cuties.

I picked up my paper the other day and saw the leggiest, cutiest steamship picture since hip-length skirts went out of style, and to my amazement, found that it was Marta Eggerth, known to us as the star of those British-made pictures, "The Unfinished Symphony" and "My Heart is Calling," but known to all Europe as a distinguished stage actress, première ballerina and opera prima donna.

Miss Eggerth, who is said to be the secret bride of that other Hungarian operatic importation, Jan Kiepura, is here to sing the principal rôle in Universal's "Song of Joy." A dignified assignment, surely; but to the candid camera of the ship's reporter she was obviously trying to look like a European Thelma Todd.

And now they are preparing the same ludicrous ballyhoo for England's premier cinema actress, Jessie Matthews.

Invariably, Miss Matthews is described as pert, hoydenish, childlike, roguish, saucy,

whimsical and arch. Probably she is all of these things at different times and in different rôles, for she is a versatile and skilful actress; but the insistent repetition of these adjectives prepares the American mind for only one thing; another cutie.

Apparently Miss Matthews' legs are to be featured, too, for they are forever in the forefront of her ballyhoo, just as they were in Lilian Harvey's and poor Lil Dagover's. There was a tragedy—one of the most distinguished actresses in Continental Europe ruined for American consumption by a bunch of "strip girl" photographs that were the hottest since Marlene's Moroccos steamed up the Bay.

Merle Oberon is the only foreign artiste who has arrived in recent years and has managed to be her age.

THERE is the great danger that our own American actresses may catch the cutie fever. Of course, we have always had cuties of sorts. Our Mary and all the imitation Our Marys were somewhat in that category; so were the Nancy Carrolls and Mary Brians of more recent memory; but these young women were cute in the Shirley Temple manner, because, like Shirley, they couldn't help it.

But when I glimpsed Hepburn in "Alice Adams," and watched those beautiful but not tiny hands "flutter before her, like a couple of baby sparrows, frightened out of their nest," I sat right down and had a good worry.

Not that I didn't like Katie's *Alice*: I liked

it better than anything she has done since "A Bill of Divorcement," and I am not forgetting "Morning Glory," either. The insistent cuteness of the part was not only written into the original Tarkington story, but was written into the daily routine of the life he was trying to depict. And Hepburn, in her interpretation of the silly, gurgling, couquetish, wilful, almost drooling young girl of the period, was well nigh perfect.

But, knowing the influence this young woman wields over the feminine Americans, I not only worried, I trembled. Suppose her admirers didn't stop to think that she was acting. Suppose they thought she *was* that way? The influence of a thousand Bergners would be as nothing in turning our wives and sisters and sweethearts into a race of home-made cuties, whose imitative imbecilities would drive us jittery to our graves.

I was a little worried, too, for Hepburn herself, for she has shown signs of veering toward cuteness in some of her other cinematic efforts. In "A Bill of Divorcement," she was the most straightforward thing in celluloid. Critics spoke of her "dynamic naturalness," and meant it. In "Morning Glory," too, she was direct and genuine. But in the costume plays, "Little Women" and "The Little Minister," she became more and more frequently Little Hepburn—and, alas, it is only a short step from Little Hepburn to Cute Little Hepburn, which Heaven forbid!

Girls, hear my plea—don't go cutie!

Martini—Perfectly Blended

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

young man. He's so Italian that he might have to go back almost any time to fight for Il Duce. But on this fine morning he wasn't worrying about the prospect.

The papers had just announced the opening of the great African push, but they had also announced Nino's engagement to a beautiful young lady of the cinema. And what, after all, is Ethiopia compared with Miss Anita Louise?

To be sure, the announcement of the engagement wasn't true. But it was pleasant reading. And Nino likes pleasant things. He is very pleasant himself.

He isn't so tall as he seems on the screen. About five feet eight, I should say, but he weighs less than a hundred and fifty-five; and his slimness makes him look tall. His hair is close-cropped and black.

I had hardly recovered from the shock of meeting a tenor who didn't have a chest like a feather-bed or a tummy like a balloon when I perceived the man was "busting" wide open another operatic tradition: he wasn't talking right away about his larynx or his public or even himself.

I took a good look at this lithe young man in the strong light of the window. The impression of extreme youth remained. And who was it that he looked like besides the "Portrait of a Young Man"? Freddie March? Ramon Novarro? The youthful Tony Moreno? Irving Thalberg?

THAT'S the man—Thalberg. You know him, Norma Shearer's handsome young husband. Nino looks just as Irving did the night I first saw him, dining at the Cocoanut Grove with Elinor Glyn. I thought he was Elinor's son, until someone told me he was her boss. Thalberg was twenty-one at the time. Even in a strong light, Martini doesn't look more than that now.

"Yes," he laughed, "everybody thinks I am so young. A palmist woman told me last year, 'You are twenty-three.' 'No,' I say, 'I am twenty-nine.' 'Hands never lie,' she say, So!"

His laugh comes quickly like his adroit, graceful movements, and is rich and warm and communicative like his singing. If there were critics of laughs as there are of voices, I am sure they would say that Nino's possessed "a world of tonal color."

He had thrown open the window and was leaning far out into the sharp wintry air. I really *was* getting worried about that million dollar throat, and said so.

"No, no!" he said. "If it was taking-care I should give my throat, I would never have sung a note. I smoked every hour from when I was ten."

"All I want around the neck," continued the first slender tenor in history, "is what you call them?"—he gave his already open collar a hard tug—"ah yes, the wide open spaces!"

Nino is all for comfort, or rather ease. You have seen his easy manner on the screen, perhaps in concert or in opera.

"I sing the two and a half octaves, yes," said Nino modestly, "but singing very high notes is a rest for me. It all lies comfortably for me, perhaps you say easily."

Yes, Martini takes everything easily, including the high notes. Yet the room in which he

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was now sitting, the room he calls home, was not especially conducive to ease. The furniture obviously went with the lease. There was a grand piano which filled one end of the room; the rest was mostly stiff chairs and stiffer sofas scattered over a rather assertive green carpet. Oh, yes, there were photographs, plenty of them, mostly of opera singers and mostly autographed, but *all* of men.

"It isn't much, this house," he said, with an unabashed frankness which was disarming. "I go to the movies when I need to relax."

A modest dissipation, certainly, for a young man making \$250,000 a year!

"And of course, I have my music." This was the first time he had mentioned it. "I have written a few small lyrics for songs. Now I am trying to compose some settings for them. But I am having a hard time. Verdi and

Nino was born in Verona on August 4, 1904. His father, who died when he was ten—that's when son began to smoke!—was the guardian of that tourist mecca, the alleged tomb of Romeo and Juliet. His mother, who had never heard him sing on stage or screen, died during the making of "Here's to Romance."

The priests of San Fermo Maggiore were quick to recognize the quality of Nino's voice, and enrolled him as soloist in the church's child choir.

At eighteen he was a well known singer in the church entertainments and bazaars. It was then that his voice attracted the attention of Giovanni Zenatello, a contemporary and compatriot of Caruso, and himself one of the then foremost tenors of his time.

Zenatello and his wife, the famous opera singer, Maria Gay, the gracious lady whom

sang his young head off in "Saluto di Hollywood" and similar concoctions. But we were too jittery then for opera. We wanted jazz.

So back to Europe went Martini and his faithful Zenatellos. But not for long. Another year, and he was in America again, making his debut with the Philadelphia Opera Company, another tradition-smashing performance, since the conductor was forced by the applause to violate the "No Encore" rule of the company in favor of the new tenor.

The path was golden from that time on for Nina Martini. Concert followed concert. Radio contracts poured in upon him. Then, in January, 1934, came his debut in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan.

LILY PONS sang *Gilda* to his *Duke*—two prize-winning flowers from the Zenatello garden. Gladys Swarthout was in the cast, too, "the prettiest *Maddelena* the opera has ever known." But again it was the new tenor who drew the twenty-minute ovation from the audience.

The applause had hardly died out when Nino was deluged with offers of contracts to return to Hollywood. He was about to close at one of these fabulous figures, when he heard that Lasky, his first American employer, wanted him—needed him, in fact—to bolster his position as an associate producer on the Fox lot. Nino swept aside all other offers, signed with Lasky, even though it meant less money, made "Here's to Romance"—and now he and his old friend Jesse are both sitting pretty as important cogs in the Pickford-Lasky combine.

Coming as it does on the heels of Grace Moore's similarly delayed triumph, and in step with the revived interest in Lawrence Tibbett, the emergence of Paul Robeson and Lily Pons, and the recrudescence of Schumann-Heink, the eventual triumph of Nino Martini as a screen attraction takes on an added meaning.

Movie tastes *have* changed, and movie trends. What was good enough for the talkie audiences of 1928 and 1929 is not good enough in 1936. What was *too* good then is what they want today.

Perhaps it is too early to judge Nino's abilities as a screen actor, for in his first picture he was obviously playing himself. Even the romantic interest of the rich woman of the screen story was a fictional version of an experience of Nino's with a well known super-feminine opera singer, who became romantically attached to him in Europe, and offered to take him to America and "put him over." Nino's reply, as in the picture, was:

"I am not a gigolo!"

But whether the newest Hollywood sensation has outstanding histrionic ability or not, he seems sure to win and hold a place of his own upon the screen.

As to his personal future, meaning whether he will marry and whom, he shrugs his shapely shoulders and allows:

"I never know about that!"

He has done all the things that a well-brought-up young man in the movie colony should do. The very first night he landed in Hollywood, he took Mary Brian to dinner. No marriageable young man in Hollywood qualifies until he does that!

Then, Nino veered sharply for a while toward the blonde Astrid Allwyn, tacked skilfully to windward with the brunette Rochelle Hudson, and finished strongly, for publicity purposes at least—they were both in "Here's to Romance"—with the ethereal Anita Louise. And when I saw him in New York, he was still shrugging.



When Martini's new picture is selected it will be as pleasantly beguiling to the ear as "Here's to Romance" in which he appeared with Anita Louise

Puccini and the other boys, they had all the good musical ideas first!

"Then, I have my friends—though I don't go to parties much. I must work. Besides," he added with a knowing smile, "I have a favorite proverb, 'By going with wolves, you learn to howl!'"

I was beginning to see that I had done this young man an injustice in trying to compare him with someone else. Nino Martini isn't a second anybody. He's an individual. His casualness is a veneer for a solid underbody of common sense. He may be temperamental about his music. But he isn't temperamental about himself. He likes to laugh, and can laugh at himself.

"I do not need a large place," he continued. "I have no kitchen. I do not need that, either. I eat all my meals with the Zenatellos."

"Spaghetti?"

He laughed again that clear, tuneful laugh.

"How did you guess? You must know the Zenatellos!"

"No, tell me about them."

It was a great story, and it took us back to Verona, the Italian city where Shakespeare's gentlemen came from, and where the young gentleman in front of me had come from, too.

Nino now looks upon as a second mother, took him up. They also took him into the operatic coaching school which they had established at their beautiful villa outside Verona, where Lily Pons was a fellow pupil.

THREE years later, in Milan, Nino Martini made his operatic debut as the *Duke* in "Rigoletto," and followed with a tradition-smashing performance of Bellini's "I Puritani," which he sang in the key in which it was written, the first time this feat had been accomplished in nearly a hundred years.

Nino's success in "I Puritani" brought him concert offers from London, Paris, Ostend. The Zenatellos went with him as friends and coaches. They are with him yet. It is a charming story of artistic devotion. And what spaghetti feasts they have! And what song-feasts! And what fun!

"My Nino loves to play," Maria Gay said. "Fun is still in him."

It was in Paris that Martini met Lasky. But not at a concert. At a party. "I sang opera for him," laughed Nino, "until two o'clock in the morning."

Lasky tried to make movie fans accept Martini. He put him in several of the then popular musical shorts. Nino tried hard, too. He

A typical performance in the Martini repertoire if we are to believe his foster mother, Maria Gay Zenatello.

"My Nino, he is a very good boy," explained the lady who used to sing "Carmen" with Caruso, "only every day he fall in love with another girl, and each time he think it is the grand passion.

"Once it was a German girl"—this was presumably Edna Elhart, who was widely pictured bidding Nino an affectionate farewell at the Italian pier—"and I was so glad because Nino, he has a fine repertoire in Italian, French, Spanish and English, but I have trouble with him learning the German. She, I thought, would teach him."

"Did it work?"

"No. In two months, the German girl, she speak perfect Italian!"

Yes, Nino is "a very good boy" with the ladies; and, so far as I can find out, he always has been. There was a young girl back in Verona. He picked her up in a movie theatre when the light went on and showed him how long her lashes were. All he can remember about her now is that her name was Assunta, that they sauntered along fragrant paths, and that she gave him "chills and heat."

I should say, however, from observing Nino, that it is extremely unlikely that he will be influenced in his choice of a wife either by chills or heat. He has very Old-World ideas about acquiring a wife who will keep his house, and be interested in what he is interested in, and will get her clothes and her position and her money from him rather than by earning them herself.

IT is too bad to cast a cloud over the matrimonial horizons of all those palpitating Hollywood sirens, but I very much fear that Nino Martini, the It man of opera and the singing screen, is not for them. He confided to me that his pet hate was excessive art work on feminine faces. And, ladies of the Hollywood jury, what can you do with a man like that?

My own idea of Nino Martini, romantically speaking, is that the chances of his going back to some long-lashed Italian Assunta, who can also cook spaghetti, are more than middling good.

The Hollywood ascendancy of true artists like Nino Martini is bound to put really good music on its motion picture feet!

Adela Rogers St. Johns

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The Private Life of Fred Astaire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

film, "Dancing Lady." Some of the people connected with that production are still busy explaining to their bosses why they let the Dancing Romeo get away from them. On the second trip he had more of a chance. In "Flying Down to Rio," although subordinated in the exhibitors' ballyhoo to the star, Dolores Del Rio, and to his future co-star, Ginger Rogers, he refused to stay submerged.

Again the Gable parallel is inescapable. After being turned down by every studio in Hollywood, Clark finally landed the small part of the laundryman, whose job it was to call for and deliver Connie Bennett's undies in "The Easiest Way." After the picture was out and Gable had been forgotten by everybody con-

Bubbles of Buck and Bubbles, that as for him, he was merely an actor who used his feet as an added attraction. Convinced that the Astaire "peddle-pumpers"—that's his own name for them—were all that counted, the studio insured Fred's feet for a million dollars. The typewriter boys followed up with reams about the man with the million-dollar legs.

But the movie public, the court of last resort, was not to be fooled. They gave full credit to Fred's incredible feet, his unbelievable legs. They revelled in the Carioca and the Continental and the Piccolino. But it soon became evident that it was "the funny little guy" himself that they had taken to their heart, not his feet or his legs. It was not Fred

"So does Chaplin," his friends assured him.

It didn't do any good. He kept right on worrying. He is a great worrier, anyhow. Another thing that bothered him was the recording of the dance steps. He had seen some mighty blurry dancing on the screen, especially in the pre-talkie days, when the camera shot only sixty feet of film to the minute; now they shoot ninety; he wanted to be sure that the extra thirty feet would be enough to cope with his speed.

Once assured on these points—that his "funny" looks might be an asset, and that the camera could take all he gave it—Fred Astaire went ahead with the quiet confidence in the ultimate outcome which has characterized everything he has tackled during his long career in show business. He counted on his dancing—yes. But he counted more on "the good egg" and the "beatitude."

The fact that the beatitude weighed in a little more heavily than usual may have surprised Fred, but I don't think it should have; for the fact that he emerges from his screen experience a more romantic figure than he was on the stage is not due to the change in the medium. It isn't due to any change in him. It is due to a change in partners.

IN the first place, Adele was his sister. That doesn't make for romance. And in the second place, Adele was not—professionally speaking—a romantic figure. She was an imp. Pretty, of course, with her midnight hair and her mid-day smile, and a comedienne from the rose of a birthmark on her right arm to the freckle on the palm of her left hand. But she was at her best in grotesqueries like "Louisa," and in kid numbers like "Hoops." You remember:

*"We write naughty words upon the fence,
Honi soit qui mal y pense."*

But Adele could never have done the "Cheek to Cheek" dance in "Top Hat"—at least she couldn't have given to it what Ginger Rogers gave to it.

Ginger, for all her fun-loving, has dignity. Adele Astaire never had any, and never wanted any. Ginger's stature—she looks like a tall girl when she dances with Astaire—helps her with this quality. It's hard to be dignified when you don't come much further up on your partner's tummy than Shirley Temple does on Jimmy Dunn's. This difference in size between the two girls changes the entire pattern, the silhouette design, of the Astaire dancing, subordinates the grotesque, exalts the beautiful, creates that atmosphere of symmetry and grace in which romance is born.

I don't know whether Fred Astaire counted on all this. He may have. He knows a lot. Anyway, his increased romantic appeal has not gone to his head. For the answer to the question of how he has taken his cinema success is: "He has taken it in his stride." He has had success before, and money. He has had both for a long time. Why should he get excited because he has more of the same thing? Don't worry, Fred Astaire still has his head in his hat.

He still likes to laugh, and invariably chooses for his friends the fellows with the big, jolly laughs.

He still puts those metal patches on his dancing shoes himself, and on the slightest provocation will perform the same service for his friends.



This fireplace where they had spent happy hours was all that remained of Charlie and Virginia Farrell's house at Malibu Beach after the last destructive forest fire swept down the canyons to the ocean front colony

nected with it, letters began to trickle in, then stream in, then flood in: "Who's the laundryman?" "Give us more of the laundryman!" etc., etc.

Well, the miracle had happened again, only this time the burden of the fan-song was: "Who's the funny little guy with the big ears that stole the show?"

That was the beginning. The publicity department sprang into action. The world was duly informed that the humorous small gentleman with the large conchas was the greatest dancer in the world, the second Nijinsky, the

"Greatest dancer in the world! Second Nijinsky! That's ridiculous," cried Astaire "I'm an actor!"

The boys did their best to keep a straight face. After all, they were paid to be nice to the hired help. But as soon as they could make a getaway, they ran out on the Boulevard and laughed themselves sick.

"An actor? This hoofer! That *was* good!"

So they went back to their typewriters and their Nijinskys. In vain did Fred insist that his idea of a swell dancer was Bill Robinson or

Astaire the dancer, it wasn't even Fred Astaire the actor, that had conquered the movie world. It was Fred Astaire.

But you know all about that. Why shouldn't you? You did it. What you may like to know is whether Fred expected it before it happened, and how he's taken it since.

WELL, Fred Astaire, as actors go, is a pretty modest guy. He knows he's no beauty. No man could live with a looking glass as many hours a day as he does, what with his rehearsing and his making-up, without realizing that. But he's no fool the other way, either. He's been around. He knows he has something, or he wouldn't have gotten up so far, or stayed up so long. He has watched the men out front jog their pals, and whisper, "He's a good egg!" He has seen the women "betoken beatitude." He knows he has it.

The only question in his mind was: "Will the camera get it?" On that point he was damned scared. He had always hated having his picture taken, and now he was up against earning his living by it.

"I look so funny in pictures," he used to say.

He can't remember telephone numbers any better than he used to, and even when he looks them up in the book, he still gets them wrong.

He is still fascinated by prisons, and often attends the police line-up at headquarters.

He has added hunting to his roster of sports, but for everyday sports diet he still follows the horses.

He still plays the piano, the accordion—don't we know it?—and the clarinet, and will yodel on the slightest provocation.

He still eats noodle soup!

What more would you have?

His dreams of the future?

Well, he says he wants to retire early the way Adele has, and spend his days hunting and playing golf and going to the races. Maybe; but my guess is that a man who has been as active as Fred Astaire has will not suddenly in his late thirties degenerate into a playboy or rusticate into a country squire. Fred has many talents.

If he ceases to act and dance, he will compose or write.

A good deal of fun has been poked at Fred's song-writing, especially by Fred. He says "Tapping the Time" is the most successful song he ever wrote: "It sold four copies. I bought three myself." As a matter of fact, he has written some very good popular music. "Blue Without You" and "Not My Girl" were both a cut above the regular radio diet. Every chance he gets, at home and between scenes, he is tearing at a piano trying to coax out a still better one. He may succeed. He has that habit.

And, whether he knows it or not, he can write.

A MAN who can write like Fred writes, in a light or a serious mood, doesn't need to worry about his future. He carries it about with him in his head and heart.

And speaking of hearts, I haven't told you about Fred's romance.

Here's the story!

She was Phyllis Baker of Boston who married Eliphalet Nott Potter, 3rd.

In 1932, however, she got a divorce.

Fred Astaire wooed and won her just prior to the start of his movie career. In fact they were married one July afternoon by Justice Selah B. Strong of the Supreme Court.

That night they left for the Coast.

And now, here they are (the Astaire family), firmly settled in our midst!

Would you like to know "How to Be Chic on a Small Income"? Then by all means read the interesting answer to this question given by the very smart Elsa Schiaparelli, the world's most famous originator of fashion.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

1926 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Wishing You The Season's Greetings

The Most of Every Moment

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

most beautiful house I have ever been in, because it serves the true purpose of a house—it makes you glad to be alive. It sings with color, color unplanned, with the unerring instinct of the true artist. From the Modigliani on a wall to the huge portfolios of Diego Rivera sketches, to the Swedish fireplace, the immense hand-carved table they have hauled around the world, the brilliant oils of their own and the museum-pieces of Chinese and Swedish porcelains, the broad couches and the Mexican dishes on the table, this house is a soul-stirring experience.

The Olands make the most of every moment. Luncheon in their house is an Event, beautifully planned—a gourmet's dream. And you sit at the table until five o'clock in the afternoon to hear the best conversation extant. They have fragrant minds, these two.

ONE hears of their recent trip to Mexico and the visit with the Diego Riveras. Before they departed, if you had asked whom they would rather know in all the world, I am sure they would have answered "Diego Rivera!" in one voice. It happened this way.

The Olands were staying in a splendid old monastery at Saint Angel, now an inn. They went often to a delightful bookshop owned by an interesting Spaniard.

Diego Rivera lived near in his modern-Aztec house—"charming from our windows. We admired it each day, never daring to hope we would meet the great painter," Edith tells, with that brilliant enthusiasm, so much a part of her.

One morning the Spaniard ran up to them

exclaiming, "You are the translators of Strindberg! Why did you not tell me that?" And so they were elected. Then he remarked: "Diego is coming in half an hour. Will you stay and talk with him?" *Would* they!

Edith describes Rivera—"He is a great big simple lovely man."

Their Mazatlan island fringes fifteen miles of virgin ocean. "Nice little hacienda," Warner remarked the first time they went to see it. "*Hacienda muchos!*" corrected the native who was piloting the boat. (There is an estuary there where Cortez kept his ships.)

The native paddled and paddled, they went on and on, and Edith would ask, "Is this *still* our property?" in an awed voice. "Si, señora," obliged the native.

When they go to Europe, they drive to New York because Shags, the pup, doesn't care for trains! The only thing she didn't attend with them in Paris was the Grand Prix. But she accompanied them to the market place at six A.M. and had her pot of onion soup. Recently, Shags presented them with eight children. But she didn't worry half as much about it as her owners did. The housing problem was serious, so Edith finally turned the beach house next door, which she bought for a studio, into a palatial dwelling for the pups.

In Paris, the Olands avoid the smart places and stay in rooms on the left bank. Then Edith drives them around, the Eiffel Tower first, to touch base, as it were, and get her bearings. They are very apt to wind up anywhere—sometimes on a painting spree they get so far away from their *pension*, they have

to stay the night. Sometimes they drive way into the wine country, sampling the Spring wines. . . . I should say the Olands would be the grandest persons you could possibly imagine to be with in Europe. They are never on display, and only a few good friends ever know they are there.

Edith is a little bit of a thing with a girl's figure, who is always poised for flight. She is ageless, one of those immortals who will be forever thirty in appearance and activity. Edith is the sort of person who arouses you to a peak of enthusiasm which does not leave you for days. You want to go out and do all the available art galleries right away, and compose a symphony or write a magnificent book or even learn to cook better than any one else . . . I think she is the most inspiring woman alive, and the most self-less. She is interested in everything that happens—and I will wager Warner Oland has never had a dull moment since he has known her!

The reason they married, Edith says, is because "we've loved fine things and liked each other."

He was playing in "Peer Gynt" in Boston, she was producing and acting in some one-act plays. She was recently home from Paris where she had studied and "starved for artistic opulence"! A friend asked if she would like to meet the new Scandinavian actor.

He had on a straw hat with a red band and he was carrying a white poodle—he looked exactly like something out of a French print . . . A very gay and worldly blade, indeed.

So—I give you the Olands, two rare and civilized souls. And completely unique in Hollywood.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot

IF perchance you missed or didn't get enough of the G-man thrillers, here's a carry-over that is swift and electric, and still avoids spilling too much blood. Donald Cook is the government agent who sets a trap for the big shot "numbers" racketeer. By the time the pay-off arrives he's in a pretty desperate mess. However, Evalyn Knapp's romantic appeal and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll enjoy it.

THE MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN—Warners

THE picture should have been called "The Murder of a Good Mystery Novel." Thriller addicts may find it satisfactory but hospitals and M. D.'s the country over are due for some temperature raising over the terrific technical faux pas. Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance; the rest of the cast mug and creep around in a tiresome way.

RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M

ALTHOUGH vacillating between broad farce and serious melodrama, this entertaining and exciting story of spies and the

U. S. Intelligence Service develops a smash new light comedy team—Bill Powell and Rosalind Russell. He is the ace de-coder who busts up the enemy spy ring and she is his feather-brained sweetheart. With a faithful 1917 setting, the rendezvous in question is the meeting place of U. S. troopships and their destroyer convoy.

STARS OVER BROADWAY—Warners

A CATCHY array of new tunes blended with snatches of opera supplies the chief attraction of this familiar Broadway success story. Pat O'Brien sacrifices the operatic promise of discovery James Melton's voice for quick crooning money and lives to regret it. Frank Fay, Jean Muir and Frank McHugh help carry the story and radio songstress. Jane Froman is lovely to look at in her screen debut.

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia

WHEN a warden's daughter falls in love with the prison gardener and aids in his escape there's bound to be excitement. But despite the "iron bars do not a prison make" theme Floyd Nolan, Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows do their best to keep a poorly constructed picture within the

bounds of amusement. Peggy Conklin highlights the picture with her acting and vital personality. Watch for her in future pictures.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON—Reliance

A GOOD cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and a newcomer, George Houston, doesn't save this story from becoming dull and tiresome. Ann Prescott, an American girl studying music in Milan at the outbreak of the World War, has an affair with an Italian officer and opera singer. He's killed, their child is taken from her. She finds him when he's grown, the adopted son of wealthy parents, starts him on his own musical career.

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount

STARK YOUNG'S tender yet tragic story of a war-ruined Southern family makes a heroic and moving picture, without the moth-eaten Civil War dramatics. Margaret Sullivan gives her usual strong performance as the plantation daughter who faces war desolation with courage. Randolph Scott is believable as her "rebel" romance and Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher faithfully convey the spirit of sixty-one. Beautifully presented with historic color.

Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

first met him he had been a chorus boy writing those dreadful skits on the side. She had lifted him out of that. She had given him bit parts in the New York shows of which she had been, in that long-ago time, the young and effective star. Of course, she had done it for herself, because she wanted him to be with her. But it had been a chance for him and he hadn't come through.

He had gone on being a bit material up to the time when her Broadway luck broke and they had to come to Hollywood. She had never held it against him, by word or look, that he hadn't been able to help her when she had that run of poor shows and was finally without a show; that not only had he been unable to take care of her, through having no job of his own, but that he had talked of their taking a year off for him to write a play. A year, when she wasn't too young any more at that very minute, and when Geoff knew nothing of writing beyond those old, out-moded vaudeville one-actors!

SHE had never reminded him that the money he was proposing to use for that year's gamble, the little they had been able to save, was hers. She hadn't needed to. He had seen, almost at once, that they must use the money to go to Hollywood. He hadn't said any more about the play, which, if he had really cared about it, could certainly have been written in those evenings when he had left her alone. No, he just didn't go on with things; but he would never hear her say so. She smiled at him encouragingly and said:

"No, you can't say you've tried and failed, Geoff. Why don't you give it another chance?"

He was looking down at the pink script. "Because I let myself—be diverted," he said evenly.

He looked up at her and grinned. "And so," he said, "I'm left to my career as a polo player."

She had to break down and laugh. "You are so charmingly shameless," she said.

The telephone-extension buzzed from a recess in the book-lined walls. Jane reached in and took it off the hook. "Allo," she said, imitating the voice of Cecile, her French maid. She was proud of her accent.

"Hello," said a soft, unformed feminine voice. There was a little pause.

"Allo!" Jane snapped again. It was singular; for no reason she had begun to tremble. She hated a voice like that. "Allo, allo!" she said and the woman at the other end of the wire spoke again. "Is—is Mr. Greenwood there?" said the sweet, mushy tones.

Jane lost her accent. "Yes, he is," she said, and put down the phone and looked at Geoff. She felt queer, in a trivial, jittery way, as if someone had hit her crazy-bone. This was one thing that had not happened before. "For you," she said.

Geoff had reached her before she spoke and taken the phone from her hands, saying "Hello" in an icy tone she had never heard him use. She turned and went out down the hall, but not soon enough to avoid hearing that icy voice say: "I thought I told you never to call me here."

She found herself staring at the crimson brocade on the hall chairs, picking out minute particles of dust. She must think about plain



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things, like remembering to tell Evans to use the vacuum more often on the brocades. If she cried she'd get circles under her eyes that no amount of make-up could hide in front of the camera tomorrow.

But the tears were running down her cheeks; she darted into the tiny Colonial dressing-room for women party guests at the head of the hall by the great front door and had it out among the Godey prints of more graceful times than these.

Why did it hurt like this, after all these years since that day on Hollywood Boulevard when it was brought home to her for the first time that Geoff was three years younger than she and she wasn't exciting to him any more? She had accepted that. She had closed her eyes to what he might have found when he was away from her. And whatever he had found, he had never wanted to leave her; not at that low tide in her fortune, when she was dependent on his occasional juvenile salary, nor now, when he cheerfully allowed her to pay the bills.

THEY had friendship and laughs and they were not lonely together; they were loyal to the picture of their marriage before the world and chivalrous to each other when alone. That was more than most people had. She must always remember that was more than most people had. But she couldn't stop crying.

Jane Herndon's fan public would never have believed the number of years that it had been since anyone kissed Jane as she was kissed by shadow-lovers on the screen.

The thought of the screen revived her, but not until she had cried so long that she had no more strength for tears. There was a make-up set on the dressing-table and she painted herself back to courage, perking up a little as her perfect camera-face swung into outline. It was heart-shaped with wide-spaced grey eyes and a short nose, slightly thickened at its base by an unexpectedly jolly tip which could be made thin and tragic by the right amount of shadowing on the screen. Her skin, escaping the fate of many actresses' complexion, had never become coarsened by grease-paint; it was soft and white and finegrained, almost luminous in the neat frame of her light brown hair. She resolutely dwelt on all these points, and all the rhapsodies that had been made about them, and it did help a little. And when she finally stood before the oval mahogany mirror and surveyed the tucked-in corners of her face she took a melancholy pleasure in thinking that she looked wistful and ethereal and gallant, which reminded her, with more melancholy pleasure, that Vergil, today, had said that she looked like a prim gardenia. A prim gardenia that never unfurled its petals.

The air in the music-room was thick with accomplishment when she went back. She sat between Tony and Andy and listened to Vergil's playing with appreciative murmurs, while savagely, below, the voice that she had forced to govern herself for so long pleaded with her once more:

"Enjoy this, you rat. Make the most of the fact that songs get written in your salon and you have a Mental Life and a Social Success. Accept your synthetic existence, and be thankful that there are so many phony substitutes for living—because they're all you're ever going to get!"

They wanted her to sing. She had a little ghostly voice that hit the middle of the note and she rendered "Plaisir d'Amour" while Vergil played an eighteenth-century accompaniment that bowed and scraped and minuetted among the stringed-instrument chairs.

*"The pleasure of love lasts only a moment—
The grief of love lasts all of life." . . .*

"But that one moment," Tony whispered in her ear, "is worth all the punishment it gets—"

"I suppose," she said.

"You should be certain," he said. "I could make you certain—"

"Hey, what are you doing over there?" said Andy from her other side. "You beating my time with this dame?"

"There is no time of yours to beat," said Tony. "Are you never going to leave us alone?"

"You are an echo of me," said Andy, "that speaks out of turn."

In sudden dismay she tried to rise; Tony



The comely Pauline Frederick's numerous admirers will be charmed to hear of her return to the screen in "Buckaneer" a 20th Century-Fox Production

pulled her down on one side while Andy held fast to the other. Vergil sang "Birds in their little nests agree," and played a tweeting accompaniment, which did not help.

"Tony! Andy!" she gasped. "Let me go—"

"Janie, I've got your love-scenes," said Geoff from the door.

He came into the room, smiling at them all with a vague politeness, as if he was doing his best to recall the occasion upon which he'd met them. "Been doing some work on Janie's script," he said. "Care to hear it?"

He read the scenes he had written. They were good. Even Tony and Andy, who would have liked to denounce something, had to admit that Geoff had done a neat job.

"Better than *we* could have done," said Tony, glaring at Andy.

"If we'd had to work together," said Andy.

Hollywood said you had to hand it to Jane's young man. You could certainly see what she saw in him, that had made her stick for so long. But, of course, Hollywood added, it couldn't last. Some day the pretty picture post-card would have to fall apart, since things that were only pretty always broke. Hollywood, which spends so much of its time making prettiness and watching it break, knew that; and so, it said, this couldn't last; and Hollywood was right.

For it was two months after that when Jane met Jimmy Grey.

There were a few more days to go on "Four Ways to Friday" before work on the new Herndon picture, "Never Believe Me" was scheduled to begin. Jane and Geoff were in the projection-room looking at the rushes of the scenes that had been shot that day when Reuben Goldmark bounced in with the news that Dick Beverley had broken his arm and they had no leading man for "Never Believe Me."

"We got nothing, Jane," he wailed; "absolutely nothing, what with everybody in production on this lot but a couple of lousy juveniles and every other company saying their good men are tied up too, the lousy liars!"

"Good men are always tied up," said Jane.

"Will you two please hold it," said Geoff, "until the end of this take?"

Geoff sat between Jane and Arch Hammer, the fattest director in pictures, who was watching the screen in an ominous silence. Jane and Arch had quarrelled over the scene that was being shown, one of the love-scenes Geoff had written, and Jane had finally compromised by doing it her way. She was anxious to get Geoff's reaction to it and so she kept still as he requested until the last closeup marched into camera's mouth and the lights flashed on. Reuben was dancing with impatience.

"WE got no time for your face any more today, Jane," he said, "what with only twenty-four hours to get a new leading-man that may have to be born yet. I've told them to put on a test here of a New York actor named James Grey who says he didn't want to leave Broadway, so if you like him we got trouble anyway and if you don't we got exactly nothing and twenty-four hours—"

"Not so much hurry as that," said Geoff. "There'll have to be a retake of that scene we just ran, won't there, Arch?"

Arch Hammer looked as resigned as it was possible for an apple dumpling with two black currants stuck in at random for eyes to look. Geoff said, "I told you not to play Jane so fast in there."

"I couldn't stop her," said Arch.

"You never said a word," said Jane.

"That's what you told me at the time," said Arch.

"I'll come on the set for a retake," said Geoff.

"If you don't," said Arch, "there won't be any."

"All I ask is for you to come, Geoff," said Jane.

"Sure," said Geoff. "I'll be there."

Arch grunted and fixed a retake time with Geoff, who got up. He had an appointment, he said, if Janie didn't mind his not staying to look over the new leading man.

"Darling," said Jane, "that's the only thing I don't need your help about."

Everyone laughed politely and Reuben smiled kindly at the young man, wishing that all stars had husbands who were expert liaison officers.

"Some of these days, my boy," he said, "we'll be giving you a contract to direct a picture maybe."

"Now Reuben," said Geoff, "that would be foolish. When you know I'm no good with anyone but Jane, and you can get that from me for nothing!"

He exited neatly, leaving Reuben so discomfited that the blustering act with which he changed the subject was quite pallid, little more than a routine job of rage at where that test was and why they were being kept waiting.

"All the same," said Jane, as the room obediently darkened, "I think you ought to give him an assistant-director contract for my pictures. He's worth it to you."

"All right, all right!" said Reuben; "we'll talk about that afterwards. Now will you think about this New York feller, Jane?"

It was the last time Jane ever needed to be told that.

She was tired, and leaned her head on the back of the great leather armchair. At the end of a long day on the set it was not exactly a pick-up to see that she had done a bad scene and face a retake, to say nothing of this leading-man trouble. She closed her eyes as the screen thickened with the usual boring test preliminary; a flash of a youth standing in front of the camera holding out a slate upon which there were chalked the number of the test, the name of the director making it, and the name of the actor under fire. James Grey. She opened her eyes, and Jimmy Grey was smiling at her from the center of the screen.

SHE was sitting on the edge of the great leather chair when the lights went up.

"Well, Jane," said Reuben, "what you think?"

She started, then turned to Reuben and laughed breathlessly. "Where has he been," she said, "all my life?"

It was not until Jimmy Grey was on a west-bound plane that Reuben had time to remember his promise about Geoff. He was having a nervous breakdown, as he always did after closing a contract, particularly when it was with one of those New York hams who talked about the Hollywood traffic in souls while holding out for the highest price. You wouldn't have had to see Jimmy Grey's screen test, Reuben thought bitterly as he lay on his nervous-breakdown couch, to know that the feller was a good actor. You would have known it just from the show he had put on about not wanting to leave Broadway, which he had played so well as to fool even Reuben into giving him twice as much as any stage actor without picture box-office value had a right to expect.

But what were rights in this game? Reuben thought, bitterly again, and so remembered Geoff. In his weakened condition he felt almost as sorry for Geoff as he did for himself. Here was another unfortunate who was being preyed upon as he, Reuben, had been preyed upon. He had not been able to shake off that guilty feeling about Geoff ever since the day of his chic gesture. He sent for Jane who came stepping lightly into his cathedral-like office, an expert advertisement of herself in white, as usual, looking younger and more hopeful than usual, he noted from where he lay weakly on his couch.

"Hello, Jane," he said. "How do you like my new lounging-suit? It is the latest thing to be sick in down at Palm Springs, but I am sick here, so it will have to do."

"I suppose it will," said Jane.

His suit was grey flannel with blue lapels and

a blue monogram on the breast-pocket, quiet, dignified and rich. There was absolutely nothing for Jane to be laughing at. Reuben closed his eyes sufferingly against the dazzle of the Herndon teeth which he had had straightened at Superart expense when Jane first broke into pictures, and look at her gratitude now.

"I suppose," he said, "you are so cheerful because you have guessed that I have remembered my promise about Geoff like I always do, whenever it is possible, anyway. I'm awful sick today, but what with 'Don't Believe Me' starting tomorrow we better fix up the contract now so he can feel he's a real assistant director from start to finish, just a one-picture contract, you understand."

"Oh," said Jane. He opened his eyes. She



Binnie Barnes' husband, Samuel Josephs, undoubtedly finds in her the perfect paragon, as he came all the way from London to see her during the filming of "Rendezvous"

didn't look cheerful any more. "Oh," she said again, rather sluggishly. "And, anyway, Reuben," she said, "that picture's called 'Never Believe Me.' You always get it wrong!"

PROVES it's a poor title," snapped Reuben; "we'll have to change it." He pushed a button on the interoffice phone that stood by his couch like an altar in front of a god, and barked: "Hey! Change the title of 'Always Believe Me,' will you? Put two writers to work on it and get something I can remember!" He looked at Jane again. She was still looking funny. He began to feel pitiful and misunderstood. "Now listen, Jane," he said, "if you're going to hang back on money after I'm doing you this as a friendly favor—"

"It isn't that," she said. "It's—well—if Geoff was a real assistant director he'd—he'd

be on the set every day, wouldn't he? And I don't know—his being on the set so much when I'm not used to it, see what I mean?"

"No," said Reuben. He had forgotten that he was sick. He looked at Jane with unblinking beady eyes and said quietly: "No. Do you want me to see what you mean?"

"I mean, let's let it go for one more picture, shall we? To give me time to get used to the idea—just for this picture—"

"Oh," said Reuben. "Oh, all right."

He did not feel like talking to her any more and so he lay there and she sat for a while before she got up and went to the door. Then he said, "The plane gets in tomorrow."

"What plane?" she said.

"Oh, all right," said Reuben. "Will you tell one of those loafers outside to bring me some bicarbonate of soda?"

They met on the set one minute before they rehearsed their first love-scene. Arch Hammer said, "Here he is, Jane," which constituted their formal introduction. Jimmy Grey stalked around Arch's pudding body, which had settled between them, took her hand and did not speak right off.

"Miss Herndon," he said after that. "You—you're so much smaller than I thought you'd be."

"You," she said, "are just as I thought you'd be."

He was tall and he had red hair that had filmed black ("but I like it red better," she thought); he was lean and sleek and had long lines in his cheeks for dimples and amber, animal eyes that narrowed to slits when he smiled; he was about thirty-two years old; ("older than Geoff," she thought) and he was looking at her as she knew she was looking at him.

NOW get this," Arch was bellowing; "you two've just found out you're going to be separated forever, see? So you go into a slow clinch—"

Their hands fell away from each other. She took a back step.

"Oh—Arch—" she said. "Let's not begin with that scene now. Let's—let's try another first. I mean—I mean, let's not begin with that scene now—let's begin with something else, see?"

"Yes. Good idea," said Jimmy Grey, looking away from her at Arch. "She means—let's begin with something else, see, Mr. Hammer? With—with some other scene to start with, instead of this, see what I mean?"

His face was flushing up to the roots of that red hair. Arch stared at him and Jane, and his jaw dropped two chins down. "But we're all set for this," he sagged. "We got to shoot it this afternoon—"

"We can shoot what leads up to it, can't we?" said Jane. "The scene that leads into the—the clinch. That takes the same set, doesn't it? We can do that, can't we?"

"Why—I d'know—" Arch groped. "That throws everything off, and Mr. Grey hasn't had time to learn it besides—"

"I can learn it while you're talking about it," said Jimmy Grey, and she saw Arch believing that he could. Jimmy Grey was like that. "Let's get going," he said. They did.

At the end of the day he waited outside her dressing room bungalow.

"I just wanted to see you," he said, "without your screen makeup."

"Well, now you've seen me," she said.

"Yes, now I've seen you," he said.

They waited. It was growing dark on the company street.

"When can I see you some more," he said—"outside the studio, I mean?"

"You must dine with us," she said. "You must meet my—my husband."

"Oh," he said. "Oh yes, you have a husband?"

There was a pause through which there came the stoic guggle of the fountain on the Superart lawn. Then Jimmy Grey said:

"All right. I'll come and meet him. When?"

That night Geoff said, "How is he?"

"How is who?"

"The new man, of course. What's matter, Janie; got a headache?"

"A little one. Oh, he'll be all right, I guess. Sort of conceited."

"I'll drop around tomorrow and look him over. Gosh, Janie, you do look tired. Get Cecile to put you to bed and I'll read to you."

"Oh, I'm all right. But I'd rather you wouldn't come on the set just yet, Geoff. His first days, you know, and anyway, I've invited him here to meet you."

"All right, fine, Janie. I just had nothing particular to do tomorrow and I sort of like to be around the set—"

"I wish you would have something particular to do, Geoff. I wish you would do something—something big and exciting and quick—"

THERE'S only room for one of those in a family, Janie. And I'm glad it's you. I live on you so much more charmingly than you would ever live on me!"

"Don't joke, Geoff. Let's not just always joke—"

"Janie, why are you crying? Here—take my handkerchief. Buck up—do you want to be a wreck for that sort of conceited man tomorrow?"

"Don't leave me, Geoff. Don't leave me—even if I ask you to—"

"Of course I won't. You've got a fatal fascination for me, Janie. Because you need me so much—and you don't even know it. Now I'm going to get Cecile and read you to sleep, and if you let one more peep out of you I'll sock you on the jaw!"

Jimmy Grey came to dine three nights later. For background Jane had invited Tony and Andy and Vergil; a girl who played the cello; a great artist who lived in Carmel and made the two-hundred-mile trip down especially for Jane's parties; a comedian world-famous in the pie-throwing days who had gone artistic and collected modern masters, and a girl novelist with angel face and serpent tongue. Geoff sat at the foot of the table and smiled vaguely. He did not look at Jimmy Grey, whom Jane had placed between the girl cellist and Billy Beston, the comedian.

Jane, too, did not look at Jimmy after the first meeting of their eyes. She hadn't been near him outside the set. They were still shooting around that scene where he must, eventually, take her in his arms. Tonight Jane somehow felt was a defense against the ultimate resolution of that day. She had telephoned her invitations with a strange rigid feeling of calling out troupes, until all her carefully contrived little life with its importance and variety and glow could be drawn up in battle array about her on this evening.

The Carmel artist was on her right; they chattered paradingly about their knowledge of music and art and the work of their famous friends and everyone else was highbrow too except Geoff, who listened to the girl novelist tell the theme of her latest book. Jane was quite proud of all the flossy babel until she stole a glance down the table and saw that Jimmy Grey sat like stout Cortez with his

eagle eyes, staring at lots of Mexicans with wild surmise. Billy Beston following her look said, rather haughtily, for Billy did not expect to find Hollywood actors who were less than stars at a Jane Herndon evening!

"You look bored, Mr. Grey; perhaps you are not familiar with the works of Picasso?"

"I don't want to be," said Jimmy Grey. "As far as I come in, Picasso is just a moocher who made the headlines by painting lopsided potatoes."

A shocked heave wavered up and down Jane's beautiful Italian filet tablecloth. Billy's pop-eyes, so mirthmaking on the screen, were horrendous with outraged majesty. Film royalty cannot be tweaked about its newly-acquired culture. Billy looked as if he was going to start throwing pies any minute. Geoff strolled into the breach.

"Just as long as Picasso made the headlines," he told Jimmy, "no matter how



There's trouble ahead for any young Lochinvar who meets dangerously exotic Kathleen Burke in "The Last Outpost," a vivid story of the Far East

moochingly, why, he qualified for Hollywood. You forget, Grey, you're in Headline Country now. You'll like it when you mooch into the headlines too; they all do."

"That's what they call Going Hollywood, isn't it?" said Grey. "Something seems to happen to people out here." He looked at Geoff and said, "I think it's the sun. Always shining, beating down on people's heads until their brains go soft."

AT last Geoff looked at Jimmy. Vainly Jane flailed her mind; she could think of nothing to break up that calm, icy meeting of eyes. The others around the table were as silent as she, for people who live by portraying emotions are quick as bloodhounds on the scent of that reality of which their daily labors are the counterfeit. Everyone was still while Geoff met and turned aside the

edge of Jimmy Grey's regard with a bland, amiable stare.

Jane rose. "This is getting pretty grim," she said; "let's have some music."

Vergil played his symphony and everyone listened uncomfortably on the stringed-instrument chairs. Then the girl with the cello embarked on a longish sonata. Jane stood, for this, in one of the French windows that opened on the terrace, and as the sonata progressed she stepped farther out on the terrace to shut off the sight of the others inside. She wanted to listen to the music and snatch a little peace, a little armor for outrageous circumstance.

She leaned against a marble pillar and closed her eyes and opened them to sharp discovery, as she had done in the projection-room for Jimmy's test. He stood there looking at her from the middle of her own camera. In the exact center of her universe.

Behind him there rippled some turgid cello cascades, and Jimmy jerked his head negligently toward the aspiring sound.

"You're not going to have time for any of this bunk from now on," he said.

"Bunk?" she said. "What do you mean! I—I'm interested in music—and all those things—"

"Sure. I can see why you took it all up," he said. "But you're not going to need to be interested in all those things any more."

THE marble pillar felt cold and she moved away from it. She said, "You must be crazy. As if you knew me well enough—"

"I know you," he said. "I know you better than that nice, mild guy in there has ever known you. I know everything about you, and I'm not going to touch you until you ask for it, which would be right now tonight if we were here alone."

She turned and walked away from him. Beyond the French window her knees gave way, and she sank down upon a barren little loveseat. The cello sonata must have ended soon after that, for Geoff came over to her.

"Janie, you're tired," he said. "Shall I send them home?"

She did not know what she answered. Jimmy Grey came in from the terrace, walking softly like a red panther, his ears flattened close to his head. She saw him speak to Geoff for a second before Geoff amiably moved everyone along to the door and went out after them to speed the parting guests. She thought that was the end of the evening for the two men; she had no room for other considerations beyond herself, transfixed, at the heart of her own hurricane. She rose and stood in the window of the terrace.

Outside the moon was bright and futile, sharply counting every pebble on the Herndon drive where Geoff and Jimmy Grey stood by Jimmy's roadster with the bitter rustle of palm trees about them and silence between. Jimmy spoke first.

"I just wanted you to know," she heard Jimmy say, "that I am irrevocably in love with your wife, and I'm going to do everything I can to take her away from you."

It was a month later, when "Never Believe Me" was finished that Jane told Geoff that she was going to Reno for a divorce!

Six weeks after that she was married to Jimmy Grey in the Los Angeles registrar's office.

How Jane Herndon's marriage to Jimmy affects her career, and the unexpected drama that grew up around her and the two men is told in the concluding installment in next month's PHOTOPLAY

The Story Behind the Stanwyck-Fay Break-Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

By the time she got to Broadway from Flatbush, she knew all the answers, she saw life as a battle against rotten odds, she could take care of herself and anybody who didn't think she could would soon find out. People who remember her on the Strand Roof, and later at the Everglades and the Club Anatole, say she didn't laugh much, she had that vivid, sultry look, a hard, young stare, she was dangerous and defiant and ready for life's tricks. She meant to get to the top if she could—but she regarded life as an enemy, not as a friend.

A Broadway night club gal. And as primitive, in her wise way, as any girl could be.

Her unusual looks, her hard, sultry little personality, took her into the Follies. Okay. Now she was a Follies girl. Wary and careful. Maybe a little bitter. Then one night Willard Mack saw her, saw the fascinating vitality, the vivid emotion, under that night club shell of hers and grabbed her for the heroine of his great success, "The Noose."

I saw her, as most people did, in "Burl-
esque."

I'LL never forget her. It was one of those rare stage performances—like Helen Hayes in "Coquette" and Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square"—that you can shut your eyes and SEE. I can still hear her say, "It's gotta be that way with me because I've loved only one man—and I've got a hunch I'm never going to feel any other love." She said it as though she meant it—and maybe she did—because she said it later in real life. But when she said it on the stage I looked at my program to see who this girl was, this girl with the tawny hair and the husky voice and the dynamo of emotion vibrating through her hardness.

Barbara Stanwyck. The little girl from Brooklyn had become a success on Broadway.

There hadn't been any love affairs. Ruby Stevens was too wise. She knew Broadway. She knew men. She wasn't having any. She was waiting for the One Man to come along, but up until that happened she didn't even play around. Besides, she was pretty busy becoming Barbara Stanwyck.

Then she met Frank Fay.

Broadway's Favorite Son. That's the way they used to bill him over the Palace, when he headlined, over the musical shows in which he starred.

A good many people agree with me about Frank Fay's genius. He is personality plus. No one can read a comedy line better. When it comes to handling a show, keeping it moving, keeping the audience eager, he's in a class by himself. His patter—impromptu or otherwise—sparkles and glistens. Tall, hard, red-headed, good-looking—and when Barbara met him, on top of the world, her world, Broadway's Favorite Son.

A very great motion picture director in Hollywood gave me the key to Frank's Hollywood failure. A director whose pictures are tops because of his human understanding.

"Frank Fay is a genius," he said, "and he can dominate any audience. He can do what he likes with them—in person. But he does it by superiority. By being bigger and smarter

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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. P-1, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

and faster than his audience. He's fresh and superior. That's great in the theater or a night club. But for some reason it just won't work in pictures. Picture audiences resent it."

When they were married in St. Louis in 1928, Frank Fay was tops. Tops in vaudeville. In musical shows. In night clubs. At banquets. He'd been headlined almost since at the age of four his vaudeville parents shoved him onto the stage as a teddy bear in "Babes in Toyland." He was a BIG SHOT.

Two unsuccessful marriages—they didn't last long—were behind him. He didn't really want another very badly. He was doing all right. Like all men of his kind he loved his work and centered his thinking upon himself. When Barbara Stanwyck began to come into the night club where he was starring every night after her performance, he wasn't too pleased. He was crazy about her, but he didn't want to get stuck. In the end, of course, he did.

BROADWAY'S favorite son. He laughed at life where Barbara fought it. He looked down on people, where Barbara was afraid of them. He accepted success and all that went with it as a divine right of a guy like Frank Fay, where Barbara trembled daily that it might be snatched from her. And she looked up and worshipped and Frank Fay, who believed as most men do—only Frank happens to be honest about it and most men aren't—that that is the proper procedure, accepted it and they were both happy. He dominated her, he was the central figure around whom their existence revolved, and she—being that kind of a woman, as again most women are if they'd admit it—adored it and him. He was handsome, successful, vitally masculine—and she was lucky to have won him.

You must remember that Barbara Stanwyck wasn't on top then by any means. She had scored one big hit, but one big hit on Broadway in one part doesn't make a star. Most people outside New York had never heard of her. Even in "Burlesque" poor Hal Skelly had made a bigger hit than she had. And even in New York twenty people had heard of Frank Fay to one who had heard of Barbara Stanwyck.

It was like that when the Hollywood chapter began. When Mr. and Mrs. Fay went west to seek their fortunes. Personally and professionally Frank Fay was the head man. He was the star and she was a one-hit possibility. He wouldn't let her use make-up off the stage because he said he didn't want people to say she was a fine actress but never took off her make-up. He wouldn't allow her to smoke—except a couple of puffs when she lit a cigarette for him.

The betting around New York was 10 to 1 on Fay as a coming movie star. But it wasn't very hot on Barbara. She didn't have what was then regarded as "screen beauty." She was a type actress. Not much experience. Just another kid trying to make good.

Hollywood took a hand.

And within a year it had turned the world upside down for these two who loved each other and they were looking at each other in such new and strange proportions that it was almost as though, literally, they were standing on their heads.

Barbara Stanwyck had scored one of those mad over-night sensations in a picture called "Ladies of Leisure." Her name was soon flaunted in electric lights and on 24-sheets. Studios fought for her services, there were contract battles over her, her salary climbed

like an altimeter on an altitude flight. Interviewers clustered about her, fan mail poured in, the fantastic business of being a motion picture star had begun.

In almost exact ratio to her success was Frank Fay's failure.

The King—that had been his nickname in vaudeville days, that was the name by which Barbara called him—had been dethroned with startling rapidity.

Nothing quite so ghastly could have happened to their love.

Barbara knew it. If she could have gone back, back from fame and money and success, she would have gone. There isn't any question that she would have given up everything right then and there, and gone back to Broadway and Broadway's attitude toward its favorite son. She loved Frank Fay better than she loved anything else in the world, she wanted his happiness more than she wanted anything.

But it was too late. The wheel had rolled and she had to wait for the numbers to come up.

For Frank Fay, who had never known failure, couldn't believe it, he had guts, he wouldn't give up.

Then she made the inevitable mistake of a loving woman, a woman governed utterly by

Behind the palm of his hand, one of Hollywood's most noted directors said to his assistant:

"She's one in a million!"

Others held the same opinion. She's the youngest, freshest, the most promising of all Hollywood's young actresses. Her name—Olivia de Havilland. It's a wonderful story of a dream come true.

In February
PHOTOPLAY
Out January 10th

her emotions, following the beat of her heart without once turning to reason. She wanted to comfort him, to protect him, to help him. She wanted to give him everything she had to make him happy. Her love flamed high in the winds of disaster.

Nothing quite so awful could have been conceived for Frank Fay. It was bad enough to fail, but to have her looking on was agony. It was bad enough to know himself that he wasn't clicking, without having every look and every word of hers tell him how well she knew it. He wanted to salute her success, as an equal, but she was afraid it would hurt him and so she tried to hide it from him, and that made him feel an inferior. Her soul was torn with pity for him and she showed it—but Frank Fay didn't want pity from the woman he loved, he wanted what he had always had, admiration and respect.

As things went worse and worse for him—rumor has it that Warner Brothers paid him \$70,000 to cancel his contract, and while \$70,000 is a lot of money it didn't heal the wound of that cancellation—her martyr complex grew. She talked only of him. She made a parade of her loyalty, she scolded people who didn't appreciate Frank. She'd give up her career—and once did stop in the middle of a

picture to go away with him. Throw away thousands of movie dollars to do a show with him—the ill-fated "Tattle Tales." Put up money for him to make a picture on his own. He didn't force her to do these things. She begged and pleaded to do them.

WITH her bleeding hands she was trying to restore the balance of power that Hollywood had destroyed.

And everything she did—honest, loving, loyal as she was—everything she did made it more terrible for Frank Fay in his own eyes and the eyes of the world. Beneath his love for her he must have been growing to hate her. Every sacrifice she made was a crown of thorns, every time he had to take help from her it added to his humiliation, every time she martyred herself for his happiness he burned up.

And he probably did what most men in that spot do. He was brutal with her, he dominated her as a woman more and more because that was the only domination he had left, and she, the martyr complex flaming, kissed his hand and wept over him.

Don't you see what it did to the fresh guy from New York, the King of Vaudeville, the Favorite Son of Broadway?

It took from him his confidence, his self-respect, his breezy, fascinating ego. He turned bitter. He resented the situation, he didn't understand it. So that even when he got back to Broadway, he'd lost something, some quality of kidding superiority that audiences had adored.

He had become Barbara Stanwyck's husband—not in the eyes of the public, he didn't give a damn about that, he could lick them, not in his own eyes, he knew better, but in her eyes.

If in the beginning she hadn't pitied him, hadn't worried about him, hadn't offered to make sacrifices—I think he'd have beaten the rap. If he'd been alone he might have weathered it by sheer force of genius and personality and refusal to admit failure. But Barbara's tears, her fears, never let him forget it. She hated it—and that hatred lashed him with reminders and with ever-present consciousness.

They broke several times. But always he went back, because he loved her and she loved him. They tried again. She would have given up her career—but he wouldn't have that. He'd climb up to her, she shouldn't climb down to him. And of all the men I've ever known, humiliation must have been the hardest for the cocky, laughing, dominant Frank Fay.

There couldn't be but one end.

She had to go on. He made her.

AND he had to get away, on his own, and try to become his own man once more, to separate himself from Barbara Stanwyck and her martyrdom and her sacrifices and her loyalty—and her love. Make good again on his own. See if he had left that genius which had been torn and smothered in the upheaval of their marriage.

So Barbara, who loves him, is alone with her fame—alone in Hollywood.

And Frank Fay, who loves her, is in New York—waiting for the time when he may be himself again.

If he succeeds, and he should, I think he'll go back to Hollywood—after Barbara. And then we'll lose her. Because, when he's on top again, he'll be able to say to her, "Tell those guys in Hollywood 'nuts', and come on back to Broadway, I'll help you get a job, honey."

The Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO

Bandleader *Ozzie Nelson* and *Harriet Hilliard*, new screen discovery, teamed up at Hackensack, New Jersey. Dashed off to Hollywood.

Geneva Mitchell and *Harry J. Bryant*, financier, were Yumated in the Arizona Gretna Green.

Blanche Sweet took *Raymond Hackett* for better or worse. Both had tried marriage before.

Alice Moore, daughter of *Alice Joyce* and *Tom Moore*, became *Mrs. Felix Knight* at Yuma. Bride hurried home to a first film contract.

Alden Chase and *Claire Jeffers*, Santa Monica non-professional, disclosed their hymeneal secret.

Julia Faye, former *C. B. DeMille* actress protegee, promised to inspire *Walter Anthony Merrill*, writer, for ever and ever. Honey-mooned in Mexico.

Ann Ronell, who wrote "The Big Bad Wolf," and *Lester Cowan*, film production associate, took vows at sea.

Anita Thompson and *John Quillan*, brother of *Eddie Quillan*, became one in a Beverly Hills ceremony.

ADVANCE BOOKINGS

Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, and *Dorothy Patricia Wesley*, share a promise to pair.

Jane Wyatt donned the sparkler given her by *Edgar Ward*, New York socialite, to culminate a romance begun at the Roosevelt mansion in Hyde Park.

Muriel Evans and *Marshall Worcester*, broker, admitted it was almost any day now.

FUTURE GENERATION

Alan Dinehart and wife *Mozelle Brittone* have installed a bassinet for mid-winter occupancy.

THE SONG IS ENDED

For *Lona Andre* and *Edward Norris*, new actor discovery. He said he made \$300 a week. She found it was only \$45.

The frequently rumored, frequently denied separation of *Clark Gable* and his wife has finally been announced.

SEE MY LAWYER

Grace Moore sued by *Frank Orsatti* for \$98,500. Alleged damage for unfulfillment of agency contract.

Ann Harding finally won custody of her daughter *Jane* after protracted legal spar with former husband, *Harry Bannister*.

Freddie Bartholomew made legal ward of his aunt, *Mylicent Bartholomew*, after telling the judge that boys who tell lies "probably go to hell."

Ken Maynard drilled effectively a \$50,000 suit against him by C. C. Burr claiming breach of contract.

Busby Berkeley, facing felony charges and two other civil suits, found a new one slapped on when his third man died after tragic automobile smash.

QUIET, PLEASE

Buster Keaton bogged down with a critical nervous breakdown. Slowly improving.

Adolphe Menjou and wife *Verree Teasdale* caught double trouble in the form of internal upsets. Both checked in hospital same week.

Jack LaRue's finger tried to keep a slammed car door open. Badly mashed digit lost Jack a prize part in *Eddie Cantor's* "Shoot the Chutes."

Bob Crosby, brother of *Bing*, took down with light pneumonia. *Bing* threatened to pinch hit for him on the air.

Bill Robinson slipped from a log in a water scene, conked his noggin into dreamland. Rescued from a watery grave by assistants and *John Boles*, who cut his hand in the same fracas.

Betty Holt, pretty little sister of *David Holt*, infected her ear with a pin scratch. Operation.

MAN'S ESTATE

Jackie Coogan turned twenty-one and came into a fortune well over one million. *Betty Grable* helped him celebrate.

HELP, POLICE!

Dolores Del Rio nicked for \$4,000 worth of sapphire rings by a burglar at fashionable Palm Springs.

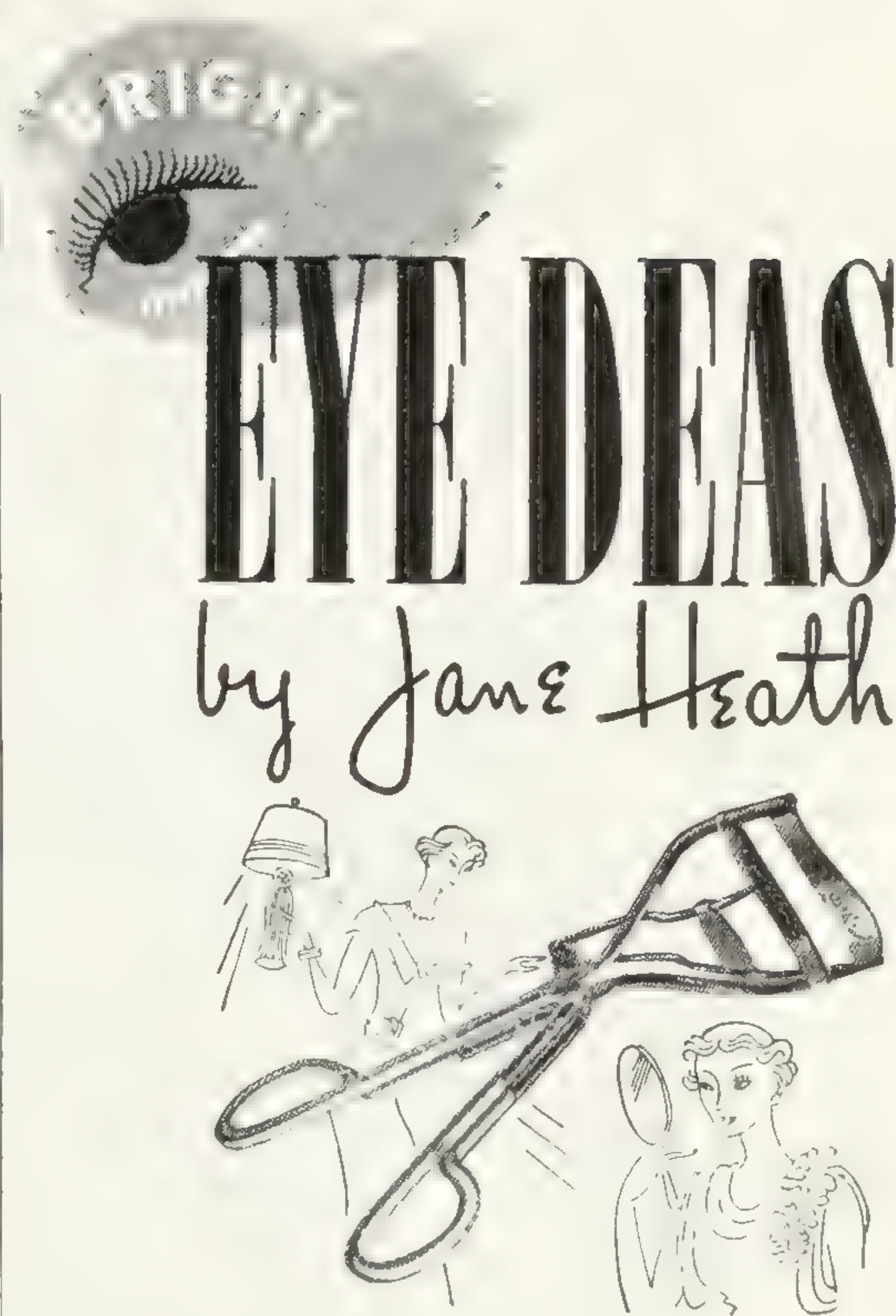
FAREWELL

To *Sam Hardy*, colorful, beloved trouper of a million friends, after acute intestinal siege suffered on the set.

To *Mrs. Sarah Hecht*, mother of playwright and scenarist-producer, *Ben Hecht*, after an automobile accident.

To *Gordon Westcott*, who died as a result of injuries, suffered when his polo pony threw him.

With pardonable pride, PHOTOPLAY wishes to announce that Miss Kathleen Howard, nationally known style specialist, has assumed the fashion editorship of PHOTOPLAY. Watch for Miss Howard's fashions, beginning in the February issue, out January 10th.



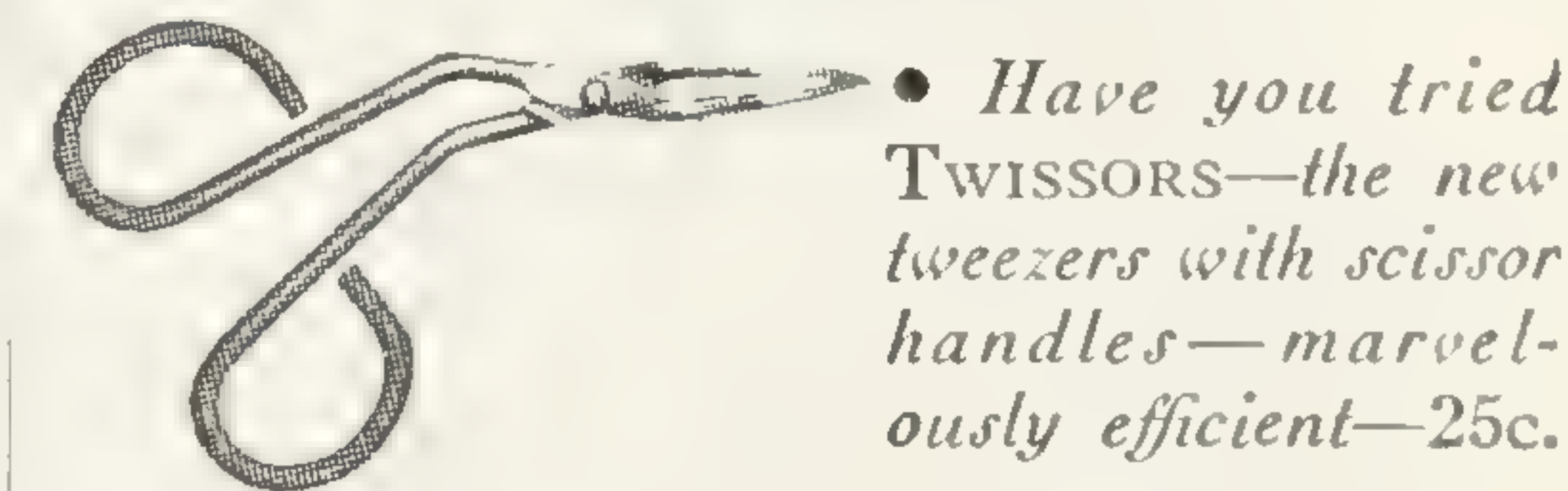
Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHALETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, \$1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLENE on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLENE is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and \$1.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. P-1.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

TALK about picture cycles—what about the Sullavan cycles?

Margaret Sullavan bought husband Willy Wyler a motorcycle and for herself a bike with balloon tires. Every morning she rides it about four miles to work—clear from the Chateau Elysee to Universal studios.

But lately the autograph hunters have been laying for her and the other day she was late to work. Seems they surrounded her, and finally to escape Maggie had to ride cross country through some sticker patches. Her tires blew out.

IT took Marlene Dietrich a long time to get started but now that she's under way she's going to have only eight days' vacation in between her pictures. Reason—Marlene wants to go back to Europe and make a couple of pictures—possibly in England.

The hurry-up order took Lewis Milestone away as the director of her second picture, minus von Sternberg, Milly was busy on re-takes of "Anything Goes," so the head man who will determine Marlene's second step on her new career is still in the balance. She and Frank Borzage got along famously in "Desire." They're practically pals. Marlene was human for a change with everyone while she made "Desire."

ALL ye slaving housewives lend ears. Old Cal believes there is sweet solace in this little item. It's about Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, those two people who insist on being terribly happy though married.

Once a week, of an evening, Ann and Leslie dismiss the servants, and Ann whips up a dinner. Then she dips her lily white hands in the suds to wash the dishes and Leslie dries them. The nice part of it all is that they have a swell time, in fact, Ann says, it's the big evening of the week.



Norma Shearer's new curls are a clear case of gilding the lily, but they are very becoming. She is listening to Leslie Howard at the gay party given by Marion Davies at the preview of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"



Looking like a young page boy, the always chic Lily Damita and her new husband, Errol Flynn, having fun with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Alexander

WHEN Janet Gaynor was loaned by her new boss, Darryl Zanuck, to M-G-M to make "Small Town Girl" with Bob Montgomery, it marked something of a milestone in her career.

Never before has Janet made a picture away from her home lot. Never would Winfield Sheehan consider lending her abroad.

But the new Twentieth-Century-Fox set-up so far has evidenced little interest in Janet. It may be the turning point in her career.

BOB MONTGOMERY is all in favor of European, especially Italian, speed laws.

There they not only let you go as fast as you want, but in Italy they actually encourage you to see how fast you can make it.

They checked Bob out in his Bentley on a run to Milan. He did it averaging 70 miles per hour. The cops were the first to congratulate Bob. What a country!

THE lion bite which kept Charles Bickford out of "The Littlest Rebel" has made him fret and fume.

Charlie didn't mind losing the money he would have made or the part so much. But what burned him up was that it kept him from fulfilling one of his secret ambitions. He wanted to play with Shirley Temple!

THE strange sight of Myrna Loy, freckles popping out in the heat, leading a bucket brigade to save the Malibu strand from licking forest flames, will linger long in the memory of Los Angeles fire fighters.

The bad fire last month which threatened to reduce to ashes all the lavish array of houses in Hollywood's famous exclusive beach retreat brought half of Hollywood on the run to protect their properties. At that, only a miraculous change in the wind saved the day.

Charlie Farrell's house and Lionel Atwill's pride and joy went up in smoke, to the crackling tune of thousands of dollars. Yep, sometimes we have real drama in the old town.

IT was certainly a relief to hear that Marlene Dietrich had sent Mae West a cake baked with her lily white hands. The little offering denotes that any possible hangovers of their so-called "feud" are all gone, all gone.

Now the proper thing for Mae to do in return, we suppose, is to trot over to Marlene's dressing room with a diamond.

JACKIE COOGAN became a man the other day. That is, he reached the mature age of 21, and thereby came into control of a whole lot of money, which has been storing up for him a long, long time.

Jackie proclaimed two things.

He's going into the production end of the moving picture business.

He's going to be very, very careful in handling his wealth.

They don't seem to go together, Jackie. Old Cal recalls that enterprising and successful producers have always had to gamble to win in this town of Hollywood.

OF all the Hollywood directors perhaps John Stahl is the hardest taskmaster and gets in more bitter quarrels with his actresses. Maggie Sullavan and Irene Dunne know how tough it is to work with him, although, somehow or other they always come through with knockout performances.

Anyway, the other day someone asked Irene Dunne, who has been making "Magnificent Obsession" with Director Stahl, what she was doing.

"I have just finished," said Miss Dunne, "The Magnificent Stahl."

AN all-time low for costume costs is claimed by Una Merkel for her gaudy but not exactly neat wardrobe in "Riff Raff." The total was \$2.96. Itemized, it runs something like this: dress, \$1.95; ring, \$.10; necklace, \$.14; brooch, \$.10; shoes, \$.57; and cotton hose, \$.10.

"Of course, that's not counting this elegant little number which Norma Shearer donated," Una said, prancing around in a faded peach and lavender cotton wrapper. "I'm quite mad about it, it does so much for my figger."

Incidentally those shabby black patent leather shoes Una wears in one sequence are finally having their day of glory. She's worn them in every picture since "Abraham Lincoln," but because they were so disreputable, it's always been in a scene where feet

didn't show. Now they're the piece de resistance of her wardrobe.

THE prop department was having its troubles to get the school room graduation set-up in "Ah Wilderness" to meet with Director Clarence Brown's exacting requirements.

Brown finally solved their troubles in a simple way. He merely dug down into his mementoes of yesteryear and donated class pictures, pennants and what-nots from his own school days at Knoxville high school some thirty years ago.

Stonily staring at you from the center of one of the class groups is a sober-faced youngster in a high, stiff collar, who is fondly nursing a mandolin.

It's Brown himself.

THE Marx Brothers are trying to sign up Bob Montgomery. No, not to take the place of Zeppo who deserted them for the lucrative agent business. Bob laughed so hard at the preview of their new picture they want him to shill for all of them.

YEARS ago Bill Boyd, to whom C. B. DeMille gave his big break in "The Volga Boatman," is going to have his second big try at big time rôles with DeMille. He'll be the colorful American scout, "Buffalo Bill," in C. B.'s next picture, a saga of the plainsman's adventurous life.

Buffalo Bill had wavy long locks, so Bill is keeping in with the beautician and letting the tresses grow.

IF you believe in signs, the frigidaire is working on Charlie Chaplin and his love light, Paulette Goddard. Even those who have insisted that Charlie and Paulette have been married all these many romantic moons, have noticed that the superb jester is being seen less and less in the company of the charming Paulette.

On the Spot News

Dick Powell won his salary tiff with Warner Bros. Under the new arrangement, Dick will make around \$750,000 during the next three years.

Shirley Temple's salary has been more than doubled by Darryl Zanuck to forestall any other studio signing her when her contract runs out.

Vera Teasdale (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) has retired from pictures until the stork arrives, which is expected early in the spring.

The Clark Gable discord rumors were spiked by Clark's return from South America to his wife and family.

Marlene Dietrich wants Fritz Lang, her sometime night escort, to direct her next film, "Invitation to Happiness."

Connie Bennett has started work on her big shop building on her property near the Trocadero.

The Gary Coopers are in their new Bahama-type house. Gary celebrated the event with a brand new 130-miles-per-hour Deussenberg.

Following his divorce from his European wife, Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos are expected to marry soon.

Constance Collier is bidding M-G-M goodbye. She was signed to take Marie Dressler's place, but didn't.

Fay Wray is holidaying in Hollywood alone.

Her writer-husband, John Monk Saunders, is still in London on a scenario job, but there are no divorce rumors.

Dick Arlen's minor eye operation was successful.

George Raft is going to abandon his high-cut trousers and fancy wardrobe and dress more conservatively.

Jean Harlow's new "brownette" coiffure is permanent.

Fred Astaire's new self-composed song, "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let Down," is to be featured in his next dansation.

Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy are firm friends again and seeing each other since Lee returned.

Rosalind Russell's success with Bill Powell in "Rendezvous" has won her another co-star rôle with him in "Tenth Reunion."

Mamo, the South Sea beauty of "Mutiny on the Bounty," has spurned a film career to study law.

Joan Blondell has taken a house at Toluca Lake across from Dick Powell.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are spiking romance-ends rumors by being seen together again in the night spots.

Jean Harlow's mother has gone into the decorating business; one of her first clients is Bill Powell.

Quickly... correct these figure faults



Perfolastic Not Only Confines...it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills Good. (July)

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and in effective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)



The smiling Richard Arlen launches a convenient new fashion accessory for men, a monogrammed tie clip

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothorn is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Mistaken as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Republic.—A simple story which tells of the banding together of four human derelicts on the night of a heavy London fog and how Charles Farrell brings them love and happiness. Charlotte Henry, Beryl Mercer, Fred Walton. Fair-ish. (Nov.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (Nov.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor, Ann Sothorn starring. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (Dec.)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (Nov.)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the White-oakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indio-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evelyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Reminiscent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (Nov.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery. Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. It will be worth while to see it. (Dec.)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

LOST CITY, THE—Sherman S. Krellberg Production.—If you chuck logic and common sense overboard, you will enjoy this wild story of an engineer and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. Kane Richmond, William Boyd head the cast. (Nov.)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

MAD LOVE—M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as Pa who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

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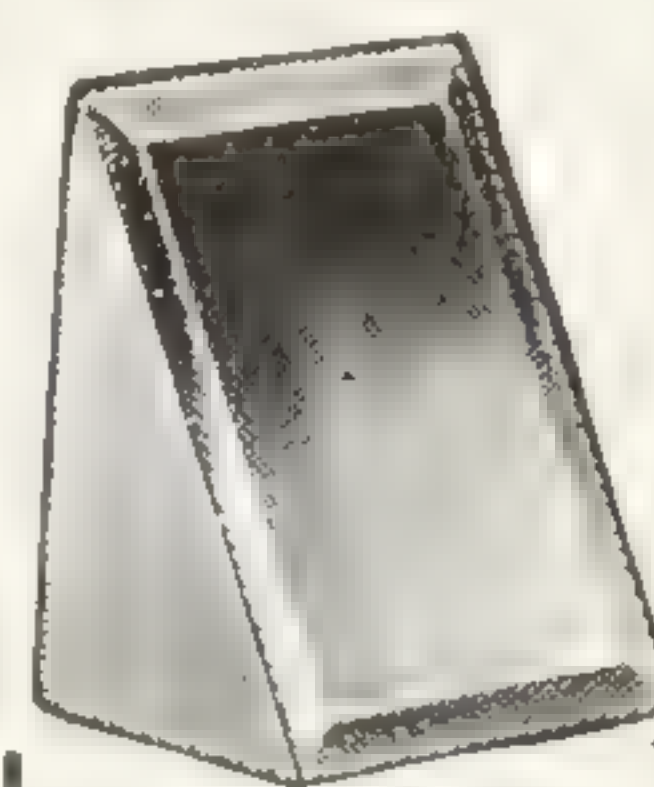
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P 1-36

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MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

MUSIC IS MAGIC—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real trouping in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wisecracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP — B.I.P.-Alliance. — Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY — M-G-M. — The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RAVEN, THE — Universal. — Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation

of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (Sept.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woollcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film début as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia.—A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER** — Warners-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS — Republic. — Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FISTED—Paramount.—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns buttle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

TWO SINNERS—Republic.—Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue (Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino, Armida. (Aug.)

★ **UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE**—Columbia. —Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount.—Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warners. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — Paramount.—Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

★ **WOMAN WANTED** — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

Fame, Fortune and Fatigue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

intensely: "I don't want people to feel sorry for me, or pity me because I'm ill! I don't want people who like me on the screen to think of me as an invalid! I'm not really. I am slender and I look delicate, I know, but I'm not. Before this trouble came on, I could stand more than the average *two* people. In all the time I've been in pictures I've never held up a production because of illness. Mother and I literally tore through Europe, seeing everything, doing anything. There is nothing the matter with me that surgery and a good rest cannot cure. I want my friends to believe that, just as I want them *not* to believe that I have been wasteful and silly with the money I have made, and that I am in a penniless condition now!

"I'M not pretending to be a super-wealthy actress. It is only within the past few years I have been up in the higher salary bracket. But no matter how little, or how much I have made, I have systematically saved one-third of every cent I have earned in pictures since I was fourteen years old!

"I think this story of so-called financial difficulties started when mother and I rented the house to Constance Cummings while we were in Europe. Sally came home from the studio one day and said someone had remarked to her that we must be pretty well pinched to have to rent our home! But this home represents one of the biggest investments I have made with my money; and it certainly seemed foolish to us to leave this large place, in which I have tied up so much cash, empty and idle when I would not be occupying it for six months or longer.

"I've never been a stock-and-bond investor. The only time I ever ventured into the stock market my 'investment' scooted down sixteen points exactly four days after I bought it. Perhaps that was an unusually bad experience, but

it was quite enough for me. Since then I have been a confirmed believer in real estate.

"Right now mother and I own this home, another on Fifth Street, and a new piece of income property in Westwood. There are lovely furnishings in all of them. Many of the lovely pieces in this house are really investments . . . my paintings and antiques. At least, I don't wake up five or six days after the purchase to discover a twenty-per-cent loss in value.

"Also I have consistently saved in insurance. I have been buying insurance for years now, and I have never allowed a single policy to drop. Just before we went away I took out an added \$50,000 endowment policy. My idea of saving, such as insurance and real properties, may not be the most liquid way, but I feel the security of owning substantial, solid values that compensate for the money tied up in them. And that," she said a little breathlessly, "is the truth about my publicized pathetic 'poverty'!"

The nurse was beginning to make restless noises in the background. My carefully allotted twenty minutes with Loretta were drawing to a close. Her little hand gripped mine firmly over the satin spread. It is typical that she would say good-bye with a joke.

"Drop in as often as they will let you, please! It's like *Grand Hotel* here, now. Nothing ever happens!"

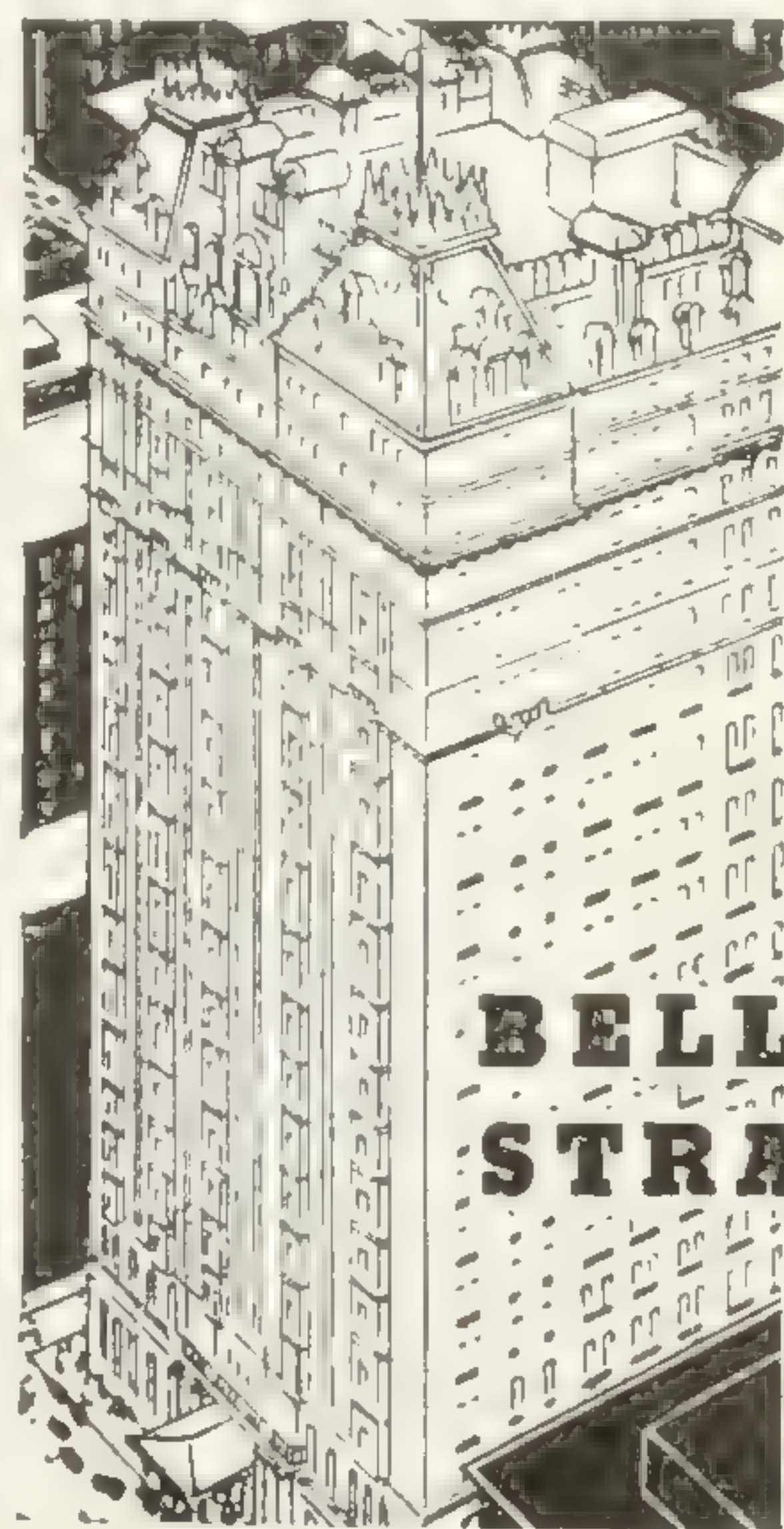
THAT should prove that Loretta Young isn't too sick to laugh, to see the sanest and most amusing side of her latest trouble, just as she has tried to meet all the other setbacks in her life with balance and sanity. And that's the best news we, who are so fond of her, could hear! We know that she is suffering the fatigue which her fame and fortune have cost her—but we know, too, that her spirit is alive and alert and will carry her out of her sick room, again glowing with health.

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Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

"I don't know," Brent said, moodily, "but I'm just about ready to find out."

"Do you think I am safe here?"

"Absolutely, as long as Jim's in the adjoining room. Better forget the conventions and leave the door open. Jim," he grinned, "is harmless."

"I have to be at the studio, ready to start work, at eight o'clock in the morning," she told him.

"Can't you ditch it?"

"No," Brent told him. "How about the bell boy?"

"Okay. Only I slipped him a twenty. Merla Smith offered him ten. He figured we'd double the ante."

"You sure he didn't collect her ten and our twenty?"

"I don't think so."

Brent let his eyes lock with those of the actress. "Come on," he said, "what do those names mean to you?"

to look things over."

Brent, in his office, checked over the reports of his men. Ruth Gelder had been located in an apartment on Beachwood Drive.

Anyone who called on her would be shadowed. Any time she left the apartment she would be tailed. Peters had telephoned that he would be in within half an hour. That call had been received twenty-five minutes before.

Brent looked at his watch, lit a cigarette and settled back in his chair. The door opened and Bill Peters' dead pan stared, expressionless, at him.

Dick knew the significance of that utter impassivity of expression.

"Spill it," he said.

Peters stuttered so that it was a second or two before he could control his voice.

"The d-d-d-district attorney is on our t-t-t-trail," he said. "He's got a h-h-hunch we were in C-C-C-Copeland's office."

Brent said, "Cheer up, Bill, this time tomorrow night you'll either have solved a double murder, or you'll be in jail, charged with anything from accessory on down to burglary and resisting an officer."

"**H**E'S g-g-g-got something on us, or th-th-thinks he h-h-has. But I think I f-f-fooled him on one thing."

Brent's eyes became hard. "One of your tricks, Bill?" he asked.

Peters said reproachfully, "Not a t-t-trick. J-j-just some ins-s-surance."

"What sort of insurance?" Dick asked, his voice hard.

"You noticed in the p-p-p-paper they mentioned they found a b-b-b-bottle and two g-g-g-glasses in C-C-C-Copeland's office?"

"Yes. I don't remember seeing them there."

"I p-p-p-put them there. There were f-f-f-fingerprints on one of the g-g-g-glasses. I p-p-p-picked it up in the C-C-C-Colonial B-B-Bar."

"Whose fingerprints?" Brent demanded truculently. "Dammit, Bill, I've told you to keep your crooked tricks out of my cases. This is going to wind you up. Whose fingerprints were on that glass?"

"S-S-S-Sonia's."

"Sonia who?"

"S-S-S-Sonia Chadburg, the d-d-d-district attorney's d-d-d-daughter."

Brent's face flushed with rage. "Do you know what you've done?" he demanded. "You've got us in so deep now we'll *never* get out. You can't make a thing like that stick. Of all the damn fool things!"

"B-B-But," Peters pointed out, "she knew Dr. C-C-Copeland. He had some s-s-sort of a h-h-h-hold on her. District Attorney Chadburg thinks he's going to s-s-s-stick us, and when he gets the f-f-facts lined up he'll find they p-p-point to his own d-d-d-daughter."

"Had she been there any time today?"

"You mean y-y-yesterday?"

Brent looked at his watch and said, "Oh, all right, yesterday."

"I d-d-d-don't know."

Brent shrugged his shoulders and suddenly started to laugh. "Well, Pete," he said, "I've heard of people who told lies when the truth would better serve their purpose, but this is the



The familiar "God bless us every one" of Tiny Tim will ring out once again when Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge in Dickens' Christmas Carol is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System network on Christmas Eve

"No. It wouldn't be fair to my director or to the other actors. They're working for a bonus, on a time limit."

Dick frowned, suddenly wheeled to face her. "What does the name Fahey mean to you?" he asked.

She recoiled as though he had slapped her.

"Or," he inquired, his eyes snapping to hard focus on hers, "the name Nixon."

She swayed toward him, white to the lips.

The door opened and Jim Sweet stepped into the room as her ice cold fingers clutched Brent's hand. "Please," she said, "please don't . . ."

"But I have to know."

Sweet looked at them curiously, said, "Am I butting in?"

"Nothing," she said, and forced a laugh.

"You didn't act that way when I mentioned them."

"I'm all unstrung."

"You realize how foolish it would be for you to lie to me?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know anyone named . . ."

SHE interrupted him before he could mention the names.

"Not a soul," she exclaimed vehemently.

"What stage you going to be working on tomorrow?" Brent asked.

"Sound stage four."

"Leave a pass for me at the window in the reception room," he said. "I may be out, just

first time I've ever seen it work out. I'll say one thing for you, you're an imaginative cuss."

Pete said grimly, "The t-t-t-truth ain't going to help us. It's going to raise h-h-h-hell with us."

"Have you been in Alter's office?"

Pete nodded.

"Anything about Gelder, or anything about Fahey?"

Pete shook his head.

"About Nixon?"

"Nixon," Pete said, ceasing to stutter, "was in a private sanitarium. Alter got him out on a writ of habeas corpus. His files don't show what happened after that."

Brent frowned thoughtfully. "That," he said, "is going to be the key to this case as sure as you're standing there, Bill."

Dead-Pan Peters said, "Why not say, as sure as I'm s-s-standing here, half dead for a damn good d-d-d-drink?"

THE double doors were closed on sound stage four. A red light glowed its warning over the door. A low-pitched electric bell whirled monotonously.

Dick Brent waited until the light was extinguished and the bell ceased to sound. A guard opened the door. Dick entered the big structure shaped like an enormous freight car, the barnlike interior strung with wires.

The company was working in the corner farthest removed from the door.

A black cable wound like a snake along the floor, to a glass-enclosed sound-mixing booth, in which a man with a bored expression was reading a paper, waiting for the next take.

The main part of the stage was open toward the cameras, the far side being built into the replica of a hotel bedroom, with bureau, dressing table, walnut bedstead, telephone stand, and baggage rack. A woman's suitcase lay open on the baggage rack, disclosing an assortment of feminine finery. A few jars of cream were on the dressing table.

Back of the cameras were a horde of actors and actresses, some reading newspapers, others talking in low tones. Make-up experts were going over some of the actresses with final touches. Vilma Fenton's personal maid was checking over the brownish, professional make-up which covered her skin.

The director, a fat man, wearing a black shirt and highwater pants, the belt of which seemed to be almost up to his armpits, said, "Let's have Miss Fenton's stand-in, please."

It was hot underneath the glare of those lights, and the star's nerves were saved by having a "stand-in" to take the glare of the lights until the lighting had been properly arranged, the cameras placed in just the right position, and the director ready to shoot.

Vilma Fenton, in pink silk pajamas, over which had been thrown a filmy negligée which glistened like spun glass, looked up, saw Dick Brent, pushed her maid's hand, which was extended toward her hair, impatiently to one side, and came toward the detective, the silk garment fluttering out behind.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked.

He was aware of curious eyes, of ears that were attuned to their conversation.

"I want to ask you something, Vilma," he said in a low voice.

"Important?"

"Yes."

"Will it upset me?"

"It may."

She turned with a gesture toward the stage.

"Dick," she said, "we've been working for an hour and a half on one scene. We're just as far away as we were when we started.

More so, perhaps. Everyone's tense and nervous. We're going to shoot it again in a moment. I'm telling you this because I want you to understand. I simply can't be upset now."

"Vilma," he asked, "are you giving me a run-around?"

Her hands sought his lapels. Her eyes looked up into his. "Please believe me, Dick," she said. And then, as she stood close to him, her face became flushed, her eyes tender.

Dick found himself throbbing with sudden emotion. Looking at her upturned face, her starry eyes, the slightly parted lips, he found himself fighting a sudden impulse to take her in his arms.

She swayed toward him. Her eyes showed surprise, then something very, very tender. It was as though she, too, had been startled at the discovery of a powerful inner emotion.

A sudden disturbing thought chilled Dick's mind. Hadn't he seen this expression on the screen before? Wasn't it the same way she had looked in "Indeed I Do?"

She was holding his eyes with hers.

"Yes, Dick," she said softly, "what is it?"

He fought with himself, his instincts telling him that love, like gold, is where you find it; that it made no difference whether his meeting with this woman had been unconventional; or whether he had known her for only a short time. He realized only that she was a woman, that he was looking deep into her soul, and that what he saw in her eyes was making the blood pump through his arteries. But his mind clamped an icy mold upon his instincts, chilled his emotions as the frosty breath of a north wind from the icy slopes of the mountains chills the orange blossoms. She was an actress! She could assume any facial expression at will! Was she deliberately vamping him to bend him to her will? She had been involved in a murder, and she had thwarted his every effort to secure an explanation.

His mind seemed to thunder that word into his brain as though some loud speaker had been insistently beating upon his consciousness—actress! actress! actress!

WAS she making a fool of him? Was she deliberately offering herself as bait? Was she turning on, for his benefit, expression number 31, or was it—perhaps—expression number 62? At any rate, it was the same expression with which she had looked at Robert Valore in "Indeed I Do." He remembered now that final expression just before the fade-out.

"Miss Fenton. Miss Fenton. Miss Fenton!"

The impatient voice of the director reached their ears. Slowly the radiance faded from her face. She turned to the director.

"Yes?"

His tone was that of one who fights to control his nerves. "If you're quite ready," he said sarcastically.

She gave Dick a quick pressure with her hand, then turned to the stage. Her stand-in stepped out, and the star took her place under the beating, enervating white lights.

"Now, Miss Fenton," the director said, "remember you're in the hotel, running away from Valore. He had followed you and bribed the clerk to put him in the adjoining room. As you're removing the stains of travel from your skin, he whistles that tune which you helped him compose, the tune which was to make him the king of Tin Pan Alley."

"You turn in puzzled perplexity toward the door of the connecting room, wondering if someone else can possibly know that melody."

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heart, and who you think has accepted it only as one more passing favor from a world of women who think nothing of showering their favors at his feet. And then, as you realize that he has followed you, you know that he really must love you. He has unbolted the connecting door on his side. You get up, walk toward the camera, registering surprise and love. You twist the bolt. Valore is standing there on the threshold. He comes toward you and you fall back. Move back until your heels are on the chalk mark. He's reaching for you with outstretched arms. You keep your eyes downcast. That will help you to locate the chalk marks. Then raise your face to his. That will be the final close-up and I want you to register the starry-eyed happiness of a

As in a dream, he saw Vilma Fenton arise, go toward the door, saw her twist the bolt. Then the door opened. Robert Valore, the devastating heart-wrecker of the screen, stood in the doorway, turned upon her that devastating smile, extended his arms.

She touched his arms with her hands, lowered her eyes, backed away for a few steps until her feet rested in a chalked square on the floor. Then she raised her face, turned toward the camera.

The microphone was above their heads. Bright lights blazed. The camera whirled off its footage. Vilma turned so that her eyes stared at the director, who was standing slightly behind and to one side of the camera. Robert Valore's perfect profile, lighted so as

love, I want you to *look* love. Any other actress would have been proud of what you have just accomplished, but it's not up to your standard. For some reason you seem to be acting. Bob Valore's tender voice in your ear means nothing to you. Now, be more conscious of him, thrill to his touch. Don't act as though he were just a prop. We've got to take that scene over again. I am going to try an experiment. Rest hasn't helped any. Go back to your place in front of the dressing table. You won't have a stand-in this time. Just a second and then we'll try it once more."

Silently, Bob Valore turned away and vanished through the connecting door. Vilma Fenton walked back to the dressing table, wearily replaced the screw cap on the jar of cream, and sat perfectly motionless while switches clicked, lights focused their white brilliance upon her, and weary technicians went through the business of measuring distances, dragging up the huge crane which carried the camera, and setting the microphone.

The director said, "Remember to start that phonograph when I raise my right hand. Then bring it on with increased volume, as though a door opened, when I raise my left hand. Shut it off when Valore registers in the frame . . . Ready." Silence, please . . . Turn 'em."

ONCE more a voice said, "Speed." A man dashed in front of the camera, held up a record to be photographed, then stepped to one side. Vilma Fenton unscrewed the top from a cream jar. The director raised his hand. The phonograph record gave forth the muffled whistling of a haunting melody which tugged at the heart strings. Vilma Fenton stiffened into incredulous attention, arose, came slowly toward the door of the connecting room, twisted the bolt, opened it, stared at Robert Valore's impassioned eyes, fell back as he came toward her with hungry arms with hands which seemed to be only half-heartedly doing their duty, until her feet were within the chalk square. She raised her eyes, her lips half parted. She was staring at the director . . . and then suddenly she was not staring at the director . . . Dick Brent, vitally interested in that which was taking place, had slowly, unconsciously moved up until he was standing close behind the director, and suddenly he realized that Vilma Fenton was looking, not at the camera, not at the director, but at him. He saw her eyes grow starry, saw her lips slowly part until it seemed that the very fragrance of her soul lay there on her mouth, like dew on a rosebud, waiting to be captured. He did not realize that he, himself, was meeting her stare, leaning forward, separated from her by some ten or twelve feet, and yet closer to her than was the star who was holding her in his arms, his perfect profile against her cheek, his lips murmuring terms of endearment into her delicate ear.

He heard the director give a sigh of satisfaction and then, after a moment, in a voice that was choked with emotion, he said, "Perfect! My God, perfect!"

Dick Brent felt the tension relax. A voice said, "Save 'em." A switch clicked. The brilliance faded. Robert Valore heaved a sigh of relief, stepped away. Vilma Fenton stood for a moment, still staring at Dick.

In that moment, so loud that it could not have been from any human throat, coming from some mechanical device which seemed to baffle the ear, its volume so increased that the entire stage was filled with sound, a voice said, "Vilma, you have denied me, and now I take my revenge!"



Small Virginia Weidler, featured in "Freckles," happily takes a little time to obey the old English couplet: "At Christmas play, and make good cheer. For Christmas comes but once a year." As a gift-bearer—Santa has no equal

woman who opens her soul to the man she loves. Remember, now, don't look toward him look toward the camera. I want *your* face and *his* profile. Are you ready? Silence."

The great studio became silent.

"Start 'em" the director announced.

A voice said, "Speed!" An assistant camera man held up the slate showing the number of the take.

The director gave a signal. Vilma Fenton, seated in front of the mirror, unscrewed the cap from a cream jar. The director raised his hand. A phonograph played a record of muted whistling, as though coming through the door of the connecting room.

Vilma Fenton froze into immobility. Her face showed dazed incredulity, and Dick Brent, watching her features, realized suddenly how perfectly she was mistress of her emotions, realized it with cold disillusion.

to show it to the best advantage, was close to her cheek.

"My dearest," he said, in a low, throbbing tone, his lips close to her ear, "what do I care about being the king of Tin Pan Alley? Let me be the king of your heart."

Her eyes widened, her lips half parted. Slowly her eyes softened into a dreamy expression.

THE director turned away.

"Lousy!" he said.

A vast sigh went up from the actors and actresses who had been staring in fascinated silence. A tired voice said, "Save 'em."

A bank of lights clicked out.

The director said, "Miss Fenton, that scene would have been a knockout with any other actress, but remember that *you* are the great heart-throb of the nation. When you look

Vilma Fenton screamed.

From the dark, gloomy cat-walk which ran high above the stage, there was the faintest perceptible flicker of motion, then something which glistened like a falling meteor catapulted downward.

DICK BRENT was the only one in all that room who was not frozen into horrified immobility.

He went forward with the charging thrust of a football player carrying the ball in a last mad charge against the enemy's line.

The fat director was in his way and as his shoulder struck the paunchy sides, the big man spun half around, staggered for two steps and fell flat. Dick, racing against that glittering object which hurtled downward, screamed warning.

His fingers touched the silken negligée, his arms circled the pliant waist. He swept the actress from her feet.

Inches above her head was a falling spotlight, a huge affair of black iron, silvered reflector and polished glass.

Evidently it had been centered, with diabolical ingenuity, directly over the chalk square where Vilma Fenton was to stand in her final love scene.

Dick Brent jerked Vilma Fenton's head out of the way, but not in time. The rounded surface of the falling spotlight streaked past her hair, seemed to give her only a light caress, as innocuous as the touch of a summer zephyr on a rose petal. But he felt her grow limp in his arms.

A split fraction of a second later, with a terrific crash, the big spot struck the floor of the stage and exploded into fragments. Broken glass scattered over the stage. The silvered reflector was sprung from its shield. It sliced through the air to hit the stage, where it spun whining, like some drunken top.

Abruptly every light in the place went out.

From the roof came the sound of demoniacal laughter.

It was a mocking sound of insane rage, of gloating triumph.

"Lights!" a voice yelled. "For God's

sake, what's happened to those lights?"

There followed fumbling seconds during which, somewhere back of the stage, a woman was screaming. A technician struggling with equipment, muttered curses under this breath. The director, still stretched on the floor, groaned in flaccid agony.

Once more that laughter sounded from the darkness of the studio, this time in a different position, as though the man had moved along the cat-walk with the sure-footed silence of some nocturnal beast of prey.

A light came into brilliance—another. A voice yelled "Plug in that connection," and then, suddenly, a whole bank of spotlights which had not been used in the taking of the picture, clicked into brilliance. Dick Brent stared down at the face of the unconscious woman, felt for her pulse.

"Dearest," he said, heedless of those who might hear him, "it wasn't acting, was it?"

An authoritative voice said, "Make way, please."

Dick Brent looked up to see two men, one a hatchet-faced individual with gimlet eyes peering out from behind horn rimmed spectacles, the other beefy and bullnecked, pressing forward.

It was the gimlet-eyed individual who spoke, and his voice had a peculiarly unpleasant-rasping sound.

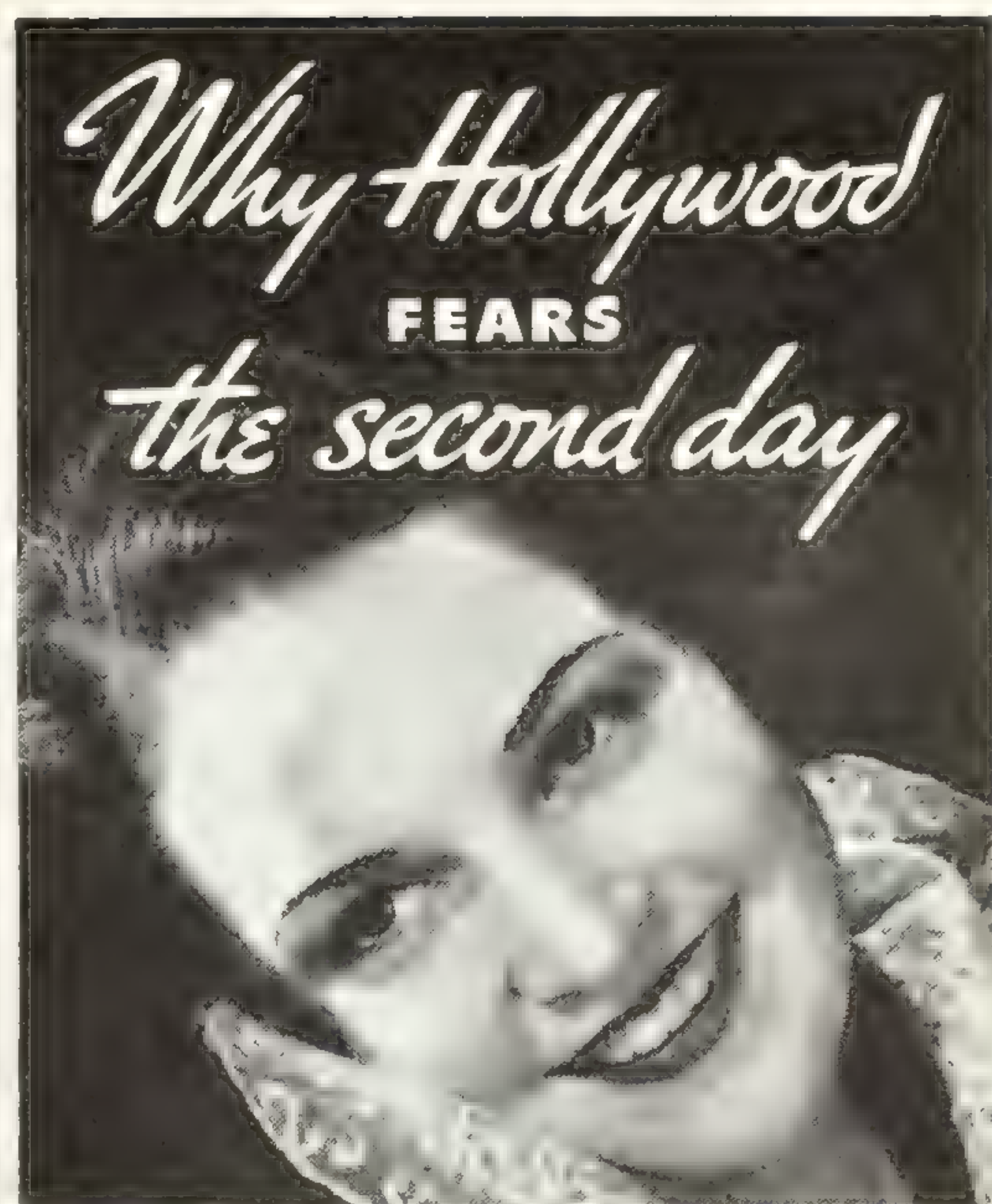
Brent stared at him.

"From the district attorney's office," he said. "The district attorney wants Vilma Fenton to come to his office at once."

SOMEONE said, "On what grounds?" and it was not until a full second later that Dick Brent realized his own voice had mouthed that question.

"To explain what she knows of the murder of Doctor Granville Copeland," said the beefy individual, belligerently.

(Why was Vilma Fenton pursued by the mysterious, mad figure? Will she, too, die? What is the mad man's part in the ghastly mix-up? Read the next installment in February Photoplay.)



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1, 1935.

STATE of New York }
COUNTY of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ruth Waterbury, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Ruth Waterbury, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.; Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, New Jersey.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is...

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) RUTH WATERBURY, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 68, Registered No. 6P35. Commission Expires March 30, 1936. (SEAL)

The Midnight Ride of Bob Montgomery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

headlight nor the squawk of a horn. Nothing to jerk a thumb at.

Montgomery: Do you suppose they could have been warned that I was here?

Garageman: Oh 'ardly sir. Funny, they was comin' by regular before you came.

Montgomery: Somebody told them. Is there a railroad station here?

Garageman: Oh, yes sir, cross the second square, sir.

Montgomery: Arouse Southpoint, my good

Stationmaster: It gathers the milk, sir.

Montgomery: Milk!

Stationmaster (brightly): You could ride in with the milk, sir.

Montgomery: Thanks, but I've got to be in London tonight at ten.

Stationmaster: Then I guess you won't be waitin' for the milk train, sir.

Montgomery: I never cared that much for milk. God save the King!

Stationmaster: God save the King, sir!

Seventh Villager (scornfully): 'Ollwood!

I was discovered (continued Mr. Montgomery) and I realized that I was only bearing out what the good villagers had read before—that Hollywood was seething with dangerous maniacs.

By now, I realized by a glance at my watch, that only a pursuit plane could get me to London in time for my date, but getting there had become an issue. To turn back would be disgrace. Besides, there was nothing I could turn back in. I must forge onwards, if I had to walk. So I put it up to them.

Montgomery: *How can I get to London?*

Villager: Well, sir, there's a chap as 'as a bike.

Montgomery: A bike?

Villager: A motor bike.

Montgomery: A motorcycle? Who has it?

Bike Owner: It's a motorbike I 'ave sir, if I may say so.

Montgomery: You may say so. Get it.

BIKE OWNER: 'Ere it is, sir. Five quid to London.

Montgomery: Five quid it is.

Bike Owner: 'Op on, sir.

Montgomery: Where?

Bike Owner: Back there, sir. On the fender. You'll find it quite safe, sir, and—'ere—this coat'll make it comfy.

And so (explained Mr. Montgomery with a slight wince at the memory) with a final "God save the King" we were off into the night.

I would like in deference to a tender memory to skip as much of that part of Montgomery's Ride as possible. I can only say that there was a slim rail of tin between me and the skimming pavement. At least when Napoleon marched on Paris and Sheridan galloped to Winchester they had saddles to sit on and stirrups to keep their feet off the ground.

All I had was the exhaust pipe which was fine until a strange odor of burning shoe leather immediately preceded an acute case of "hot-foot," as my driver warmed to his business.

For the rest of the trip, if you can conjure up such a delicate picture, think of me balancing adroitly on my spine with my none too short and graceful limbs pointed akimbo into the clammy, chilling fog through which for 70 miles we whizzed at a perilous pace.

I remember my chauffeur, secure in his saddle leering back at me.

"Cold, sir?" he shouted.

"No," I yelled.

Then he saw my feet.

"'Ot, sir?" he howled.

"No," I yelled back with some spirit, "'Ot and cold."

And that (concluded Mr. Montgomery) was how I returned from Portsmouth. I arrived in London at 4:15 A. M. Greenwich Time. I don't remember how long it was before I could either stand up or sit down.

And while I consider the Return from Portsmouth one of the outstanding episodes of the Jubilee year, I feel sure that if anytime in the future a little Montgomery should climb upon my knee and say,

"Father, what did *you* do in the great Jubilee?"

I shall answer, "Did you ever hear of the Return from Portsmouth?"

And when he says "Nope," I shall say with a sigh of relief,

"Then that is just as well, my boy."



What a tragedy if blonde Helen Flint's concern in Eric Linden's earnest love-making in "Ah Wilderness" should drift into wondering where in the world Eric bought that fascinating flowered tie. Women are funny that way

man, while I arouse the stationmaster. Tell the good citizens England expects every man to do his duty. God save the King!

Garageman: God save the King, sir!

Our scene now shifts to the depot. Montgomery pounds on the wicket.

Montgomery: Halloo, halloo, hallooooo!

Stationmaster: W'ot is it?

Montgomery: Got any trains?

Stationmaster: Trains, sir?

Montgomery: Trains, you know. Red trains, pink trains, blue trains. Royal Scots—

Stationmaster: Oh yes, sir, where might you be from, sir?

Montgomery: I might be from Southpoint the rest of my life from the looks of things. But right now I'm on my way to London from Portsmouth.

Stationmaster: Portsmouth? And 'ow was the review, sir? And 'ow was 'Is Majesty? God save the King!

Montgomery: God save Montgomery! How about a train to London?

Stationmaster: Well, there's one at eleven.

Montgomery: When does it get in London?

Stationmaster: Half after five, sir.

Montgomery: What does it do, go backwards?

Upon my return to the geographical center of Southpoint, you can imagine my surprise (continued Mr. Montgomery) to note that my good friend the garageman had taken me at my word. He had aroused Southpoint. In fact, the "Get Montgomery out of Southpoint" movement had spread like prairie fire.

IRATHER suspect that my status with the good villagers approached that of the mysterious and probably sinister stranger. I was a foreigner and I had been to witness the fleet review. Possibly they concluded from that that I was a spy. I recalled that England seldom had lynchings. It comforted me.

Picture me then, as I stalk with seemingly modesty among my public, the object of curious and distrustful eyes.

Garageman: No cars, sir.

Montgomery: What, no cars?

Garageman: And none been by yet.

Villager: Foreigner!

Second Villager: American!

Third Villager: Potty!

Fourth Villager: Balmy!

Fifth Villager: 'E's been 'ere before. Seen 'im somewhere.

Sixth Villager: Movie feller, that's wot 'e is.

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Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas

Phillip Barker
Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll

Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Paul Kelly
Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Helen Mack
Ray Mayer
Raymond Middleton
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Sutton
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
John Wood
Robert Woolsey

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn

Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
Frances Langford
Sylvia Sydney

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Joan Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyles Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Marx Brothers
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owens
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Harvey Stephen
Henry Stephenson
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King

Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

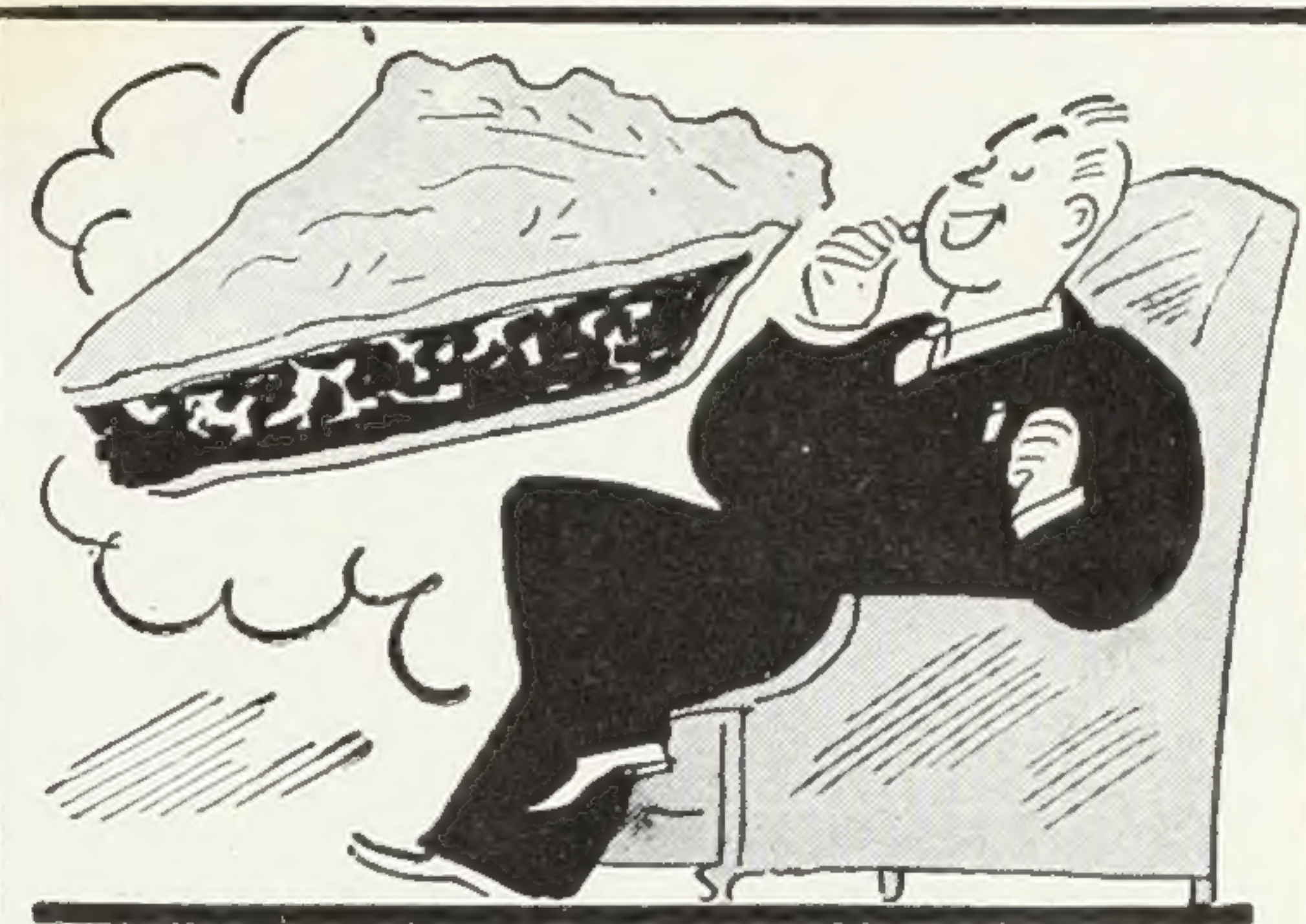
BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Anita Kerry
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Martha Merrill
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Joseph Sauters
Louise Seidel
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Martha Tilletts
Genevieve Tobin
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.



LITTLE JACK HORNER

SAT IN A CORNER
AFTER EATING A LARGE PIECE OF PIE . . .
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A TUM,
(WHICH HE ALWAYS KEPT IN HIS VEST)
(POCKET FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES)

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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ANNIE OAKLEY"—RKO-RADIO.—From a story by Joseph A. Fields and Ewart Adamson. Screen play by Joel Sayre and John Twist. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Annie Oakley*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Toby Taylor*, Preston Foster; *Jeff Hogarth*, Melvyn Douglas; *Buffalo Bill*, Moroni Olsen; *Vera Delmar*, Pert Kelton; *MacIvor*, Andy Clyde; *Sitting Bull*, Chief Thunder Bird; *Mrs. Oakley*, Margaret Armstrong; *Wesley Oakley*, Delmar Watson; *Susan Oakley*, Adeline Craig.

"CONFIDENTIAL"—MASCOT.—From a story by John Rathmell and Scott Darling. Screen play by Wellyn Totman and Olive Cooper. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. The cast: Donald Cook, Evalyn Knap, Warren Hymer, J. Carrol Naish, Herbert Rawlinson, Theodore Von Eltz, Morgan Wallace.

"FRISCO KID"—WARNERS.—Story and screen play by Warren Duff and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Bat Morgan*, James Cagney; *Jean Barrat*, Margaret Lindsay; *Paul Morra*, Ricardo Cortez; *Belle Morra*, Lili Damita; *Charles Ford*, Donald Woods; *Spider Burke*, Barton MacLane; *Solly*, George E. Stone; *James Daley*, Joseph King; *Coleman*, Addison Richards; *Judge Crawford*, Robert McWade; *McClanahan*, Joseph Crehan; *Graber*, Robert Strange; *Slugs Crippen*, Joseph Sawyer; *Shanghai Duck*, Fred Kohler; *Tupper*, Edward McWade; *Jumping Whale*, Claudia Coleman; *The Weasel*, John Wray.

"HIS NIGHT OUT"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Charles Christensen. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Harry Clork. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Homer*, Edward Everett Horton; *Peggy*, Irene Hervey; *Davis*, Robert McWade; *Ferranza*, Jack LaRue; *Trent*, Willard Robertson; *Dr. Kraft*, Oscar Apfel; *Lola*, Lola Lane; *Nurse*, Virginia Howell; *Dr. Singer*, Jack Norton; *Jimmie*, Billy Burrud; *Dryer*, Rollo Lloyd; *Gardner*, Jack Carnevale; *Lanky*, Ward Bond; *Beef*, Dewey Robinson; *Parsons*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Spanner*, Arch Robbins; *Bodyguard*, Charles Regan; *Policeman*, Jack Kennedy; *Detective*, Eddie Chandler and George Cleveland; also Clara Kimball Young, Jack Mulhall, Priscilla Lawson, Nan Grey and Diana Gibson.

"I FOUND STELLA PARISH"—WARNERS.—From a story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Stella Parish*, Kay Francis; *Keith Lockridge*, Ian Hunter; *Stephen Norman*, Paul Lukas; *Gloria*, Sybil Jason; *Nana*, Jessie Ralph; *Clifton Jeffords*, Barton MacLane; *Dimmie*, Eddie Acuff; *Chuck*, Joseph Sawyer; *Reeves*, Walter Kingsford; *James*, Harry Beresford; *Jed Duffy*, Robert Strange.

"IN PERSON"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Carol Corliss*, Ginger Rogers; *Emory Muir*, George Brent; *Jay Holmes*, Alan Mowbray; *Judge Thaddeus Parks*, Grant Mitchell; *Dr. Aaron Sylvester*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Minna*, Joan Breslau; *Sheriff Twing*, Louis Mason; *"Parson" Lunk*, Spencer Charters; *Doorman*, Edgar Kennedy.

"MELODY LINGERS ON, THE"—RELiance.—From the novel by Lowell Brentano. Screen play by Ralph Block and Philip Dunne. Directed by David Burton. The cast: *Ann Prescott*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Salvini*, George Houston; *Marco Turina*, John Halliday; *Sylvia Turina*, Mona Barrie; *Manzoni*, Helen Westley; *Mother Superior*, Laura Hope Crews; *Jonsey*, William Harrigan; *Guido*, David Scott; *Croce*, Walter Kingsford; *Da Vigna*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Carmen*, Grace Poggi; *Louisa*, Inez Palange; *Guisepppe*, Frank Puglia; *Innkeeper*, Genarro Curci; *Lieutenant Zetti*, Francesco Maran; *Sister Maria*, Eile Malyn; *Sister Agnes*, Marian Ballou; *Celeste*, Adele St. Maur; *Fruit Vender*, Eddie Conrad; *Vender's Wife*, Nina Campana; *Austrian Officer*, William Von Brincken.

"METROPOLITAN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Bess Meredyth. Screen play by Bess Meredyth and George Marion, Jr. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: *Thomas Renwick*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Anne Merril*, Virginia Bruce; *Ghita Galin*, Alice Brady; *Niki Baroni*, Cesar Romero; *T. Simon Hunter*, Thurston Hall; *Ugo Pizzi*, Luis Alberni; *Perontelli*, George Marion, Sr.; *Mr. Tolentino*, Adrian Rosley; *Weidel*, Christian Rub; *Marina*, Ruth Donnelly; *Marco*, Franklyn Ardell; *Nello*, Etienne Girardot; *Charwoman*, Jessie Ralph.

"MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mignon G. Eberhart. Screen play by Peter Milne and Sy Bartlett. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: *Sally Keating*, Kay Linaker; *George Lambert*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dr. Coate*, Frank Reicher; *Margaret Brody*, Mary Treen; *Lillian*

Ash, Mary Astor; *Foster*, Ellen Lowe; *Jonsey*, Martha Tibbetts; *Bertha*, Mary Russell; *Peter Melady*, Robt. Strange; *Agnes*, Anita Kerry; *Dr. Harrigan*, John Eldredge; *Ina*, Joan Blair; *Wentworth*, Johnny Arthur; *Jackson*, Don Barclay; *Ladd*, Gordon Elliott; *Simon*, Phillip Reed; *Police Sergeant*, Frank Shannon.

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jules Furthman and Carey Wilson. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Bligh*, Charles Laughton; *Christian*, Clark Gable; *Byam*, Franchot Tone; *Smith*, Herbert Mundin; *Ellison*, Eddie Quillan; *Bacchus*, Dudley Digges; *Burkitt*, Donald Crisp; *Sir Joseph Banks*, Henry Stephenson; *Captain Nelson*, Francis Lister; *Mrs. Byam*, Spring Byington; *Tehani*, Movita; *Maimiti*, Mamo; *Maggs*, Ian Wolfe; *Morgan*, Ivan Simpson; *Fryer*, De Witt Jennings; *Muspratt*, Stanley Fields; *Morrison*, Wallace Clark; *Hayward*, Vernon Downing; *Tinkler*, Dick Winslow.

"NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by James Kevin McGuinness. Screen play by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Otis B. Driftwood*, Groucho Marx; *Fiorello*, Chico Marx; *Tomasso*, Harpo Marx; *Rosa*, Kitty Carlisle; *Ricardo*, Allan Jones; *Lassparri*, Walter King; *Gottlieb*, Siegfried Rumann; *Mrs. Claypool*, Margaret Dumont; *Captain*, Edward Keane; *Henderson*, Robert Emmet O'Connor.

"ONE-WAY TICKET"—COLUMBIA.—From a story by Ethel Turner. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Joseph Anthony. Directed by Herbert Biberman. The cast: *Jerry*, Lloyd Nolan; *Ronnie*, Peggy Conklin; *Captain Bourne*, Walter Connolly; *Ellen*, Edith Fellows; *Willa*, Gloria Shea; *Mrs. Bourne*, Nana Bryant; *Mr. Ritchie*, Thurston Hall; *Martin*, George McKay; *Bender*, Robert Middlemass; *Wing*, Willie Fung; *Charlie*, Jack Clifford; *Ed*, James Flavin.

"PADDY O'DAY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and Edward Eliscu. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Paddy O'Day*, Jane Withers; *Ray Ford*, Pinky Tomlin; *Tamara Petrovitch*, Rita Cansino; *Dora*, Jane Darwell; *Mischa*, George Givot; *Immigration Officer McGuire*, Francis Ford; *Aunt Flora Ford*, Vera Lewis; *Aunt Jane Ford*, Louise Carter; *Benton*, Russell Simpson; *Popushka Petrovitch*, Michael Visaroff; *Momushka Petrovitch*, Nina Visaroff.

"PETER IBBETSON"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by George du Maurier and the play by John Nathaniel Raphael. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Waldemar Young. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Peter Ibbetson*, Gary Cooper; *Mary*, *Duchess of Towers*, Ann Harding; *The Duke of Towers*, John Halliday; *Agnes*, Ida Lupino; *Colonel Forsythe*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Mimsey*, Virginia Weidler; *Gogo*, Dickie Moore; *Mrs. Dorian*, Doris Lloyd; *Wilkins*, Gilbert Emery; *Mr. Slade*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Major Duquesnois*, Christian Rub; *Madame Pasquier*, Elsa Buchanan; *Madame Ginghi*, Namara; *Katherine*, Elsie Prescott; *Waraen*, Gerald Rogers; *Captain of Guards*, Cyril McLaglen; *Guard*, Jack Adair; *Prisoner*, Harry Cording; *Prisoner*, Leonid Kinsky; *Prisoner*, Herbert Evans; *Prisoner*, Robert Adair.

"REMEMBER LAST NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Adam Hobhouse. Screen play by Harry Clork, Doris Malloy and Dan Totheroh. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Danny Harrison*, Edward Arnold; *Carlotta Milburn*, Constance Cummings; *Bette Huling*, Sally Eilers; *Tony Milburn*, Robert Young; *Fred Flannagan*, Robert Armstrong; *Jack Whitridge*, Reginald Denny; *Billy Arnold*, Monroe Owsley; *Vic Huling*, George Meeker; *Maxie*, Ed Brophy; *Baptiste*, Jack LaRue; *Penny Whitridge*, Louise Henry; *Professor Jone*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Faronea*, Gregory Ratoff; *Phelps*, Arthur Treacher; *Mme. Boudier*, Rafaela Ottiano.

"RENDEZVOUS"—M-G-M.—From a book by Herbert O. Yardley. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and George Oppenheimer. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Bill Gordon*, William Powell; *Joel*, Rosalind Russell; *Olivia*, Binnie Barnes; *William Brennan*, Lionel Atwill; *Nickolajeff*, Cesar Romero; *Carter*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Ambassador*, Henry Stephenson; *Dr. Jackson*, Frank Reicher; *Martin*, Charley Grapewin; *Roberts*, Leonard Mudie; *G-Man*, Howard Hickman; *Secretary of War*, Charles Trowbridge.

"SHIP CAFE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Harlan Thompson and Herbert Fields. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Chris Andersen*, Carl Brisson; *Ruby*, Arline Judge; *Countess Boranoff*, Mady Christians; *Briny O'Brien*, William Frawley; *Eddie Davis*, Eddie Davis; *Molly*, Inez

Courtney; *Rocky Stone*, Grant Withers; *Donovan*, Harry Woods; *Dancing Teacher*, Lita Chevret; *Sue*, Beulah McDonald; *Donald*, David Newell; *Gerald*, James Murray; *Slim (Barlender and Waiter)*, Irving Bacon; *Harry (Pianist)*, Fred Warren; *Jimmy*, Douglas Blackley.

"SHOW THEM NO MERCY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by Kubec Glasmon. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Loretta*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tobey*, Cesar Romero; *Pitch*, Bruce Cabot; *Joe Martin*, Edward Norris; *Buzz*, Edward Brophy; *Gimp*, Warren Hymer; *Kurt Hansen*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Gus Hansen*, Robert Gleckler; *Clifford*, Charles C. Wilson; *Chief Haggerty*, William Davidson; *Reed*, Frank Conroy; *Mrs. Hansen*, Edythe Elliott; *Willie*, William Benedict; *Judge Fry*, Orrin Burke; *Lester Mills*, Boothe Howard; *Doctor Peterson*, Paul McVey.

"SO RED THE ROSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Stark Young. Screen play by Laurence Stallings, Maxwell Anderson and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Vallette Bedford*, Margaret Sullivan; *Malcolm Bedford*, Walter Connolly; *Duncan Bedford*, Randolph Scott; *Sally Bedford*, Janet Beecher; *Mary Cherry*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Edward Bedford*, Harry Ellerbe; *Middleton Bedford*, Dickie Moore; *George Pendleton*, Robert Cummings; *George McGehee*, Charles Starrett; *Yankee Boy*, Johnny Downs; *William Veal*, Daniel Haynes; *Cato*, Clarence Muse; *Major Rushton*, James Burke; *Confederate Sergt.*, Warner Richmond; *Chas. Tolliver*, Alfred Delcambre.

"SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY, THE"—REPUBLIC.—From the novel by Ellery Queen. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. The cast: *Stella Godfrey*, Helen Twelvetees; *Ellery Queen*, Donald Cook; *Judge Macklin*, Berton Churchill; *Godfrey*, Frank Sheridan; *Moley*, Harry Stubbs; *Inspector Queen*, Guy Usher; *Kummer*, Huntley Gordon; *Mrs. Godfrey*, Betty Blythe; *DuPre*, Olaf Hytten; *Mrs. Constable*, Ruth Gillette; *Gardner*, Jack LaRue; *Tiller*, Frank Leigh; *Mrs. Munn*, Barbara Bedford; *Marce*, George Baxter; *Pitts*, Katherine Morrow; *Leslie Cort*, Arnold Gray; *Hendricks*, Donald Kerr; *Hunt*, Lee Prather; *Jorum*, George Cleveland.

"STARS OVER BROADWAY"—WARNERS.—Music and lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Al McGilleuray*, Pat O'Brien; *Joan Garrett*, Jane Froman; *Offkey Cramer*, Frank McHugh; *Freddy*, Eddie Conrad; *Announcer*, Frank Fay; *Molly*, Marie Wilson; *Singer*, Phil Regan; *Luigi*, Paul Porcasi; *Archie McNeigh*, Emmet Vogan; *Jan King*, James Melton; *Nora Wyman*, Jean Muir; *Minotti*, William Ricciardi; *Crane*, E. E. Clive; *Rudolph*, Harry Seymour; *Jim Flugel*, Maurice Flugel; *Charlie*, George Chandler; *The Creek*, Patsy Flick.

"THANKS A MILLION"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Melville Crossman. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Del Ruth. Cast: *Eric Land*, Dick Powell; *Sally Mason*, Ann Dvorak; *Ned Lyman*, Fred Allen; *Phoebe Mason*, Patsy Kelly; *Judge Culliman*, Raymond Walburn; *Tammany*, Bennie Baker; *Mr. Grass*, Andrew Tombes; *Mr. Krueger*, Alan Dinehart; *Maxwell*, Paul Harvey; *Mr. Casey*, Edwin Maxwell.

"THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Harry Poppe and Chester Beechcroft. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Sam Ornitz. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Mary Jane Baxter*, May Robson; *Tony Orsatti*, Henry Armetta; *Julia*, Charlotte Henry; *Blackie*, Frankie Darro; *Waller Morkin*, Herman Bing; *Elmira*, Lillian Harmer; *Doc*, William Burrud; *Flash*, William Benedict; *Boss Benton*, John Miljan; *Wilfred Edgar*, Lawrence Grant; *Mrs. Cummings*, Hedda Hopper; *Ralph*, Hale Hamilton; *Stanley*, Noel Madison; *Bill*, Tom Dugan; *Crippis*, Henry Kolker.

"TO BEAT THE BAND"—RKO-RADIO.—From a story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Rian James. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: *Hugo Twist*, Hugh Herbert; *Freda MacCreery*, Helen Broderick; *Larry Barry*, Roger Pryor; *Fred Carson*, Fred Keating; *Hawkins*, Eric Blore; *Rowena*, Phyllis Brooks; *Barbara Shelby*, Evelyn Poe; *Member of Band*, Johnny Mercer; *McCrory*, Ray Mayer; *Girls' Orchestra Leader*, Joy Hodges.

"TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL"—GB.—From the novel by Bernhard Kellerman. Screen story by Kurt Siodmak. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *McAllen*, Richard Dix; *Robbie*, Leslie Banks; *Ruth*, Madge Evans; *Varlia*, Helen Vinson; *Lloyd*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mostyn*, Basil Sydney; *Grellier*, Henry Oscar; *Mary*, Hilda Trevelyn; *Godfrey*, Jimmy Hanley; *President of U. S. A.*, Walter Huston; *Prime Minister of England*, George Arliss.

The Awakening of Joan Blondell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

she didn't want any detours on the way. Joan caught on right away. Her contract calls for only forty working weeks out of the year, but she never had any layoffs.

Joan made thirty-two pictures in twenty-seven months!

Maybe you don't know what that means, in the language of a studio working girl. Maybe it'll help to explain that when Joan is working, which is practically all the time, she arises at 5:30, plays a half hour with her baby, eats breakfast and rolls in the studio gates at 6:45. There's a tedious hour's session on the make-up chair, an hour waving and drying her hair, costuming and all that—and from nine o'clock until the day ends at about six a never ending succession of hot lights, loud noises, forty to fifty nerve-sapping scenes.

Day in and day out for twenty-seven months.

IN the welter of one-after-another gold-digging toughie rôles, the ambition, the self confidence, the energy drained itself. In its place a desperate, driving hysteria gripped Joan, allowing her no time for looking at herself to see what was happening to her. No time for anything.

In the middle of "I've Got Your Number" they rushed her to the hospital for an appendicitis operation.

While she was still in bed, the picture crew came to her house, set up and shot scenes to finish the picture.

She got married, but there wasn't time for a honeymoon.

She had her baby, and worked in "Traveling Saleslady" up until three months before he arrived. Six weeks after the event, which was a particularly exhausting ordeal for Joan, she was back making a picture.

In all this time any attention to herself seemed to her harassed spirit out of the question. She couldn't be still long enough to read a book or even look at a magazine. The mere thought of wasting time on beauty or clothes or personal grooming outside of the studio seemed out of the question. Sometimes a special social event would rout her out of her evening home-exhaustion. Then she would be terrified.

"Good heavens," she would wail to herself, "I look awful. I haven't anything to wear." Then she'd rush down to some store and buy the first thing the salesgirl brought out, eager, nervous—anything to get it over with.

"Of course," admits Joan now, "I always looked like the maid on her night out. I couldn't waste the time to have my hair done for a mere party. The dress was usually so hastily bought, that when I looked at myself in it, I never wore it again."

Finally her taut nerves cried out against the state she had worked herself into. She was seized with inordinate worry. She worried about her sister, her father, and her mother, her baby. She would be seized by the conviction that something had happened to one of them, and would rush to the telephone, shaking, to learn the worst, which, of course, never existed.

All of the symptoms of nervous exhaustion swooped down on her suddenly. She couldn't eat without a lump in her throat. She would burst into tears for no reason at all and cry far into the night, unable to stop. She tossed wide

awake at night, even after an exhausting day. Sedatives made her feel worse.

But she kept on, convinced by that strange and peculiar to Hollywood phobia that she didn't dare stop. Besides, outwardly, she looked all right to everyone, even to her closest friends.

One of her doctors told her that after seeing her on the screen she would be the last person in the world he would ever suspect to be a nerve case.

So she kept on being the gay and giddy gold-digger with never a mental tremor—on the screen. While beneath it all she was tearing herself to pieces.

One day she collapsed and they took her to a quiet rest home away from Hollywood. She couldn't stay there long. She had to be back to work, and she came back.

And all of this no one knew—except Joan Blondell. No one saw what was happening to her—except perhaps one other person—her sister, Gloria.

And so it was one morning not long after all the unpleasantness and publicity of her divorce from George Barnes had battered her further down in the depressed dip of her being, that Gloria called up.

"What are you doing, Joanie?" she said.

"Nothing."

"Then you're coming over here," said Gloria, and hung up.

Joan went over.

"Sit down," said her sister, with a firm glance, "I've got a whole lot of things I want to talk to you about."

Joan sat down. She sat from that morning until late at night. She didn't say much; Gloria did most of the talking.

She talked about herself first. She told Joan of the things she did, the people she knew, the books she read, the thoughts she held. She brought out long typewritten pages of her own philosophy of living. Joan found herself astounded at her own sister's depth and perception. Gloria had always been the "kid," and here was the eighteen year old miss surprising her with a revelation of a person she hadn't had time to become acquainted with!

"**W**ELL, that's what I'm like and what I think," said Gloria, "and now I'm going to start on you."

I wish I could bring you the picture of those two girls in one kind of a sister act that you'll never see on a stage or a screen.

Gloria didn't mince words. And she talked four hours in plain talk brightened with a sense of keen humor.

"You've got to get on to yourself," she said, "You're twenty-five now. In five years you'll be thirty. The next five years in your life can either be a nightmare or else the best five years of fun you ever knew. It's up to you."

"I've been watching you. You're a complete mental and physical mess. You've got to snap out of it right now. You're a bundle of nerves carrying the worries of the world on your shoulders. You worry whether I have a job, you worry about mother and dad and the baby and yourself. You worry about how long you'll last on the screen. Somebody told you an actress only has five years in pictures and you're worrying about that."

"You're in such an aimless stew all the time



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that you never do anything at all. You never see anybody, you never even talk to anybody. You never read anything, you never smile, you never have any fun.

"You look like a scarecrow in your clothes. Your figure's too big. You haven't seen a manicure in months. Your hair's about three shades too blonde. Your skin needs attention, your eyebrows are too bushy, and your nose shines like an airport beacon.

"You never act human with anyone. People like you, but you won't give them a chance. You never look at a man as if he were a man. You've lost all your grand sense of humor.

"You're getting to be an old cynical hag, and if you keep on like this when you're thirty you'll be a nasty tempered neurotic old belle, instead of the attractive girl you ought to be."

And so on. And so on. And as Gloria talked, Joan stared wide eyed, mouth agape. She knew it was all true. . . . But she never thought anyone else knew—or cared. And suddenly there was a lump in her throat and she felt very small and stupid before her younger sister, like a child who has been naughty.

"SO," Gloria was saying, "I'm going to help you snap out of—it—if you'll let me. I've worked out a program—will you do it?"

And Joan was thinking. "Here she is figuring myself out for me, when I can't figure out myself—she's living for me now. If I don't do what she wants I'll be just no good, no good at all. I've got to."

"Okay," she said out loud, "I'll do anything you say."

"Fine," said Gloria, "I'm all packed. I'm moving in with you for a while. Gee, it's dark already—what do you think of that?"

"We'll start by getting thin," announced Gloria the next day. "Here's the diet—and it hurts me more than it does you."

For three days they lived on nothing but warm water. Then for eight days the following menu:

Breakfast: coffee and an orange.

Luncheon: lamb chop, sliced tomato, grapefruit and tea.

Dinner: a quarter pound of steak, sliced cucumber, sliced orange and coffee.

Joan doesn't risk recommending it to everyone. But it took eleven pounds off of her with no ill results.

Every night Gloria massaged beauty cream into Joan's protesting face.

Gloria would get Joan down on the floor and sit on her chest while she

plucked the eyebrows into a perfect arch.

"Get me every pair of pajamas and slacks you own," decreed Gloria. Joan obeyed. "These go to the Good Will," said Gloria, "now we're going shopping, and it might take weeks."

They made the rounds of all the swank shops and couturiers in Los Angeles. Bullocks-Wilshire, Magnin's, Robinson's, all the smart specialty places. They shopped for hours and then for days picking out the right frocks and gowns and ensembles and what not.

Gloria had the final say on everything, and

Gloria came home loaded with the latest books and smart magazines. And Joan took time out to read them.

"Now," said Gloria one day, with a sigh, "you look human again, in fact you're a knock-out. Let's get back into circulation. I'll bet you've forgotten what the Troc looks like inside. Hand me that telephone, and look, Joanie, when it rings and a nice man's voice answers, try saying 'yes' for a change instead of 'no.' You'll be surprised what it does."

Joan tried it.

And the first night she went dancing with Dick Powell, a local newspaperman who knows everyone in Hollywood by sight, wrote:

"Dick Powell dancing with a gorgeous new blonde."

He didn't recognize the new beauty as his old friend Joan Blondell!

But who would?

For the really miraculous transformation has changed Joan in many more ways than her looks. She told me she felt like a completely new person, with a laugh for life instead of a sadly puckered brow.

The whole business of making herself over has snapped her out of the black mood which smothered her physically and mentally. She feels good and human and worth something to herself once more.

As she laughed:

"I used to sign autographs with my face to the ground. Now I can look an autograph hunter right in the eye and believe he won't be too disappointed."

THERE were even some who wondered if Joan's new charm had prompted her former husband to court her again, when she appeared with George Barnes at the recent premier of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and started the tongues wagging about a reconciliation.

But Joan won't talk about that.

Meanwhile, Gloria, who was called away to New

York for a part in "Three Men On a Horse," is unrelenting in her zeal for the good work.

She writes Joan almost every day, and her letters go something like this, "Frank was over today and asked about you and the baby—look down at your nails, are they polished?—I'm having a grand time in New York—don't forget your face cream and massage tonight."

"So you see," laughed Joan Blondell, "I can't backslide, even if I want to do so."

"Gloria won't let me."

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

They used to tell us in grammar school that adjectives modified nouns. Well—if some night you're pitching a party and your guests turn out to be a bunch of nouns, who just sit there and twiddle their thumbs, use this current Hollywood prescription to break the gang down into human beings.

Modify them with "Adjectives."

That's the name of the game, and here's what you do.

Sit down before the guests arrive and write out a story. Any story. If you can use everybody who'll be there, all the better. Wherever there's a place for an adjective in your yarn put a dash. Like this for instance:

"Mary Psmith, a ——— girl, walked into the ——— home of ——— Joe Row, of the ——— Rows, and plumped down on the ——— chair of ——— covering. She was wearing a ——— dress, with ——— shoes and her ——— hair was falling about her ——— shoulders.

"Joe took one look and ran to his ——— roadster in the ——— garage, but before he could start the ——— engine Mary had leaped to her ——— feet and, etc., etc."

Make the story as long as you want to but put in lots of adjective spaces.

Ask each guest in turn to give you an adjective, any adjective that comes to his mind. Write several adjectives before the nouns of your story until you have the whole thing filled in.

Then read it. You'll be amazed. It's quite likely to be one of the most hilarious stories you ever read.

And if your guests don't whoop and holler and take down their back hair and have a good time from then on, you'll just have to work up a new circle of friends.

she made the saleswomen work—and the saleswomen loved it.

They inspected everything in town. It was hard at first for Joan to spend all morning picking out a hat, but she learned.

Shoes, bags, jewelry, furs—all completely different than she had ever owned before, packed her drawers and closets, under Gloria's rigid supervision.

Joan spent other whole mornings under dryers in beauty shops where smart hairdressers whipped up a new coiffure for her. The bleached hair grew three tones darker. A manicurist called every day.